

# HARRISON'S REPORTS

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Martin Starr, Editor

A REVIEWING SERVICE FREE FROM THE INFLUENCE OF FILM ADVERTISING

Vol. XLIV

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1962

No. 1

## Lay-Press Lays Off Films

Not so long ago, the public relations primer of the motion picture industry was a way of life in the public prints envied, copied and lifted by most of the other industries away up front of the industrial parade. Today, films is the low man on the totem pole of the lineage pumpers. Many of the other industries have thrown away our primer, because they've passed us. That it should be so, is one of the deplorable conditions of our business. -- and, what would be more calamitous is to continue doing little about it as has been the sad case, these past few years.

The motion picture business is not begetting for itself the kind of lay-press treatment it deserves, merits and is entitled to. Ours is an industry of flesh and blood, beauty and brains, romance and excitement. What makes up the world of everyday reality, is the warp and woof of the film industry in its own world of make-believe. These are the very emotionalities that the newspapers of the nation deal with in their news stories, features, editorials, all-around reporting. That's life and the films interpret it.

With each passing year, it seems from the metropolitan papers we read, the general news of the films gets less and less space in the entertainment section of the dailies. We're not speaking of spot news of big, topical stories that break and which involve the names of the movies. They bolt their way to the front page because of the circulation strength and readership value of the items, the "name" protagonists, etc. But, where the film industry has lost the ball game is in the everyday run of material that fails to see the light of the printed page to any measurable extent.

### Motion Picture News Gets Brush-Off

We can go down the list and come up with one that's as big as our arm wherein little, if any, space was given to items that seemed to have basic news value for the readers. We know that the movie editors on the papers, the wire services are serviced with appropriate press releases from our publicity departments.

Only the other day, for instance, those of us on the trades were serviced with a Motion Picture Industry Review (news release) by the United States Department of Commerce. For trade paper editors it was big news. We ran to our typewriters. Each in his own way, saw to it that this good news was relayed to his readers. For good news, it was indeed! The Washington tabulators made it known that box office receipts, throughout the country, had gone up in the year gone by. In 1960, the take, in admissions, was

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## Tv Executives to Pictures

Things moved fast this past week out at the Culver City studios of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. In short succession Sol C. Siegel, vice president in charge of production, asked to be relieved of the mammoth job of running the studio; a few days later, Joseph R. Vogel, president of the company announced that Robert M. Weitman would head up studio operations.

The last year has been an unhappy one for Siegel. While he will continue supervising production on the long overdue "Mutiny on the Bounty," it is a year late and several million dollars beyond original budgeting. "Lady L" with a \$5,000,000 cost chalked up against it is reported to have been shelved. "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," is another blockbuster that has given Siegel a big headache. In mid-August, at lunch with Vincente Minnelli, who had just completed the film, he told us that the spectacle should be on its way to the moviegoers much before the end of '61. It is not yet in release.

### Weitman, New Hand at Movie Making

Weitman is primarily of the theatres (Paramount, N. Y.). But, that background he left behind him when he began to labor in the vineyards of network Tv from where he went about a year ago to head up M-G-M's Tv setup. In the realm of movie production, Weitman is a brand new hand. To what uses his Tv experience could be put in film production, is hard to say. Tv, at best, is a faltering medium entertainment-wise. It is dressed up with gimmicks, gizmos, gadgets. It's a free,

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## Extra Production Issue, Next Week

There'll be two issues of "Harrison's Reports" next week. One (Vol. XLIV, No. 2) will be the regular weekly issue with the news, editorial, reviews. The other issue will deal, in full, with the indexing of the releases, the listing of the product of the releasing-distributing companies. This will take in the latter months of 1961 and such of 1962 that is set production-release-wise. . . . This, (called "the pink") will detail, in full, what the distributing companies are definite will reach the screens of the theatres in the forepart of '62. . . . There will also be, of course, in this extra issue (next week) the listing of the schedules of the Short Subjects to be released by the distributing companies in the year ahead. All in all, it will be a supplemental issue worth waiting for!

**"The Happy Thieves" with  
Rita Hayworth, Rex Harrison, Joseph  
Wiseman, Alida Valli, Gregoire Aslan**  
(United Artists, Release Not Set; 88 mins.)

FAIR. A former film exploiteer (Richard Condon) wrote the original of this. From novel to screen transition some of the flavor, mystery and entertainment values were lost. The result is far from expectations and somewhat disappointing. All throughout its telling you keep on saying, -- this has been done before. There are few novel twists to the tale, nor surprises that spring at you with the suddenness of good, story-telling excitement. For, hair-raising, nerve-tingling, sheer excitement is the lubricant of mystery. Without it, the flow of the movie is sluggish, the emotional impact dull and the net results rather displeasing. Harrison, suave, smooth, boldly courageous gives a good account of himself. Brilliant Britisher, he is given to talk, talk, talk. But, that's the way the script unfolds itself. Rita Hayworth, his confederate, fails to rise to any great distinction. The support is strong.

The British moulders of mystery-tales lean heavily (as do our own makers of mystery movies) on odd camera angles; intricate lighting setups; chill-thrill shadowy stuff. If they usually produce their dramatic effects, they're not used here. Yet the straight-away camera manipulation was rather good. The tale refuses to take itself seriously, follows the attitude of the leads and fails to milk its quota of excitement such mystery melodramas hold promise of. Since Madrid is the locale of the make-believe story, it was cameraed right in the sunny setting of Spain. All the outdoor shots had that old-world beauty that dresses up a film for so many of us Americans who can't get to these places. The mystery highlights several cold, commercial plugs.

We deal here, with a "gentleman thief," (Rex Harrison.) He is a lifter (stealer) of the masters. He pilfers a painting from the castle of a duchess (Alida Valli.) Trying to smuggle the costly painting into France, Miss Hayworth is outwitted. The painting is gone. The search is on, but soon Harrison knows who lifted the Velasquez. In between there is a killing, Miss Hayworth wants to quit, another cold-blooded operator (Gregoire Aslan) enters the scene. There are threats, intimidations, retaliatory skullduggery. There is also the planning of the next haul of a master, -- a massive job of Goya's "Second of May" taking up half of the wall of the local museum. The brilliant artist who copied the other originals (Joseph Wiseman) goes to work on the Goya. It is finished and ready to be carted out of the museum. For all its size, the simple plans make it look as if they were going to lift a small calendar off a 5-and-10 counter. The plan backfires, there is another death (Aslan), Harrison and Wiseman are arrested, the former does a little finagling, giving Wiseman his freedom while he (Harrison) is willing to take a five-year rap on a manslaughter charge. Miss Hayworth, already married to the "gentleman thief" knows that while the wait will be rather long, when Harrison does his stretch there'll be a new life stretching out before them.

Directed by George Marshall; screenplay by John Gay, based on the novel "The Oldest Profession," by Richard Condon. General patronage.

**"The Day the Earth Caught Fire" with  
Janet Munro, Leo McKern, Edward Judd**  
(Universal-Int'l, May; 90 mins.)

GOOD. Science fiction, these past few years, has supplied the movie makers with plot structures that have climbed to insurmountable heights of fantastic imagination. Many of the tales dealing with the world above, beyond and below toppled from their fictional pedestals because of unacceptable believability. Even the innocently gullible refuses to accept the science fiction films whose probable logic is stretched too far and too thin. This British entry has an almost frightening ring of strong probability and acceptable believability. What's more important, it is highly entertaining. So much excitement, weird-like emotional impact inundate the viewer, that before you know it, the story has unspooled itself with a swiftness and smoothness that make you wonder where the 90-minutes went to.

London has already sounded its full-throated "bravos" over this entry in the realm of science fiction. Considering that most of the action is in the city room of a London daily, our irrepressible, indispensable brethren of the press would have been the first to rip this apart were it not faithful to the reality of journalistic operation, even if it is spun out of the mesmeric pattern of cinematic make-believe. Verily, it's the way our British gentlemen of the press go about telling their story to the thundering whir and roaring grind of the Hoe presses that give the presentation an aura of believability and authenticity that account for the goodness of this cinema, and makes it a vehicle of entertainment. The acting is splendid, even to the use of amateur Arthur Christiansen (as an editor) who in real life (25-years) was editor of the Daily Express. The photography is good, with the splicing of stock clips a highly professional job.

The newsroom of the London Daily Express is deserted. Only one reporter is on the job (Edward Judd) writing the biggest news story the teetering world has ever known. At hand may be the end of man, or another beginning. Devastation, tornados, floods, blizzards beyond all imagination and reason have paralyzed most of the globe. Governmental officials go about their work with sealed lips. Reporters are unable to get any news. Judd and a science expert-writer (Leo McKern) are able to come up with this: Climatic upheavals were the result of nuclear tests by the Americans (at the South Pole) and by the Russians (at the North Pole). Judd meets Janet Munro (at the meteorological office). While in quest of information he finds love with this vibrant looking brunette beauty. In the line of journalistic duty, Judd sells her out when she imparts to him some secret information. It is now known that the combined jolt of the two explosions has shifted the earth's orbit. This brings about (in London, as elsewhere) tropically-high temperatures; droughts, epidemics, untold suffering. Miss Munro is arrested because of her innocent disclosures. The people are in panic, chaos mounts, the world is ripping apart at the seams. From all corners of the globe, the maddened cry is for "action!" The answer is the planting of four super-bombs to explode simultaneously, thus halting the earth's sunward orbit. The bombs go off. In the newspaper press room the men are ready to "roll" the super-extra edition. What



will the front page read? -- WORLD DOOMED, or WORLD SAVED.

Produced and directed by Val Guest; screenplay by Wolf Mankowitz and Guest. General patronage.

**"Too Late Blues" with  
Bobby Darin, Stella Stevens**  
(Paramount, Current; 100 mins.)

FAIR. This is somewhat of a mixed-up mish-mash. When you deal with an off-beat theme in which young jazz-folk are trying to beat their way of life out of an off-beat tempo, much of the story is going to lose its staying power and will stray off into lost corners. This requires the most seasoned kind of direction, writing and production ability. It calls for topflight acting. Triple-threat man John Cassavetes (he produced, directed, helped do the screenplay) seemed to lean on the method-acting school to bring in the picture. The protagonists were unable to rise to their difficult acting requirements. Bobby Darin, accepted by the young of America as one of its top-rung singers, has far to go in the realm of straight, dramatic acting before he can meet all those challenges that threw themselves at him in a role that was highly demanding and heavily dramatic. The dialogue these youngsters mouth is a strange language all their own.

The romantic lead lovely, wind-swept Stella Stevens is climbing slowly toward the reaches of a polished actress. But, she too has a long way to go. To be sure, there is quite an army of Darin devotees who will take to this melody idiom like stream trout to fresh fly-bait. While there are 17 musical numbers beaten out in this piece, Darin doesn't raise his tonsils even to one number. The method way of panning the cameras produced some fine photographic results. Exhibitors selling Pepsi-Cola will find Coca-Cola plugged.

-- and so, here he is, Bobby Darin, a dedicated jazz musician. The place, is Los Angeles. He has a little combo. They play charity dates, pick up a few farthings at the parks and otherwise are waiting for the big break. Into Darin's life comes a lovely young songstress (Stella Stevens). She too is waiting for her break. The two hit it off. She's taken into the combo. They cut a record. The number Darin chooses is doomed to flop, but that's the way the melody idealist wants it. At the neighborhood pool hall the combo unwinds itself. One night a brawl breaks out. Darin is belted to the floor. In cowardly shame he fails to fight back. He becomes contemptuous, loses his girl to his sax man (Cliff Carnell). Darin drifts away from the combo, becomes a sort-of jazz-gigolo for a "coun-tes-s" who likes pretty melody boys. There's more aimless roaming. He finally finds his way back to Miss Stevens, who by this time is a run-of-the-gin-mill prostitute. She wants to commit suicide. He induces her to come back to the old combo. The boys are beating it out in a wretched night spot. The girl sings The Blues (Darin's old song). It rings the bell with the jazz-men. There is a moanin' and a pleadin' from the instrumental woodwinds and the reeds expressing the feelings of the young cronies. They should always be together, because they need one another.

Produced and directed by John Cassavetes. He did the screenplay with Richard Carr.

General patronage with special appeal to the young jazzophiles.

**"Murder She Said" with  
Margaret Rutherford, Arthur Kennedy, James  
Robertson Justice, Thorley Walters**  
(M-G-M, Current; 87 mins.)

GOOD. Whatever else may be happening with our British brethren in production, they're not neglecting the "who-done-it." We have two in this week's issue alone. Product of London studios, they're both under distribution sponsorship of American companies. This one is done smoothly, adroitly, entertainingly. It is also endowed with several odd twists that make for a calm sort of excitement. For instance, the protagonist who plays private detective is a refined, rounded middle-aged spinster who has read about every story on homicides, plain killings and other manner of lethal mayhem that the Agatha Christies have hammered out and have found their way to her neighborhood library. What seemed a little on the incredulous side of story structure is to let a retiring, almost timid spinster carry the ball. The dangers that lurk in tracking down a cold murderer, the death-dealing pitfalls that await the heroic woman, were handled with the calm composure of the lady looking for a few doilies to repair. That's all because the rather difficult role is in the hands of extremely talented Margaret Rutherford. It is her picture, almost all the way through. The rest of the cast, all English with the exception of Arthur Kennedy, do well in their roles. Photography good.

Margaret Rutherford is on her way home, by train, from a shopping trip. As she looks through the window, she is horror-struck. On a train, rolling alongside of hers, she sees a man clutching the throat of a girl who is dying. The spinster reports the scene to both the railway authorities and the police. Both, in a nice sort of way, refuse to believe her. The local librarian is convinced she is not mad. The two begin looking for clues. They find several. Convinced where the body should be, Miss Rutherford gets a job as maid on the sprawling estate. It is peopled by all kinds of strange characters. The daughter (Muriel Pavlow) is kindly however; a grandson is a mischievous brat and gives the maid quite a time of it. The spinster Sherlock Holmes begins searching the grounds, buildings, woods, etc. She finds the body hidden in a packing case. The police are notified. A series of suspicions are now in play. Several of the grouchy, skinflintish old man's (James Robert Justice) sons become suspect. Each would be willing to murder since his share of the legacy would be bigger if an additional heir doesn't make a claim. The murdered girl, they figured, is the missing wife of Justice's other son, killed in World War II. There are two more deaths (sons). But, the jig is up. Miss Rutherford knows "who-done-it." Since everybody plays detective when viewing a murder mystery, some of us may have an inkling who did the job. However, the lovely lady places herself in great danger as she closes in on the murderer. She knows it may be her life, before it's the killer's. Let's leave it there, -- this is a mystery. As such, -- and for your patrons to get the most entertainment out of this, play up the fact that this should be seen from the very beginning.

Produced by George N. Brown; directed by George Pollock; screenplay by David Pursall and Jack Seddon; based on the novel "4:50 From Paddington," by Agatha Christie.

General patronage.

## Lay-Press and Films... Tv Executives...

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\$1.39 billion. The estimate for 1961 is \$1.5 billion, an increase of about 7.6 percent. (We carried the story, in full, two issues ago.)

This Commerce Dept. news release dealing with film industry progress at the box office was also sent to the morning newspapers. But, morning or evening, in the papers we read hardly anything broke. We felt let down. Maybe we're prejudiced, being part of the film industry. But, we've been long enough on a big metropolitan newspaper to know that this kind of news had reader value. The rise in admissions, the return of 7.6 percent of the movies' lost audience to the theatres of their choice, was big entertainment news. To be sure, it may not have merited space up front of the newspaper. But, it surely should have been given substantial lineage on the entertainment page.

### Films' Gains Not Noted in Lay-Press

When Detroit builds a few more cars in one year than it did the year gone by, much is made about the production gain in the public prints. If department stores score a gain in sales, the item is not lost or buried in the dailies. Other nature of industry gets its due space when gains are made saleswise, revenue-wise. What is so unimportant when the film industry makes a box office gain (in '61) of \$110,000,000? This, to repeat, is big news! Mr. and Mrs. America, young America, have abandoned their television sets and have answered the call, the romantic lure, the magnetic appeal of their former great love, -- the movies.

-- and here is where we may find ourselves stepping on the tender toes of our very good friends in charge of public relations at the home offices, producer-distributor associations, etc. The Department of Commerce story should have been followed through from the moment it was released to the newspapers and the press associations. Here was a legitimate reason to ask for space. This kind of story not only meant a great deal to the motion picture industry, it also had news interest and other values for the newspaper reader.

With inspired, imaginative writing, this can be made to sound, almost, as if the gold rush era, once again, was upon the theatres of the nation, where gushing forth from their screens was the golden entertainment of a Hollywood, re-blooming in the flower of its power as the dominant force in mass-appealing entertainment. But, unfortunately, our usually brilliant public relations emirs missed the lay-press lineage boat. Coming during the holiday week, the Commerce Department story found the industry feeding fat on the big week at the box offices. Besides, the vacation interlude was upon tired man. -- and so with everything else against us, the timing of the release was also against us. But, it was the kind of story that should have yielded a mess of space in the lay-press.

### Going to Movies Can Be Contagious

Any mass-appealing art grows by mass-spreading contagion. Going to the movies is contagious. If nearly 200,000,000 admissions, more than in '60, were laid on the box office ledges of the theatres, this movie-

give-away and there's very little discernment used in choosing the fare. No matter what the nature of show, the biggest worry in planning a Tv program, is how best to come in with the middle commercial.

Television has made no important contribution to Hollywood production. Weitman may find it necessary to unlearn a lot of things Tv taught him as he faces a truly mammoth job as studio administrator of M-G-M. It was a wise decision Vogel made by setting aside most of the next few months to be spent at the Culver City studios, instead of New York, his home office. In any event, those of us who have known Weitman long and well, wish him the very best!

### New Binders for New Year

Nothing like starting the new year with a fresh, clean, new binder. If you've been using them in which to keep back copies of *Harrison's Reports*, then you know how they look and to what good uses you can put them.

However, there are some subscribers who may not know that, as a favor to you, we have had made up for us these blue, cloth-bound binders. So, order yours now. Write us, letting us know how many you need. The cost is little, \$2.25 per binder. You should have them for safe-keeping of the issues of your favorite trade paper.

### Issue Number Runs Consecutively

Issue No. 1, Vol. XLIV, is dated January 13, 1962. This one follows Vol. XLIII, No. 52. With the first issue of '62, we've lost a dateline. We say this, in case you may be wondering what happened to January 7, 1962. We merely by-passed the dateline, but not the issue. They (the issues) continue to run consecutively.

going habit can become quite contagious. But, another 200,000,000 must be infected with the "back to the movies" desire. The public prints is a powerful spreader of such contagion. The film industry should have the editors on its side. We must re-evaluate our position and strengthen our approach to the men who ladle out the valuable white space on the newspapers.

Our younger brothers on television, with so much less to offer, fare much better in the dailies. Following Newton N. Minow's accusation that the medium (Tv) was nothing but a "vast wasteland" the riders of the network megacycles announced that there would be plenty of children's shows. The newspapers went overboard in highlighting this great phenomena. Reams of space were devoted to television reshaping its programming setup. But, as of today, nothing much has happened. Nothing, at least to warrant all that precious space. Television is the darling of the keepers of newspaper space. Motion pictures is the neglected stepchild. It is a pity that it is so. -- and, it's about time we did something about reasserting our legitimacy.



## In Two Sections . . . Section One

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Vol. XLIV

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1962

No. 2

## Production Issue Summary

With this regular weekly issue of *Harrison's Reports*, goes the semi-annual "pink" supplement, as we call this production number. It carries an index of the films already in release; the blueprint of things to come, release-wise, for the next few months; and an idea of the short subjects that are still an important part of theatre operation.

When we began compiling the material for this additional issue dealing with the features (and a few specials) to come, the productional setup looked "good" on paper. Which can be a prophetic reminder of how some of the films that failed to click at the box office, in the year gone by, also looked good on paper.

Success in production today, is the guarantee that on the morrow, you'll be riding again the merry-go-round of fate, and getting another chance at the brass ring. Every time a new picture gets under way, everybody connected with it is in high hope that it will be a bellringer at the box office. They dedicate themselves to that principle of professional operation. -- and yet, far from all efforts reach out to that golden boundary of success, -- meaning profit. For, that (profit) is the necessary gauge of nearly all operation in the picture business.

### Production Blueprint Encouraging, Inspiring

The production setup this year, is encouraging and inspiring. From our studios there will be about 190 films, an increase of more than twenty releases, as compared to last year. The imports will continue to gain both in number and in popularity. We say popularity, because pandering to the prurient tastes pays off. And, the greater majority of the imports of the year gone by made it away from the art houses (former exclusive port of call for the cinematic ships from the other side laden with their cargo of sex.) For, the alchemy (sex) is something that is not altogether lost on the adult movie goer. Our talks with the leading importers bring the number to about 60 of the foreign features due this year on the screens of our theatres.

If so many of the filthy, stench-laden, sex-ridden entries from the other side get their increased playing time at theatres (away from the arties) the theme itself is not without concern to Hollywood producers. The vise-like "thou shalt not" imposed on Hollywood film-makers by our production code has lost some of its moral grip on producers. A big, broad interpretation has been given the matter and studios have a little wider freedom of operation. American film makers were told by the Eric Johnston office, -- if you must lean on a little off-beat sex, a smidgen of perversion,

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## More Saturday Tv Films

The American Broadcasting Company, in April, begins making a strong bid for the Saturday night movie-going audience. With a buy of 15 releases from United Artists, most of them strong vehicles of entertainment, and all of them 'way past '48, -- the network is set (via repeats) for 24 Saturdays.

With NBC already entrenched in its Saturday night movie groove, CBS has been mulling over a 9:00-11:00 P.M., film stanza on that big going-out-to-a-movie night. To be sure, CBS has an early evening and late evening show of films on Saturday. For a while this Tv invasion of the theatre box office (Saturday night, especially) seemed threatening to revenues.

Soon, the affected box offices jumped back to near-normal receipts. When the first Tv fright was over, exhibitors agreed that if you've got the product, -- new, recent, well-exploited, -- you'll get the business. ABC, in all likelihood will crash through with a powerful campaign to whet the Tv appetites of the movie-goer and induce him to stay at home. This shouldn't cause too much concern to the theatre owner. He too can put to use the powers of publicity, exploitation and advertising. He too, can do a strong sell on the many advantages of people getting so very

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## Fine Salutes Skouras on 20th Drive

With the first announcement of the 20th anniversary celebration and the inter-corporate drive in honor of Spyros P. Skouras, came a flood of congratulations from exhibitors throughout the nation. That the gigantic event should have been so well received by the theatre operators, is no surprise. The celebration was inspired by the exhibitors, was the assurance of C. Glenn Norris, general sales manager of 20th Century-Fox. . . Said Marshall H. Fine, president of Allied States Association to Skouras: "Rest assured that Allied States Association will do everything in its power to publicize and aid in the success of this most worthy effort. Again, sincere congratulations" . . . The popularity of Skouras was attested at the recent Allied States convention in Miami Beach. When Fine introduced him, the exhibitors gave the boss-man of 20th Century-Fox an ovation that lasted several minutes.

**"Tender Is the Night" with  
Jennifer Jones, Jason Robards, Jr., Joan  
Fontaine, Tom Ewell, Jill St. John, Paul Lukas  
(20th Century-Fox, January; 146 mins.)**

GOOD. This is one of the early releases to get the "inter-corporate world-wide celebration in honor of Spyros P. Skouras" under way. To the Fitzgerald followers (F. Scott) "Tender --" can well be regarded as one of the best from the hand of the flamboyant writer. If the author culls from the Ode to a Nightingale that "tender is the night," then with the morning comes the cool, calm ebb of reflective contemplation. Set in the nostalgic twenties and planted on the glitter-thatched French Riviera, the producer-director fell in love with the shimmering settings and the pretty people. They stretched the rather short work of Fitzgerald into a film story running for 146 minutes, making it an unnecessarily overlong one. And, therein lies one of the failings of what should have been a powerfully strong story of a woman emerging, slowly out of those impenetrable depths of mental imbalance into a tower of moral, physical and mental strength while her one-time stalwart of supremacy, either way you gauge it, slowly, surely crumbles in the ashes of deterioration, unmoral behavior while held in alcoholic captivity. That's the husband of the woman.

Whatever remaining goodness is left of what should have been an outstanding film, is due to the powerful performance turned in by Jennifer Jones. We can't remember when she ever failed to come through in superb style in any yarn given her. With the passing of the years her histrionic talents rise in their grandeur, meaning, emotional impact. Jason Robards, Jr., stood strong in his delineation in the early scenes. In the latter part of the film, he failed to rise to the requirements of the rather difficult role. The scenic beauty of this is a big plus. Since the French Riviera was what Fitzgerald meant in his original, that's where the camera-crews went. Also, breathtaking Switzerland figures in the locales. It's all done with DeLuxe color and CinemaScope.

It is the twenties and the protagonists, -- Jennifer Jones, Jason Robards, Jr., Tom Ewell and others are sunning themselves on an exclusive beach on the French Riviera. Nearby, alone, lies lovely Jill St. John. Robards invites everybody to his home to celebrate the Fourth of July. It's quite a glittering wingding, but winds up with Miss Jones lapsing into one of her mental imbalances. The next morning, Robards, in a moodily reflective state reviews some of his past, via flashback: The time it was revealed that Miss Jones was violated by her own father; it helped bring on her state of mental collapse; coming to the hospital for treatment; finding in Robards not only a good and understanding doctor, but someone with whom she could fall in love; the complete cure, the courtship, the marriage, the arrival of children. We return from the flashback. Robards is back at the clinic to find his great friend, brilliant professor Paul Lukas dying. "Old age," Lukas assures Robards. There is more traveling of the Robards brood. He returns to the Zurich hospital, hopes to run it, but it's no go. Robards continues to drink heavily. Disillusioned, disappointed he's now sliding slowly down the abyss of failure. All this time Miss Jones has

taken on new, stoic-like strength. She is pursued by the heel-clicking, hand-kissing gentry of the fortune-hunting circles in which she moves. Robards knows the marital race has been run. He walks out on his wife, his children, his dreams of a better life that might have been.

Produced by Henry T. Weinstein; directed by Henry King; screenplay by Ivan Moffat taken from the novel by F. Scott Fitzgerald.

General patronage.

**"Only Two Can Play" with  
Peter Sellers, Mai Zetterling, Virginia  
Maskell, Richard Attenborough  
(Kingsley-Int'l, March; 106 mins.)**

GOOD. That man is with us again, Peter Sellers. This time he sells us on his coyish brilliancy and a captivately humorous approach to a tongue-in-the-cheek offstandishness to the temptations of sex on the loose. Even for a man like Sellers, -- a librarian's runner, -- there is much to be had in the realm of extra-curricular love-making. No one will deny that in these recent times we've had a lot of Sellers. But, the man is a most capable artisan. He toys around with a situation that could have tripped other comedy-actors. To him, making it into a superb piece of work is almost like second nature. He is not a scene-stealer. He doesn't want to be. In fact, his is the almost submissive talent of helping the others, who play along with him in a scene, get the most out of it. Only those abundantly endowed with natural-like talents can afford such indulgences. Yet, let it not be said that he is without ample acting support.

His wife in the film (Virginia Maskell) is a lovely person. Hers is a finely chiseled beauty remindful of Norma Shearer at her magnificent zenith. Mai Zetterling, the blonde, blue-eyed temptress wraps her role up with the bright ribbons of brilliant talent. The rest of the support is all dependably professional. The telling of such a story could have been a dusty, unexcitingly bookish thing, -- considering the librarian motif. But, it emerges as a warming, prophetic-like exercise of a nice man trapped by circumstances, enmeshed by a male's wandering desires, but finally resolving itself to the good and decent way of life on a meagre salary, in a small town and with limited boundaries for any great rewards. The photography is good all the way through. The cinematic gymnastic is pegged on an Emersonian reminder, that " -- it is not observed that librarians are wiser men than others."

-- and so, Peter Sellers is a librarian's runner in a small town in Wales. He is a delightful, if frustrated family man. He doesn't mind eyeing up the girls on the bus, especially if they're of the buxom variety. Likewise, back in his dusty library, he doesn't mind "studying" the other extremities (the lower) of the ladies in search of books he is eager to help find even if he has to bend down on the floor to do so. One of these alluring ladies (Mai Zetterling) takes to him and invites him (and his wife) to one of those literary parties where instead of best-sellers, people hold cocktail glasses in their hands, as Frau Zetterling holds Peter Sellers in her arms. It isn't long before



this librarian runner is tripping along smoochingly with the "zophtic" Zetterling. The fact that her husband is boss-man of the Library Council won't hurt when Sellers is interviewed for a higher post at the book mart. He gets the job and also gets uncompromisingly moral. He'll have none of the clandestine meetings with the blonde beauty. He'll have more of his wife and a lot of traveling. The latter is via a mobile library where his roving eye is watched over by his ever-loving wife.

Executive producer, Leslie Gilliat. He also directed. Bryan Forbes did the screenplay which is based on the novel, "That Uncertain Feeling."

General patronage.

•

**"Moon Pilot" with  
Tom Tryon, Brian Keith, Edmond  
O'Brien, Dany Saval, Tommy Kirk**  
(Buena Vista, April; 98 mins.)

FAIR. This is not one of those usually dependable Disney delights. In fact, there are so many weaknesses in the presentation that you wonder if the vehicle is from the workshop of the prize winning producer. To be sure, this is Disney's first time out in the realm of all live-action penetrating our space age. It is a cross between comedy, romance, drama, and a physical visitation from another planet. It gets itself all mixed up and the net results are rather tangled. Some pretty inane dialogue found its way into the script. A genie-like, blithesome young lady is given to warning the pilot to the moon. She seems to have more brain-saving information than all the medicos of the Air Force put together. She is given to speaking French which sounds more like Hollywood Berlitz. At times the film plays itself out with so much slapstickish absurdity, that it robs the story of whatever entertainment values it strives to achieve.

It's a loud, raucous, lacklustre attempt to make the experimental moonflight into a vehicle of entertainment. The route taken leads us up lost alleys. Performances are not distinguished. Even an acting stalwart like Edmond O'Brien got himself lost in the weakness of the film. At times the whole thing was playing itself out as if "Moon Pilot" were a pilot film of early Tv. This was filmed (Technicolor) with the cooperation of the United States Air Force. To be sure, the aerial shots are thrillingly exciting. But, the whole thing fails to register. Its believability founders in its inacceptability.

Briefly, we find a massive rocket rounding the moon as the experimental monkey returns safely to the air force base. A dinner is thrown by the commanding officer which is attended by eight astronauts. There is a call for a volunteer to make another flight. By accident, Tom Tryon is accepted. He wants a three-day leave before he takes off. The high command tells him to be very secretive. On the plane a beatnick-type girl (Dany Saval) gives him an antidote for air-sickness. From then on, where he goes, goes the girl. He's ordered back to the base, also picked up by a squad of Federal Security Agents, headed by Edmond O'Brien. From then on a Keystone Kop kind of slapdash farce plays itself out. Tryon, right under the watchful eyes of the sleuths

gets lost more times than a kid at a circus. He can't lose the young lady. She wants him to take a formula for protection when he rockets up toward the moon. Finally, the rocket-rider gets back to the base, he takes off for the moon, and before he could repeat some of the real-life dialogue of our two recent astronauts, there is genie-like girl kissing him, hugging him and violating all the rules laid down to him before he took off. Instead of heading back for home, Tryon and the girl book passage for the planet where they'll spend their honeymoon.

Directed by James Neilson; screenplay by Maurice Tombragel, based on the story by Robert Buckner.

General patronage.

•

**"Walk on the Wild Side" with  
Laurence Harvey, Capucine, Jane Fonda,  
Anne Baxter, Barbara Stanwyck**  
(Columbia, February; 114 mins.)

VERY GOOD. This can almost be said to be early Tennessee Williams. It is laid in the deep south (New Orleans); illicit love can be had at a price; in a plush bordello humanity reduces itself to the most vicious denominator; it is sprinkled with gutter-language; the moral degradation of man (or woman) is almost the accepted mode of life of the society with which this deals. All of this badness is to be found here. But also, there is the goodness of one man who, driven by a worshipful kind of love, shows the other, ever-trusting, side of the human coin. There is a sense of honesty to the delineation of the plot, an honesty and directness that hit your emotions with cold-blooded impact. The chief protagonist's (Laurence Harvey) relentless quest and search for this one woman of his life, for instance, could have destroyed itself on the rocks of implausibility and slobbering sentimentality. But, the tale is told with stern conviction. The grown man's boyish-like faith that he'll find that love, marry her and even be forced to follow the example of a prophet by hiding his harlot-wife in the woods away from all men for whom she may have a physical yearning, comes across rather appealingly.

It is the power of the story that makes this film what it is, -- highly entertaining. This is something on the big plus side of Hollywood movie-making. In addition to the tight, compelling story there are a series of performances that are unforgettably thrilling. Barbara Stanwyck, for instance, who isn't seen too often these days, helps herself to several scenes as if there were no one else within the focus of the cameras. What a talent hers is. Capucine has some tough competition. While she doesn't rise to any great dramatic heights, the lady has highly attractive features, an alluring kind of appeal and a rather sensitive, wistfully submissive approach to her role. But, a youngster who does scale the heights, is young Jane Fonda as an innocent trollop. Anne Baxter, as usual, does a superb job. The drama was shot in the French Quarter of New Orleans. Photography, good.

It is the early 1930's and a lovelorn man (Laurence Harvey) is on his way from Texas to New Orleans. On the lonely road he meets up with a lovely young

(Continued on Following Page)

## Production Issue...

(Continued from Front Page)

go ahead. But, remember Mr. Producer, you can get us all into trouble with educators, the clergy, and other morals monitors if you don't use care, discretion and restraint.

### Hollywood Sex Films Won't Emulate Europe's

If that biological alchemy is here to stay with mankind for a long time, and if new freedoms are given movie makers by our own morals monitors (the MPAA) Hollywood is not going to emulate our cinematic brothers across the ocean whose preoccupation with off-beat sex is one of the strong pillars upon which rests their exports to us. Hollywood's approach to sex (for all of the additional freedom given producers) is not going to be an "everything goes" near-orgy of lusty, lascivious, love lollypopping that has smeared the screens of our art houses via the imports.

Yes, between the healthy number of foreign films and a goodly number of domestics, there's going to be quite a few sex-themed releases, this year. Let's face it! Whether in movies or books or Broadway plays, the sale of sex can be a profitable business. It's a commodity that knows no seasonal off-timing. It will always be with us. For its emotional return there will always be buyers. Whatever the failings of other nature of wares, at the box office, sex will always bring back more than a penny of profit on its investment.

-- and yet, standing on the extreme opposite of the release schedule, submerging everything else are the Biblical themes with which production will deal this year. There, really is the very big money, though the original cost outlay is likewise very big. But, these inspiring, spiritually uplifting stories will also be with us in the releasing year ahead. It's a long time before "King of Kings" can tell its story revenue-wise, but already "Ben-Hur's" box office take in the United States and Canada alone is well on its way to \$100,000,000 mark. "El Cid" is going to be a bell-ringer.

### Producers Will Face Moral Responsibility

Getting back to the profitable run-of-the-box-office releases blueprinted for the months ahead and carried in the accompanying supplement. Hollywood knows its responsibility and is ready to face it. Every year in our business is a year of decision. These times, each succeeding year becomes ever more challenging. But, the reflection of the unborn tomorrow is in the mirror we're holding up today illuminating the achievements of yesterday.

Verily, whether it's in times of plenty or in times of need, the movie industry has never faltered. Off its drawing boards, out of its studios, cleaved from the bedrock of self-sacrifice and devotion of its truly dedicated will come the productional sustenance of the industry's existence. Biblical stories, comedy, drama, fantasy, reality in film form, they'll make their way to the screens of the nation's theatres. Like fires, they'll light up the emotion's of the more than 44,000,000 people every week seeking release, in some movie theatre, from the life of reality into that fabulous, beautiful, romantic one of make-believe created by the product of Hollywood.

There'll be good intentions that have innocently gone wrong production-wise. There'll be those ever-

## Saturday Night Tv...

(Continued from Front Page)

much more out of life by going out, with the whole family, to a neighborhood movie.

### Tv Continues Its Drain on Box Office

Several months ago, when the NBC-Tv campaign got under way to imprison movie-goers in their homes Saturday night, we sought the reaction of Edward L. Hyman, vice president of American Broadcasting-Paramount Theatres. He was non-committal on the threat, -- can free Tv keep people away from the theatres on that all-important night, -- Saturday? Now that ABC-Tv, the electronic arm of AB-PT, is going to emulate NBC-Tv, one begins to wonder whether Hyman won't have reason to go along with the other exhibitors; -- that it doesn't do the local box office any good, to say the least.

### "Walk on the Wild Side"

(Continued from Preceding Page)

woman (Jane Fonda) who hungers for food and love. He holds back on the love stuff. They finally reach New Orleans, and part after she steals a crucifix from Anne Baxter who runs a roadside cafe. Harvey returns the crucifix and stays on at the cafe pumping gas and helping Miss Baxter. He tells her of his search for the woman he loves (Capucine). Miss Baxter puts an ad in the New Orleans paper. Soon a friend of Capucine who is held captive in a plush bordello by the boss-woman (Barbara Stanwyck) phones Harvey revealing Capucine's address. He calls on her but doesn't yet know what kind of a girl she is, nor what nature of place she's working in. It doesn't matter to Harvey. He wants her to come back to him, and get married. She is torn between heartbreaking conflicts. They meet again, and the marriage seems set. Miss Stanwyck hears of this and begins throwing her weight around. The method is not ladylike, to say the least. Miss Stanwyck's henchmen beat up Harvey unmercifully. With the lying help of Miss Fonda, they hope to send Harvey to jail on a trumped-up charge of crossing the state line for immoral purposes with her. She realizes the harm she's done, sneaks out to take the beaten-up Harvey back to Miss Baxter's place. She tells Capucine where he is. Soon, the Doll House hooligans catch up with them at the roadside cafe, a free-for-all follows killing Capucine. She dies in the bleeding arms of the man she loved (Harvey) giving the tale its righted moral deliverance that, -- the residue of sin is death.

Produced by Charles K. Feldman; directed by Edward Dmytryk; screenplay by John Fante and Edmund Morris, based on the Nelson Algren novel.

Adults.

welcome "sleepers." But, in the main, there should be a good, steady flow of dependable, profitable product. To repeat, Hollywood's production forces have dedicated themselves to this supreme commitment. They told us so in tones of profound sincerity when they gave us the material for the accompanying supplement detailing the picture-making, film-releasing months ahead.



# In Two Sections . . . Section Two

## HARRISON'S REPORTS

Vol. XLIV

NEW YORK, N. Y., SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1962

No. 2

(Semi-Annual Index — Second Half of 1961)

(Editor's Note: The semi-annual index, with the features listed below, takes in films reviewed by us from the first week in July '61 till the last week in December '61. Nearly all of the reviews carry the rating letter, E, EXCELLENT; VG, VERY GOOD; G, GOOD; F, FAIR; P, POOR.)

A Cold Wind in August, Aidart (80 mins.)	F..130	Naked Edge, The, UA (99 mins.)	110
Ada, M-G-M (100 mins.)	G..122	Neapolitan Carousel, Lux Film (112 mins.)	F..164
After Mein Kampf, Joseph Brenner (74 mins.)	F..123	Night Affair, Pres. Films (92 mins.)	F..159
Alakazam the Great, American-Int'l (84 mins.)	VG..114	No Love for Johnnie, Embassy (110 mins.)	G..190
A Majority of One, Warner Bros. (153 mins.)	G..178	Odd Obsession, Ed Harrison (96 mins.)	F..207
A Mid-Summer Night's Dream, Showcorp. (74 mins.)	F-G..194	One, Two, Three, United Artists (108 mins.)	G..186
A Summer to Remember, Kingsley (80 mins.)	G..174	One Plus One, Selected (115 mins.)	F..130
A Thunder of Drums, M-G-M (97 mins.)	G..134	Paris Blues, United Artists (98 mins.)	G..150
Angel Baby, Allied Artists (97 mins.)	111	Pocketful of Miracles, United Artists (136 mins.)	F..170
Babes in Toyland, Buena Vista (105 mins.)	VG..187	Rocco and His Brothers, Astor (185 mins.)	E..106
Bachelor Flat, 20th-Fox (91 mins.)	F..182	Sail a Crooked Ship, Columbia (88 mins.)	F..202
Bachelor in Paradise, M-G-M (109 mins.)	F..170	Scream of Fear, Columbia (81 mins.)	G..126
Back Street, Universal-Int'l. (107 mins.)	VG..158	Season of Passion, United Artists (92 mins.)	F..155
Battle at Bloody Beach, 20th-Fox (83 mins.)	112	Seven Women from Hell, 20th-Fox (88 mins.)	F..160
Blood and Roses, Paramount (74 mins.)	F..158	Something Wild, United Artists (112 mins.)	F..198
Blue Hawaii, Paramount (101 mins.)	F..190	Splendor in the Grass, Warner Bros. (124 mins.)	VG..138
Boy Who Caught a Crook, United Art. (72 mins.)	P..163	Springtime on the Volga, Artkino (95 mins.)	F..206
Breakfast at Tiffany's, Paramount (115 mins.)	G..154	Summer and Smoke, Paramount (118 mins.)	VG..178
Bridge to the Sun, M-G-M (113 mins.)	G..131	Susan Slade, Warner Bros. (116 mins.)	G..151
Call Me Genius, Continental (105 mins.)	P..167	Tammy Tell Me True, Universal (97 mins.)	F..103
Cheaters, The, Continental (117 mins.)	110	Teenage Millionaire, United Artists (84 mins.)	F..134
Claudelle Inglish, Warner Bros. (99 mins.)	F..139	The Anatomist, State Rights (73 mins.)	P..156
Come September, Universal (112 mins.)	G..102	The Big Gamble, 20th-Fox (100 mins.)	F..130
Cry Freedom (Parallel) (93 mins.)	G..119	The Children's Hour, United Artists (107 mins.)	VG..207
David and Goliath, Allied Artists (93 mins.)	F..102	The Colossus of Rhodes, M-G-M (129 mins.)	F..190
Desert Patrol, Universal (78 mins.)	G..202	The Comancheros, 20th-Fox (106 mins.)	G..175
Dondi, Allied Artists (100 mins.)	F..122	The Devil at 4 O'Clock, Columbia (127 mins.)	G..166
El Cid, Allied Artists (184 mins.)	E..194	The Devil's Eye, Janus Films (90 mins.)	P..163
Estate Violenta, Films Around (94 mins.)	103	The Explosive Generation, United Art. (89 mins.)	G..146
Everything's Ducky, Columbia (81 mins.)	F..174	The George Raft Story, Allied Artists (106 mins.)	G..202
Flower Drum Song, Universal (133 mins.)	G..179	The Great War, Lopert (118 mins.)	F..138
Frantic, (Times Film) (90 mins.)	VG..118	The Head, Trans-Lux (95 mins.)	P..147
Francis of Assisi, 20th-Fox (111 mins.)	F..114	The Honeymoon Machine, M-G-M (100 mins.)	G..115
From a Roman Balcony, Continental (84 mins.)	F..163	The Hustler, 20th-Fox (135 mins.)	G..150
Girl With a Suitcase, Ellis (111 mins.)	G..143	The Innocents, 20th-Fox (99 mins.)	F..198
Goodbye, Again, United Artists (120 mins.)	G..106	The Man Who Wagged His Tail (Continental) (91 mins.)	F..147
Green Helmet, The, M-G-M (88 mins.)	112	The Mark, Continental (127 mins.)	G..155
Greyfriars Bobby, Buena Vista (91 mins.)	G..135	The Mask, Warner Bros. (83 mins.)	P..167
Hey, Let's Twist, Paramount (80 mins.)	F..199	The Outsider, Universal (108 mins.)	F..203
Invasion Quartet, M-G-M (87 mins.)	F..134	The Pit and the Pendulum, Amer.-Int'l (85 mins.)	G..126
Judgment at Nuremberg, United Art. (189 mins.)	E..166	The Pure Hell of St. Trinian's, Cont'l (94 mins.)	P..151
King of Kings, M-G-M (161 mins.)	E..162	The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone, Warner (104 mins.)	F..186
La Belle Americaine, Continental (100 mins.)	F..199	The Second Time Around, 20th-Fox (99 mins.)	G..171
Les Liaisons Dangereuses, Astor (106 mins.)	F..186	The Secret of Monte Cristo, M-G-M (82 mins.)	G..122
Les Tricheurs—see "Cheaters, The"		The Sergeant Was a Lady, U-I. (72 mins.)	F..142
Look in Any Window, Allied Artists (87 mins.)	P..108	The Silent Call, 20th-Fox (63 mins.)	P..182
Loss of Innocence, Columbia (99 mins.)	G..126	The Singer Not the Song, Warner Bros. (129 mins.)	F..206
Lover Come Back, Universal (107 mins.)	G..191	The Truth (La Verite) Kingsley Int'l (128 mins.)	G..118
Magic Boy, M-G-M (83 mins.)	G..123	The Two Little Bears, 20th-Fox (81 mins.)	P..195
Man in the Moon, Trans-Lux (98 mins.)	G..104	The Wonders of Aladdin, Levine-M-G-M (93 mins.)	P..174
Man Trap, Paramount (93 mins.)	F..142	The Young Doctors, United Artists (100 mins.)	VG..135
Marines, Let's Go, 20th-Fox (104 mins.)	F..127	Thief of Baghdad, M-G-M (90 mins.)	G..107
Mary Had a Little Lamb, United Artists (79 mins.)	F..115	Three on a Spree, United Artists (83 mins.)	F..139
Most Dangerous Man Alive, Columbia (82 mins.)	P..107	Town Without Pity, United Artists (153 mins.)	G..158
Mr. Sardonicus, Columbia (89 mins.)	P..159	Trouble in the Sky, UI (76 mins.)	111
Mysterious Island, Columbia (101 mins.)	F-G..195	Twenty Plus Two, Allied Artists (102 mins.)	F..171
		Twist Around the Clock, Columbia (82 mins.)	F..198
		Valley of the Dragons, Columbia (79 mins.)	P..182
		Violent Summer, Films Around World (94 mins.)	VG..103
		West Side Story, United Artists (153 mins.)	E..154
		When the Clock Strikes, United Artists (72 mins.)	P..103
		World By Night, Warner Bros. (103 mins.)	G..127
		X-15, United Artists (106½ mins.)	F..179
		You Have to Run Fast, United Artists (71 mins.)	F..131

# Release Schedule for Features

## Allied Artists Features

(1560 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.)

- 6102 Dondi—Janssen-Page .....Apr.  
 6103 Operation Eichmann—Klemperer .....Mar.  
 6104 Time Bomb—Jurgens-Demongest .....Apr.  
 6105 Angel Baby—Hamilton-McCambridge .....May  
 6106 David and Goliath—Welles-Payer  
 (C'Scope-Color) .....May  
 6107 King of the Roaring 20's—Janssen-Foster-  
 Carson-Dors-Rooney .....June  
 6108 Brainwashed—Jurgens-Bloom .....June  
 6109 Armored Command—Keel-Louise .....July  
 6110 Twenty Plus Two—Janssen-Crain-Moorehead ...Aug.

## Releases to Come:

Reprieve, The Carnival Kid, Reckless, Pride of the Marines, The George Raft Story, The Big Wave, Confessions of an Opium Eater, Billy Budd, Unarmed in Paradise, Streets of Montmartre, 79 Park Avenue

## American International Features

(8255 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, Calif.)

- 601 The Hand—Bond-Hunt .....Mar.  
 602 Black Sunday—Steele-Richardson .....Feb.  
 603 Konga—Gough-Johns (Color-Spectamtion) ....Feb.  
 603 Konga—Gough-Johns (Color-Spectamtion) ....Mar.  
 604 House of Fright—Massie-Adams (Color) .....June  
 605 Operation Camel—Renard-Hagen .....June  
 606 Beware of Children—Phillips-McEwan .....Apr.  
 607 Master of the World—Price-Bronson (Color) ...June  
 608 Alakazam the Great—Cartoon feature—voices of  
 Avalon, Stevens, Winters, Holloway, Stang  
 (Color) .....July  
 609 Pit and the Pendulum—Price-J. Kerr-Steele  
 (Color-Panavision) .....Aug.  
 610 Guns of the Black Witch—Megowan-Pampanini. Nov.  
 611 Lost Battalion—Salcedo-Jergens .....Nov.  
 613 Journey to the 7th Planet—Agar-Thyssen (Color) Dec.  
 701 Prisoner of the Iron Mask—Lemoine-Guida (Color) Jan.  
 Premature Burial—Milland-Court-Angel (Color) Feb.  
 Burn, Witch, Burn—Blair-Wyngarde .....Mar.  
 Black Door—Evers-Leith .....Apr.  
 Star Creatures—Ball-Ray .....Apr.  
 Warriors 5—Palance-Reggiani (Color) .....May  
 End of the World—Cast not set (Color) .....June  
 Tales of Terror—Price-Rathbone-Lorre-Paget  
 (Color and Panavision) .....July

## More Coming in 1962

An untitled musical comedy, The Haunted Village, The Seafighters (in color), The Mutineers (in color), Marco Polo (in color), Survival, X, When the Sleeper Wakes (in color).

## Buena Vista Features

(477 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.)

- 101 Dalmations—All Cartoon Feature (Technicolor) April  
 Absent-Minded, Professor, The—MacMurray-Olson ...Apr.  
 Parent Trap, The—Mills-O'Hara-Keith (Tech.) ....June  
 Nikki, Wild Dog of the North (Tech.) .....July

## Releases for 1962

- Babes in Toyland—Bolger-Sands-Wynn (Color) .....Jan.  
 Pinocchio (Color) (Reissue) .....Feb.  
 and Easter wherever possible  
 Moon Pilot—O'Brien-Tryon (Tech.) .....(Easter) Apr.  
 Big Red—Pidgeon-Genest (Tech.) .....June  
 Bon Voyage—MacMurray-Wyman-Kirk-Corcoran....July  
 The Castaways .....Christmas and New Year's

## Columbia Features

(711 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.)

- Scream of Fear—Strasberg-Lewis .....Sept.  
 The Trunk—Carey-Day .....Sept.  
 The Devil at 4 O'Clock—Tracy-Sinatra .....Oct.  
 Loss of Innocence—More-York-Darrieux .....Oct.

- Weekend with Lulu—Monkhouse-Phillips .....Oct.  
 Mr. Sardonicus—Homolka-Rolfe .....Nov.  
 Valley of the Dragons—Danova-Staley .....Nov.  
 Everything's Ducky—Rooney-Hackett .....Nov.  
 Mysterious Island—Craig-Callan-Merrill .....Dec.

## Releases for 1962

- Sail a Crooked Ship—Wagner-Hart-Kovacs .....Jan.  
 Twist Around the Clock—Checker-Dion-Cole .....Jan.  
 Cash on Demand—Cushing .....Jan.  
 Three Stooges Meet Hercules—Three Stooges .....Feb.  
 Walk on the Wild Side—Harvey-Cupucine-J. Fonda..Feb.  
 Underwater City—Lundigan-Adams .....Feb.  
 The Notorious Landlady—Novak-Lemmon-Astaire ..Mar.  
 The Best of Enemies—Niven-Sordi .....Mar.  
 Five Finger Exercise—Russell-Hawkins .....Apr.  
 The Hellions—Todd .....Apr.  
 Requiem for a Heavyweight—Quinn-Gleason ...May-June  
 13 West Street—Ladd-Steiger .....May-June  
 Advise & Consent—Fonda-Laughton-Tierney....July-Aug.  
 H.M.S. Defiant—Guinness-Bogarde .....July-Aug.  
 Experiment in Terror—Ford-Remick .....July-Aug.  
 Zotz—Poston-Meade-Clark .....July-Aug.

## Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Features

(1540 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.)

- Ben-Hur .....Special  
 Light in the Piazza—deHavilland-Brazzi-Mimieux-  
 Hamilton-Sullivan (Color) .....Jan.  
 All Fall Down—Saint-Beatty-Malden .....Feb.  
 The Horizontal Lieutenant—Hutton-Prentiss-Umeki-  
 Carter-Backus (Color) .....Mar.  
 Sweet Bird of Youth—Newman-Page-Knight-Begley-  
 Torn-Dunnock (Color) .....Mar.  
 A Very Private Affair—Bardot-Simon (Color) .....Apr.  
 King of Kings—Hunter-McKenna-Hatfield-Lindfers-  
 Gam, star cast (Color) .....Special  
 The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse—Ford-Thulin-  
 Boyer-Cobb-Lukas .....In '62  
 Guns in the Afternoon—McCrea-Scott-Hartley ....In '62  
 Boys' Night Out—Novak-Garner-Randall-Duff....In '62  
 Murder, She Said—Rutherford-Kennedy-Pavlow....In '62

## Paramount Features

(1501 Broadway, New York 36, N. Y.)

## For Release in '62

- 6106 The Errand Boy—Jerry Lewis .....Jan.  
 6108 Hey, Let's Twist!—Dee, Randazzo-Lampert-  
 Armin .....Jan.  
 6109 Too Late Blues—Darin-Stevens .....Jan.  
 6110 Siege of Syracuse—Brazzi-Louise (Color) ....Feb.  
 6107 Summer and Smoke—Harvey-Page-Moreno  
 (Color) .....Feb.  
 6111 Forever My Love—Schneider-Bohm-Knuth  
 (Color) .....Mar.  
 6112 Brushfire!—Ireland-Morrow-Sloane .....Mar.

## Coming Releases

- My Geisha—MacLaine-Montand-Cummings-  
 Tami-Robinson (Color)  
 Escape from Zahrain—Brynnner-Mineo-Rhue (Color)  
 Counterfeit Traitor—Holden-Palmer-Griffith (Color)  
 Hatari!—Wayne-Martinelli-Kruger-Buttons (Color)  
 It's Only Money—Jerry Lewis  
 The Pigeon That Took Rome—Heston-Martinelli-  
 Guardino-Marietto  
 The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance—Stewart-  
 Wayne-Miles-Marvin

## Twentieth Century-Fox Features

(444 W. 56th St., New York 19, N. Y.)

- 131 Misty—Ladd-Smith-O'Connell-Seymour (Color) July  
 133 Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea—Pidgeon-  
 Fontaine-Avalon-Sterling-Lorre (Color) .....July  
 132 Francis of Assisi—Dillman-Whitman-Hart-  
 Armendariz (Color) .....Aug.



- 134 The Big Gamble—Boyd-Greco-D. Wayne-Thorndike (Color) .....Aug.  
 137 Marines, Let's Go—Tyron-Hedison-Hutchins ..Sept.  
 The Hustler—Newman-Gleason-Laurie-Scott-McCormick .....Sept.  
 Bachelor Flat—Weld-Thomas-Beymer-Holm (Color) .....Oct.  
 135 Pirates of Tortuga—Scott-Roman-King (Color) Nov.  
 Comancheros—Wayne-Whitman-Ballin .....Nov.  
 Two Little Bears—Lee-Albert-Wyatt-J. Boyd ....Dec.  
 Second Time Around—Reynolds-Griffith-Forrest-Ritter (Color) .....Dec.

### For Release in '62

- The King and I—Brynner-Kerr-Moreno (Color) Reissue .....Jan.  
 Madison Avenue—Andrews-Parker-Crain (Color)Jan.  
 Swingin' Along—Noonan-Marshall-Eden (Color) Feb.  
 Tender Is the Night—Jones-Robards, Jr.—Fontaine-Ewell (Color) .....Feb.  
 The Innocents—Kerr .....Mar.  
 Broken Land—Taylor-J. McCrear .....Apr.  
 The Inspector—Boyd-Hart-Griffith (Color) ....Apr.  
 State Fair—Boone-Darin-Tiffin (Color) .....Apr.  
 A Farewell to Arms—Jones-Hudson-DeSica (Color) Reissue .....May  
 Adventures of a Young Man—Newman-Beymer-Strasberg-Wallach (Color) .....June  
 It Happened in Athens—Mansfield-Colton (Color) .....June

### Embassy '62

The City That Lived; I Married a Psychiatrist; The Last Days of Sodom and Gomorrah; The Liberator; What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?

### United Artists Features

(729 Seventh Ave., New York 19, N. Y.)

- 6119 By Love Possessed—Turner-Zimbalist-Robards-Hamilton (Color) .....July  
 Goodbye Again—Bergman-Montand-Perkins ....July  
 Naked Edge, The—Cooper-D. Kerr .....July  
 6121 The Cat Burglar .....July  
 6123 Three on a Spree .....July  
 6125 Goodbye Again—Bergman-Montand-Perkins ..Aug.  
 6126 Teenage Millionaire—Clanton-Graziano-Pitts ..Sept.  
 6129 The Flight That Disappeared—Hill-Yamond ..Sept.  
 6128 The Young Doctors—March-Gazzara-Balin ...Sept.  
 6127 Boy Who Caught a Crook—Hendrix-Mobley-Beddoe .....Oct.  
 6130 Secret of Deep Harbor—Foster-Anders.....Oct.  
 6131 Paris Blues—Newman-Woodward-Poitier .....Oct.  
 6132 The Great War—Gassman-Mangano .....Nov.  
 6133 Season of Passion—Borgnine-Baxter-Mills ....Nov.  
 6134 The Explosive Generation .....Nov.  
 6135 Town Without Pity—Douglas-Kaufman .....Dec.  
 6137 X-15—McLean-Bronson .....Dec.

### For Release in '62

- The Children's Hour—Hepburn-MacLaine-Garner .....Jan.  
 Judgment at Nuremberg—Tracy-Lancaster-Widmark-Dietrich-Schell-Garland-Cliff ...Special

## Release Schedule for Short Subjects

### Columbia—One Reel

- 5751 Dog Snatcher—Mr. Magoo (7 min.) (Tech) (Reissue) .....Sept.  
 5752 When Magoo Flew (7 min.) (C'Scope-Tech.) (Reissue) .....Sept.  
 5753 Pink and Blue Blues—Mr. Magoo (7 min.) (Tech.) (Reissue) .....Nov.  
 5951 Ray Anthony & His Orch.—Thrills of Music (10½ min.) (Reissue) .....Oct.  
 4806 Holiday for Champions—World of Sports (9½ min.) .....Aug.  
 5852 Push Back the Edge—Film Novelties (10 min.) (Reissue) .....Dec.  
 5702 Here, Kiddie, Kiddie—Color Cart. (6½ min.) ..Dec.

- One, Two, Three—Cagney-Buchholz-Tiffin-Francis .....Jan.  
 Pocketful of Miracles—Ford-Davis-Lange-O'Connell-Falk-Shaughnessy .....Jan.  
 Something Wild—Baker-Meeker .....Jan.  
 West Side Story—Wood-Beymer-Tamblyn-Moreno .....Special  
 Cold Wind In August—Albright-Marlowe .....Feb.  
 Deadly Duo—Hill-Henderson .....Feb.  
 Sergeants Three—Sinatra-Martin-Davis, Jr.—Lawford-Bishop-Crosby Boys .....Feb.  
 The Clown and the Kid—Lupton-McGreevy ...Mar.  
 Follow That Dream—Presley-O'Connell-Helm .Mar.  
 Beauty and the Beast—Damon-Franz-Taylor ..Apr.  
 Birdman of Alcatraz—Lancaster-Malden-Ritter .Apr.  
 Jessica—Chevalier-Dickinson-Moorehead .....Apr.  
 Line of Duty—Warfield-O'Donnell .....Apr.  
 The Magic Word—Rathbone-Winwood .....Apr.

### Universal-International Features

(445 Park Ave., New York 22, N. Y.)

- 6118 Trouble in the Sky—Craig-Seal .....July  
 6119 Tammy Tell Me True—Dee-Gavin (Color) ..July  
 Blast of Silence—Baron-M. McCarthy .....Aug.  
 Come September—Hudson-Lollobrigida-Dee-Darin (Color) .....Sept.  
 6201 Back Street—Hayward-Gavin-Miles-Grey-Drake-Gardiner .....Nov.  
 6202 The Sergeant Was a Lady—West-Stevenson ...Nov.

### Releases for 1962

- 6203 Flower Drum Song—Kwan-Shigeta-Umeki ....Jan.  
 6204 Spartacus—Douglas-Olivier-Simmons-Laughton-Ustinov-Gavin-Curtis .....Feb.  
 6205 Lover Come Back—Hudson-Day-Randall-Adams-Oakie-Kruschen .....Mar.  
 6206 Desert Patrol—Sttenborough-Gregon-Craig ...Mar.  
 6207 The Outsider—Curtis-Franciscus-Bennett .....Apr.  
 6208 Nearly a Nasty Accident—Edwards-Connor ...Apr.  
 6209 Cape Fear—Peck-Mitchum-Bergen-Martin ....May

### Warner Bros. Features

(666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.)

- 015 Parrish—Donahue-Colbert-Malden (Tech) ....July  
 Fanny—Caron-Chevalier-Boyer-Buchholz (Color) July  
 151 World by Night—Variety players .....Sept.  
 155 Claudelle Inglish—McBain-Kennedy .....Sept.  
 154 Splendor in the Grass—Wood-Beatty .....Oct.  
 156 The Mask—Stevens-Nevins .....Nov.  
 157 Susan Slade—Donahue-Stevens .....Nov.  
 159 The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone—Leigh-Beatty .Dec.

### For Release in '62

- 152 The Singer Not the Song—Bogarde-Mills-Demongeot .....Jan.  
 153 A Majority of One—Russell-Guinness .....Feb.  
 160 The Couch—Williams-Knight .....Mar.  
 161 Malaga—Dandridge-Howard-Purdom .....Mar.

### Coming Releases

Lad: A Dog; Samar; House of Women; Merrill's Marauders; Lovers Must Learn; The Chapman Report; The Music Man

### One Reel Color Cartoons

Loopy de Loop (10)—New Cartoon Character  
 Mr. Magoo (8)—Winner of Two Academy Awards  
 Color Favorites (15)—The cream of the crop

### One Reelers

World of Sports (10)—Bill Stern, Commentator  
 Candid Microphone (6)—M.C.'d by Allen Funt  
 Film Novelties (for reissue)  
 Thrills of Music (for reissue)

## Columbia—Two Reels

- 5421 One Shivery Night—Assorted & Comedy Fav. (16½ min.) .....Sept.  
 5431 Waiting in the Lurch—Assrtd. & Comedy Fav. (15½ min.) .....Oct.  
 5422 House About It—Assrtd. & Comedy Fav. (16½ min.) .....Nov.  
 5432 Radio Riot—Assrtd. & Comedy Fav. (16 min.) Nov.  
 5401 Income Tax Sappy—Three Stooges (16½ min.) Sept.  
 5402 Pardon My Backfire—Three Stooges (16 min.) Oct.  
 5403 Musty Musketeers—Three Stooges (16 min.) ..Nov.  
 4403 Loose Loot—Three Stooges (16 min.) .....Nov.  
 4404 Tricky Dicks—Three Stooges (16 min.) .....Nov.  
 5120 Son of Geronimo (15-Chapter Serial) .....Nov.  
 5423 Hold That Monkey—Assorted & Comedy Fav. (16 min.) Reissue .....Dec.  
 5433 Bride and Gloom—Assrtd. & Comedy Fav. (16 min.) Reissue .....Dec.

## Two Reel Color Featurettes (1961-'62)

- Color Featurettes (6)—Images of Luanga ..Oct.'61  
 Wonderful Greece (reissue)

## Two Reel Comedies (1961-'62)

- Three Stooges (8)—At their laughing best  
 Assorted Favorites (6)—With big name casts  
 Comedy Favorites (6)—With big name casts

## Serials (1961-'62)

- Big Serial Grossers (3)—first "The Cody of the Pony Express" .....Aug. '61  
 The Sea Hound—"Daredevil Adventures of Captain Silver" with Buster Crabbe  
 The Monster and the Ape—"Beast Monster and Chiller-Thriller"

## Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—One Reel

### Tom and Jerry Cartoons

M-G-M will release 11 new Tom and Jerry Cartoons this year. Already released, "Switchen Kitten," "Down and Outing," and "Greek to Mc-ow."

### News of the Day, Two a Week

## Paramount—One Reel

- Sports in Action (4)—Ten Pin Tour, Speedway, Gold Medal Divers, Symphony in Motion (live action, color)  
 Travelramas (3)—Porpoise Poses, Pee Wee on Ice, Waters of Bangkok (live action, color)  
 Noveltoons (11)—Northern Mites, Micenicks, The Lion's Busy, Goodie the Gremlin, Alvin's Solor Flight, Bound About That, Trick for Tree, Cape Kidnavaeral, Turtle Scoop, Kozmo Goes to School, Perry Popgun (color)  
 Modern Madcaps (9)—Bouncing Benny, Terry the Traitor, Phantom Moustacher, The Kid from Mars, The Mighty Termite, In the Nicotine, The Inquisit Visit, The Plot Sickens, Crumley Cogwell (color)  
 The Cat (2)—Bopin Hood, Raising Cane (color)

## Paramount - Two Reels

- Specials (2)—Lifeline to Hong Kong (color) Spring in Scandinavia (color)  
 Cartoon Special—Abner the Baseball (color)

## Twentieth Century-Fox—One Reel

- 5010-4 Tin Pan Alley Cat—Terryt'n (7 min.) (Color) Oct.  
 5025-2 Deep Sea Doodle—Terryt'n (7 min.) (Color) Oct.  
 5011-2 House of Hashimoto—Terryt'n (7 min.) (Color) .....Nov.  
 5026-0 Stunt Men—Terryt'n (7 min.) (Color) ....Nov.  
 5012-0 Daniel Boone, Jr.—Terryt'n (7 min.) (Color) Dec.

## For Release in '62

- 7201-7 Sport Fishing Family Style .....Jan.  
 5221-7 Klondike Strike Out .....Jan.  
 5201-9 Honorable House Cat .....Jan.  
 7202-5 Football Highlights of '61 .....Feb.  
 5222-5 Where There's Smoke .....Feb.  
 7203-3 To Be announced .....Mar.  
 5223-3 He-Man Seaman .....Mar.

- 5202-7 Honorable Family Problem .....Mar.  
 7204-1 To be announced .....Apr.  
 5224-1 Nobody's Ghoul .....Apr.  
 5203-5 Peanut Battle .....Apr.  
 7205-8 To be announced .....May  
 5225-8 Riverboat Mission .....May  
 5204-3 Loyal Royalty .....May  
 7206-6 To be announced .....June  
 5226-6 Rebel Trouble .....June

## Movietone News, Twice Weekly

## Universal—One Reel

- 4271 Treasure of the Deep (color) .....Nov.  
 4272 Caramba .....Dec.  
 4273 Mabuhay .....Jan. '62  
 4274 Leaping Dandies .....Feb. '62  
 4275 Pink Land Blue Waters .. .....Mar. '62  
 4276 Bahama Holiday .....Apr. '62  
 4277 Fabled Island .....May '62  
 4288 Strictly Sydney .....June '62  
 Walter Lantz Color Cartunes (7)  
 Reissued one a month from Nov. '61 to May '62

## New Walter Lantz Cartunes

- 4211 Doc's Last Stand .....Nov.  
 4212 Case of the Red-Eyed Ruby .....Dec.  
 4213 Rock-A-Bye Gator .....Jan. '62  
 4214 Home Sweet Homewreckers .....Jan. '62  
 4215 Pest of Show .....Feb. '62  
 4216 Mackerel Moocher .....Mar. '62  
 4217 Room and Bored .....Mar. '62  
 4218 Fowled-Up Birthday .....Apr. '62  
 4219 Rocket Racket .....Apr. '62  
 4220 Phoney Express .....May '62  
 4221 Careless Caretaker .....May '62  
 4222 Mother's Little Helper .....June '62  
 4223 Tragic Magic .....July '62  
 4224 Hyde and Sneak .....July '62  
 4225 Voo-Doo Boo-Boo .....Aug. '62  
 4226 Crowin' Pains .....Sept. '62  
 4227 Punchy Pooch .....Sept. '62  
 4228 Little Woody Riding Hood .....Oct. '62  
 4229 Corny Concerto .....Oct. '62

## Universal Newsreel Twice Weekly

## Warner Bros.

### Technicolor Cartoons Merrie

### Melodies — Looney Tunes

- 9701 Daffy's Inn Trouble .....Sept. '61  
 9702 What's My Lion? .....Oct. '61  
 9703 Beep Prepared .....Nov. '61  
 9704 The Last Hungry Cat .....Dec. '61  
 9705 Nelly's Folly .....Dec. '61  
 9706 A Sheep in the Deep .....Feb. '62  
 9707 Fish and Slips .....Mar. '62  
 9708 Quackodile Tears .....Mar. '62

## Blue Ribbon Hit Parade (Technicolor)

- 9301 A Hound for Trouble .....Sept. '61  
 9302 Strife with Father .....Sept. '61  
 9303 The Grey Hounded Hare .....Oct. '61  
 9304 Leghorn Swaggled .....Nov. '61  
 9305 A Peck of Trouble .....Dec. '61  
 9306 Tom Tom Tomcat .....Jan. '62  
 9307 Sock A-Doodle Do .....Feb. '62  
 9308 Rabbit Hood .....Mar. '62

## Bugs Bunny Specials

- 9721 Prince Violent .....Sept. '61  
 9722 Wet Hare .....Jan. '62

## Two-Reelers

- 9001 Where the Trade Winds Blow .....Oct. '61  
 9002 Fabulous Mexico .....Jan. '62

## One-Reelers

- 9501 This Sporting World .....Nov. '61  
 9502 Emperor's Horses .....Dec. '61  
 9503 Wild Water Champions .....Feb. '62



# HARRISON'S REPORTS

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Martin Starr, Editor

A REVIEWING SERVICE FREE FROM THE INFLUENCE OF FILM ADVERTISING

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1962

No. 3

## Exhibs in Search of Help

Hardly a week goes by that we don't get letters from exhibitors. The prophetic thing about these letters, is that the exhibitors are in trouble. They tell us of their predicament; their alleged unfair treatment from the distributors; the inability to make some of the blockbuster releases show a reasonable profit. It all bespeaks an industry beset by the almost unavoidable ills of most businesses, -- the seller and the buyer not seeing eye-to-eye pricewise.

To be sure, *Harrison's Reports* operates on a policy that is dedicated to the exhibitor. Not carrying any film advertising, we are not beholden to the distributor. But, the film business is no different than the canned goods business, clothes, furniture and many other products; -- the seller tries to get for his merchandise all that the traffic will bear; the buyer tries to get the merchandise for as little as he possibly can. All too often, the twain doth not meet.

A producer making a film, pouring several borrowed millions into it delivers it to his distributor on the basis that the seller will go out into the market and get for this merchandise as high a price as he (the distributor) possibly can. The exhibitor contracts to play the film on a basis of X-% percentage. The film is played, the pro-rata results are in at the box office, the exhibitor counts up what's left after he meets his percentage arrangement and finds that he has taken a loss.

### Even Small Losses Can Mean Doom

No business can ever continue to operate on losses. Of most (if not all) businesses, the theatre's future is most vulnerable to losses, -- even small ones. For the smaller theatre it can well be the economic death-knell. -- and, that's when the exhibitor begins seeking help. As those who write us point out, their first recourse is the branch manager with whom they made the deal. Then may come the divisional manager, with the matter finally coming to the attention of the veepee in charge of sales at the home office.

Whatever the nature of exhibitor-distributor dispute, the theatre man who tries to fight his battle alone may not be altogether successful. All by himself, he may find himself a little weak. The exhibitor needs the strength of his state and national association. If he belongs, let's say, to a unit of Allied States Association, it will run effective interference for his grievances. Where the unit heads find themselves limited in getting results, it becomes a matter for the national heads. No exhibitor association works so hard, and comes through with more effective results than Allied States Association.

(Continued on Back Page)

## Salute to Herman Robbins

He has almost shunned salutes, accolades, the trumpeting of the brass because of the achievements he has scored down through the years. We mean, Herman Robbins, chairman of the board of National Screen Service, who (the other day) was elected president of the Motion Picture Pioneers, and that humanitarian byproduct, the Foundation of Motion Picture Pioneers. In the 23 years of the Pioneers' existence as a sympathetic and understanding force in the motion picture industry, Robbins becomes its fourth president.

We of *Harrison's Reports* have waited a long time to salute this modest, almost retiring man. Our reason now is not alone because of his ascendancy to the head of the organization made up of men who've served the industry for a quarter-of-a-century or more. Our exhibitor-conscious excuse is what Robbins' National Screen has done to sell the wares of Hollywood (and elsewhere) to the millions of movie-goers within the portals of the theatres of the nation.

### Trailers Dominate Ticket-Selling Campaigns

Revolutionary movements in the "sell" pattern of our industry come with every new season. It is good that it is so, but it is no guarantee that the new ideas will prove better than the fool-proof old. When the skeins of national magazine campaigns, newspaper displays, radio pitching and Tv huckstering were woven into the revised, revamped and revolutionary patterns, the trailer on the screen, projected to a "captive" audience, still proved one of the most effective. The trailer stood strong in its power to "sell" the coming attraction. There were times when Robbins carried his trailer-banner uncompromisingly in the face of the revolutionary movements to move the movie-goer into the theatres via the other media. Ultimately, the trailer (as fashioned by National Screen's box office "know-how") emerged as the most dependable cost-wise, and ticket-selling-wise.

(Continued on Back Page)

## We've Moved; Note New Address

As of now, we're in our new offices, -- 1600 Broadway (Room 604) New York 19, N. Y. Our new telephone number is CO 5-4434 . . . Kindly note these changes. Thank you!

**"Saintly Sinners" with  
Don Beddoe, Ellen Corby, Stanley  
Clements, Paul Bryar**

(United Artists, Current; 78 mins.)

POOR. This is another low-budget, low entertainment entry from the keepers of the "B's" -- Harvard Film Corp. It is amateurish in its make-up, weak in its approach, and unavailing in its residue of entertainment. It plays it safe by making the chief protagonist a man of the cloth. But, the good Father is cut from a pattern of innocent gullibility that doesn't ring true. As played by Don Beddoe, you don't get the feel of spiritual authority. On the other hand, Addison Richard's Monsignor has its impressive quality. There are hoodlums, ex-cons, horse-bettors who use a statue to boot home their selections, and other assorted characters who look upon prayer as a means to an end that is not always righteous. It fails to impress, because the script was hammered out without the professional skill of knowing how to deal with such a delicate theme. There is unnecessary absurdity throughout much of the telling of this. Besides the weakness of the story, there is anemia in the acting. Also, there is no real name-value to hold this up. Photography, fair.

Father Dan (Don Beddoe) likes to go fishing. At last, he is on his way. But, it's in a used car he picked up. It's the same car that was stolen from a young ex-con (Ron Hagerthy) by two sharpies. They commit a bank robbery. The plates are noted and traced. The boy is brought in, of course. At the same time Beddoe is picked up and accused of the bank robbery (the plates, you know). The Monsignor doesn't like Beddoe's coddling of the parishioners, decides to transfer the Father. The off-beat characters besiege the Monsignor, who lets Beddoe stay on. The real thieves confess, the horse-bettors continue to place their pieces of paper under a statue in the church courtyard, the nags continue to come in, the winners want to share their loot with the Father. The cleric accepts all this as part of his mission.

Produced by Robert E. Kent; directed by Jean Yarbrough; written by Kevin Barry.

General patronage.

**"Siege of Syracuse" with  
Rossano Brazzi, Tina Louise,  
Enrico Maria Salerno**

(Paramount, February; 97 mins.)

FAIR. This entry from Italy is yet another one of those spectacles with lots of people. There are thousands in the cast. The surging armies of people are involved in a lengthy story that touches on the historical at times. There are moments of strong drama as well as good action. In addition, there are romance, palace intrigue, good-looking girls and well-done battle sequences. As for the cast, it does well by its assignments with the names of Rossano Brazzi and lovely Tina Louise perhaps best known to audiences here. The latter is hardly Academy Award timber. The direction is comprehensive and some of the production values are lavish with the import best suited for the supporting slot of the program. The dialogue has been dubbed into English. The Eastman Color photography is impressive in the Dyaliscope process.

Rossano Brazzi portrays scientist and mathematician Archimedes of Syracuse. He has an informal agreement to marry the daughter of the king. When dancer Tina Louise appears, he falls in love with her and decides to marry her instead. Her stepbrother has aspirations to become powerful at court. He feels that her marriage to Brazzi could ruin these high hopes. He arranges for the lady to be drugged and shipped to Rome on a vessel commanded by Enrico Maria Salerno. After a fall, she loses her memory. Salerno looks after her. In so doing he falls in love with her. He persuades her to marry him and when she has Brazzi's baby, he accepts and treats it as his own. As the years pass, he is elected consul. Miss Louise's memory returns when Brazzi visits Salerno to negotiate a new treaty. She finds she still loves Brazzi. Salerno however, refuses to give her up or the boy. Instead he decides to attack Syracuse and destroy Brazzi who has become king. He reluctantly agrees to let his son go to Syracuse as a spy. He is captured, and sentenced to death, but escapes as the Roman fleet attacks. An invention of Brazzi routs the vessels destroying several. The Romans, later, are led into the city by a traitor, Miss Louise's stepbrother, who is killed by Brazzi. During the fighting Salerno is also killed and his son vows to follow in his father's steps. Brazzi knows that he must keep the secret about the boy, but Miss Louise is now free to come to him. They can spend their remaining years together.

This is a Glomer production; directed by Pietro Francisci; screenplay credits not available.

General patronage.

**"A View From the Bridge" with  
Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Morris  
Carnovsky, Jean Sorel, Carol Lawrence**

(Continental, February; 110 mins.)

GOOD. This is Arthur Miller dealing with a small segment of Greater New York, -- the tough, rough, squalid Red Hook section of Brooklyn. Miller knows his locale, its people, its life. Out of it he had fashioned a play. Now, it makes its turbulent transition to the screen. Not far away from the action in the street and its nearby raw, brawling Brooklyn waterfront stand the gaunt, granite cliffs of Manhattan. But Red Hook is an island apart from the rest of New York. The neighborhood is ever in the harsh moil of action. Using the stage play as a springboard, screen-writer Norman Rosten and director Sidney Lumet took it from there and emerged with a tense, tight, tragic drama of love and hatred, lust and fierce obsession, frustration and self-murder.

There are very few light moments in the film. It is well acted with Raf Vallone carrying the greater burden of the story. Maureen Stapleton, as his wife, stands strong as a symbol of mental suffering and biological frustration. Carol Lawrence is introduced in this one. She shows dramatic promise and photographs much softer than the harsh Tv angles have revealed. Jean Sorel, though a rugged longshoreman, is a sensitive romantic. Raymond Pellegrin is strong and vibrant in his role (longshoreman). Veteran Morris Carnovsky is convincing as the neighborhood Blackstone, advising, counseling, philosophizing. The cameras were moved to the Brooklyn locales for ex-



teriors, the rest having been shot in Paris. The photography is starkly realistic.

Longshoreman Raf Vallone has two obligations, -- his wife (Maureen Stapleton) and her niece (Carol Lawrence) whom they have reared and loved as a daughter. Vallone watches over the 18-year-old girl jealously. Two of Miss Stapleton's cousins (Raymond Pellegrin and Jean Sorel) arrive as illegal immigrants. Vallone puts them up in his crowded home. They too go to work on the docks. In no time, Vallone is violently set against the handsome Sorel. By this time quite a closeness exists between the boy and Miss Lawrence. Vallone is disturbed, seeks the advice of the waterfront lawyer (Morris Carnovsky), on the ground that the boy isn't "right." One night Vallone finds the youngsters in tight embrace. There is an ugly scene ending in Vallone's embracing the boy and kissing him passionately. It's the jealous-crazed Vallone's way of showing Miss Lawrence that the boy she's in love with is unmanly. Out of desperation Vallone phones the Immigration Bureau and informs on the illegal immigrants.

The inspectors arrive and take the two cousins. Vallone is denounced as an informer, the stronger brother (Pellegrin) spitting at Vallone. The two are released temporarily by the Immigration Bureau. The wedding day (Sorel and Miss Lawrence) arrives. Vallone and Pellegrin meet in the street. There is a savage fight in which Vallone is beaten to a pulp. Desperately remorseful, scorned by everybody, Vallone seeks the only way out, -- he plunges a dock-worker's sharp hook into his own chest.

Produced by Paul Graetz; directed by Sidney Lumet; screenplay by Norman Rosten, taken from the play by Arthur Miller.

Young adults and adults.

•

**"Sergeants 3" with  
Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Sammy  
Davis, Jr., Peter Lawford, Joey Bishop  
(United Artists, February; 112 mins.)**

GOOD. This begets its rating only because you have a quintette of pullers-in (names) like Sinatra, Martin, Davis, Jr., Lawford and Bishop. Even Bishop, the dead-pan comic, has box office value, if only because of his innumerable appearances on Tv. Otherwise, it is a rootin', shootin', tootin' western that refuses to take itself seriously. At times, the character twists that Sinatra and Martin give their roles make it look as if the whole raucous shebang is a spoof on Hollywood's "they-went-that-aways." To be sure, from the fade-in right down to the last few feet of the fade-out there isn't a peaceable moment. But, the West was won. While this nature of western thunders along with the history book of wars (this is post Civil War) there is no real serious intent to the whole horse opera. Which brings up the fact that seldom have we seen such picturesque platoons riding their charges.

The use of Panavision and Technicolor dresses up some of the scenes like Remingtons come to movement and life. It's truly beautiful. The outdoors dominates the 112 minutes of running time. But, don't get us wrong as to the entertainment qualities of this west-

ern. There's something Three Musketeerish about this trio of sergeants (Sinatra-Martin-Lawford). They turn in good performances. The Crosby boys (Phillip, Dennis, Lindsay) are billed rather prominently. Just why, we'll never know. They hardly do anything. Joey Bishop goes through with his role (also a sergeant) as if asking himself all the time, "What's this all about?"

It's in the 1870's, and the boys were shootin' it up, plenty. There's Indian trouble and a detail headed by Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin and Peter Lawford, sergeants and friends (who saw service together in the Civil War) ride out to see what it's all about. As they're headin' for the trouble zone, a trumpet-playing former slave (Sammy Davis, Jr.) follows them on a big, white mule. He wants to become a soldier. The detail arrives at Medicine Bend to find the townsfolk massacred or taken prisoner by the Indian warriors. The detail is trapped, but they fight their way out. Lawford's term of enlistment is up, and he wants to quit the cavalry. He hopes to get married. This doesn't take well with Sinatra and Martin. They play a trick on Lawford and he's back in the service. Davis finds out where the Ghost Dancers (a killer-Indian tribe) hide out. First Martin and Davis find their way to the cave, then Sinatra and Lawford follow. There is vicious fighting and a lot of killings. On the way to the cave is the regiment. They're sure to be ambushed by the waiting army of Ghost Dancer warriors. But, Davis, already bleeding, climbs to the top of the hill and sounds a warning with his trumpet. Furious fighting follows, the regiment conquers the Indians, the three sergeants are decorated, Davis is made a trooper. Lawford goes off to get married. But, Sinatra and Martin have tricked him again. Joey Bishop is forced to take off for Lawford and bring him in as a deserter.

Produced by Frank Sinatra; directed by John Sturges; written by W. R. Burnett.

General patronage.

### Wilder in Reverse; Still vs Exhibs

More than a month ago, "Harrison's Reports" took editorial exception to the uncomplimentary things Billy Wilder was reported to have said about the exhibitors. The story brought forth a flood of mail praising us for the stand we took in "calling" Wilder. . . . Embittered in his official challenge of the Wilder statement Milton H. London, executive director of Allied States Association took strong protest to it. Now comes forth from the triple-threat man (Wilder produces, directs, writes) a "rudely misquoted" statement . . . He said, that he didn't mean to attack all exhibitors when he reportedly said that the theatre men were completely uninterested in the film they were showing. Wilder even suggested that the exhibitors allegedly were there to "steal" . . . While Wilder, in his change of stand, still speaks unkindly of our state of exhibition, he wanted to make it clear that it was a certain type of exhibitor who is for "stealing." We still consider it an insult!

## Exhibs Need Help...

(Continued from Front Page)

### Embattled Theatre Men Helped by Allied

Of the many accomplishments of this exhibitor organization of very recent times, two of them bear recalling: Because local exhibitors in New Jersey refused to play "Fanny" at the special matinee performances for children the Allied Theatre Owners of New Jersey took up their cudgels and went into battle, with Warner Bros., on the hot issue. The newly elected president William Infald judiciously realized that this was a big fight and it had to be staged with big force. Infald sought the help of Marshall H. Fine, president of Allied States Association. It wasn't long ere Warner's general salesmanager, Charles Boasberg yielded (see our story Oct. 7). Many exhibitors, throughout the nation, complained about some of the phrasing in the Universal Pictures contract. Again, Fine resolved the matter amicably. U's general sales manager, Henry H. "Hi" Martin ordered rephrasing of the contract.

-- and so, as we get back to the exhibitors who find reason to complain as they seek relief. Alone, on such issues, the best of results cannot always be accomplished. That's why exhibitor organizations were born. They are the concentrated, almost consecrated, life-blood of exhibition. The state heads, the national overseer (men like Fine) are dedicated to the proposition that the exhibitor's road (especially the small operator) is a hard one, an uphill climb and a most difficult one, especially these days of unsteady revenues; a dearth of product; an unstable assurance that what is released is of quality (box office) stature.

Exhibitor-subscribers of *Harrison's Reports* know, via these columns, how often we've emphasized the necessity, yes the urgency, of theatre operators belonging to their state unit of a national exhibitor association. If we've continued to recommend the Allied States Association, it's because we've been close to their operations. We've seen what they've already accomplished for the exhibitors of the nation. We know how truly dedicated to the cause of exhibition are: Ben D. Marcus, chairman of the board of Allied States Association; Marshall H. Fine, president; Milton H. London, executive director; the other officers, the presidents of the state units.

### Lesson in Victory: In Number There's Strength

So, it behooves the complaining exhibitors to join up with their state unit of Allied. If already a member of the local exhibitor setup, take your troubles to it. It will run interference for you. If the problem is big, the national association will swing into action. Nor will you always find the distributors to be the Simon Legrees they're pictured to be. The home office sales executives are willing to listen to reason. They're willing to arbitrate just disputes. They too know, that these are terribly challenging times. Pulling apart isn't going to help bolster the position of the film industry, nor strengthen its condition at the box office. A weak box office spells anemia for all factors involved.

New, cooperative, clearer dawns loom on the horizon of our business. Brushing back the clouds of costly inter-industrial battling, raising the curtain on more understanding vistas, is your exhibitor organization. Go to it when in trouble. If you, Mr. Exhibitor, oper-

## Personal Journalism

The battle to stop the invasion of toll-Tv is on at Little Rock, Ark. The other day, the exhibitors got a severe set-back when a Circuit Judge in Pulaski County sustained the approval of the Arkansas Public Service Commission to allow toll-Tv. Thus, the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company will provide Midwest Video with all the necessary facilities for a cable system to carry the fee-Tv programs into the homes of the subscribers. Midwest Video holds a Telemeter (Paramount subsidiary) franchise . . . The Arkansas Circuit Court ruling finds the Alabama exhibitors marshalling their forces to fight the issue all the way up to the United States Supreme Court, if no headway is made in the next exhibitor move, -- an appeal to the Arkansas Supreme Court.

Paramount Pictures wants to mould a closer relationship with the exhibitors of the nation. A move the distributor hopes to work out with the theatre men is the circuiting of its stars to attend, address (perhaps) and otherwise dress up local and state theatre owner conventions . . . More importantly, Paramount will try to time these personal appearances of the stars to their films that may be playing (or will play) on the screens of the theatres at the time of the convention-meetings . . . A spokesman for Paramount told us, that these are the times when everything possible should be done to help the exhibitor. "Let's not kid ourselves," he said, "in helping the theatre operator, we're also helping ourselves." That higher revenues is a reflection of a better understanding and a more harmonious working arrangement between the seller (the distributor) and the buyer (the exhibitor) there can be no doubt, he pointed out.

## Herman Robbins...

(Continued from Front Page)

Robbins (groomed in the early tug-of-war days at Fox Film Corp.) knew what the film fan would respond to. He compressed into the trailers the ingredients that made for palatable "come-on" to the films to come. Both success and enviable stature have come to National Screen. But, they didn't change Herman Robbins' almost self-effacement. Like a barnacle, he continued to cling to this state of modest retirement. His is an overwhelming popularity with exhibitors. He is one of the true stalwarts of the industry. He will bring stature and dignity and the kind of profound understanding that his new post, -- president of the Motion Picture Pioneers, -- needs.

We, of *Harrison's Reports*, wish Herman Robbins well, indeed!

ate in a territory that has no Allied unit, get some of your fellow exhibitors together and start one. It'll be for your own good. For further information write to: Milton H. London, Executive Director, Allied States Association of Motion Picture Exhibitors, 1008 Fox Building, Detroit 1, Michigan.



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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1962

No. 4

## Battle for Oscar Votes

This is Oscar time for some 2,500 members of the 36-year old Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. The other day they received their official nominating ballots. The members of this revered association have several weeks in which to make up their own minds as to which of the stars, supporting players, directors, pictures, etc., etc., they want nominated for an Academy Award this year. Of all the nominations, five in each category will be announced February 26. Then, there'll be voting (not by the overall 2,500 membership) on the nominations. On April 9 the big radio and Tv shows will make known the winners. The electronic pickup yields the Academy a goodly piece of revenue.

But, it's not going to be as simple, or as smooth, or even as decent as it sounds. Between now and the end of this month there will be a pretty penny spent in two trade dailies out in Hollywood. Lavishing this big money on a limited segment of the trade press will be the respective creative talent out in Hollywood who feel that their brain-children should get the nomination. Be you producer, director, screenwriter you're not going to allow the few remaining ethics of your particular business to stand in the way of politicking tenaciously and relentlessly for votes.

### **Ethics, Canons, Principle Violated**

To the stars, of course, it becomes a necessary "must" these days to plead with your fellow Thespians for their vote. Professional principle, conservative canons, time-honored dignity are thrown to the Hollywood winds as they throw their tax-deductible dollars into the boiling pot that may cook up those necessary votes for you. Nor is this nature of pleading for the vote a marshmallow roast. It becomes quite an ugly battle with each succeeding splash in the trade dailies. The battleground, of course, is Hollywood. That's where the greater majority of the 2,500 Academy members live, work and vote.

Considering the downright messiness and sheer shamelessness of this nature of politicking for an Oscar nomination, and then, the vote itself that follows, it is a good thing for the motion picture industry that this is a localized (Hollywood) battle. It would not create a pretty image of the movie capitol if some of this trade-paper fighting (for recognition) were to reach out to the movie going public. Not only would it hurt the prestige of the box office names wanting to get elected, it would wreak irreparable harm to the Academy itself. Meaning, that strong, silent symbol (Oscar) standing guard over all that

(Continued on Back Page)

## Open Letter to B. Berger

Dear Bennie Berger,

It is not easy to take a beating on a booking and keep quiet about it. Losses hurt, especially when you're taking them on a release in which you seemed to have had so much confidence. We find ourselves entering this somewhat heated controversy between you and United Artists (via their "Pocketful of Miracles") because of one reason.

When most of the trade press went overboard on the Frank Capra film, we at *Harrison's Reports* were afraid that we may not have seen the same picture although the trade brigade sat together on the night of the so-called sneak preview. When our review came out we were not only ribbed, but criticised almost severely. The opposition said that we sure were away off on this one. But, in the light of what's happening, now that the film is in national release, we have a right to look back on the review and reread its reaction to its probable faltering at the box office.

### **Not All Touted Blockbusters Make Money**

Since this is your favorite weekly (we hope) we are wondering if you read our review (October 28, '61, Issue #43) dealing with what was expected to be a box office blockbuster, but to our gauge of box office potential was quite a distance from it. In part, we said that, "...this doesn't quite reach its big picture objective." The truth of it seems to be playing itself out your way (Minneapolis).

Good pictures could use exploitation, publicity,  
(Continued on Back Page)

## Moving Slows Up Operations

As our exhibitor-subscribers know, we moved last week. Anyone who ever moved from one apartment to another, for instance, knows the kind of problems such an unavoidable mess poses. In moving a publication like "Harrison's Reports" from its 25-year old address was quite something, to say the least. . . Let's repeat the new address: 1600 Broadway, (Room 604) New York 19, N.Y. The new telephone number is COLUMBUS 5-4434. . . As is our custom, we answer nearly all mail within a few days after its receipt. Those who have written to us know that. However, for the while, that prompt answering service is slowed up a bit, due of course, to the job of moving. So, if you didn't get the customary prompt reply to your recent letter, please bear with us. Thank you!

**"Light in the Piazza" with  
Olivia de Havilland, Rossano Brazzi,  
Yvette Mimieux, George Hamilton,  
Barry Sullivan  
(M-G-M, February; 105 mins.)**

GOOD. A touching dramatic experience, powerful in its emotional impact has been captured in MetroColor and in the proportions of CinemaScope. It has been sugar-coated with youthful romance and eye-filling views of Italy's Florence and Rome whose streets and precious art treasures have been used as backdrops for the actions of the cast and the unfolding of the story. The latter has to do with an American mother and daughter abroad. The girl, handicapped when an accident kept her from developing mentally succeeded in blossoming into physical beauty and facial allure thanks to a benevolent Mother Nature. She falls in love with a boy, who stands ready to accept her reticent simpleness as an innocence and charm uniquely her own.

The mother is unwilling at first and then unable later to upset this possible last chance for happiness for her daughter. The mother sees no reason for self-reproach. It meant marriage. The plot continues in high gear until the satisfying and sympathetic ending. The cast is most expert. The direction and production values are rich in quality. The story of young love and old sympathy, ardent hopes holds interest throughout. They provide plenty of opportunity for tears and joy for women and for strong feelings of compatibility with the young. The handsome mounting is a treat to the eyes of the beholders with the photography being excellent. It is good to see Olivia de Havilland back in films. They overdressed her via those outlandish Dior creations. Yvette Mimieux is superb.

Olivia de Havilland and daughter Yvette Mimieux are on a sightseeing tour of Florence when George Hamilton is attracted to the young beauty. His attentions cause her to fall in love with him. Miss de Havilland is faced with the problem that her daughter has the mentality of a ten-year old but the body and face of a mature lovely young woman. The condition is the result of an accident. She makes an attempt to explain to Hamilton's father, Rossano Brazzi, but a distraction postpones it. The happiness of the pair has her delaying more and more. When his family accepts Miss Mimieux' wistful simpleness as charming innocence, Miss de Havilland decides to encourage the idea of a wedding despite a decision by her husband, Barry Sullivan, to put the girl in a special school and/or institution upon their return to the U.S. Miss de Havilland feels that her later life will be simple and sheltered and who knows, perhaps her mental growth may resume once again after the wedding. Some last minute complications are resolved and the wedding does take place. As the youngsters leave on their honeymoon, Miss de Havilland is convinced that right has been done. The story rings those sympathetic bells in your heart that have been stilled by the backwash of all that offbeat sex, allowable depravity, unbearable mayhem and just plain mediocrity that have highlighted some of the films released recently.

Produced by Arthur Freed; directed by Guy Green; screenplay by Julius J. Epstein based on a story by Elizabeth Spencer.

General patronage.

**"The Errand Boy" with  
Jerry Lewis, Brian Donlevy, Howard McNear  
(Paramount, Current; 92 mins.)**

FAIR. This premiered in Chicago Thanksgiving Day. For some strange reason Paramount held off showing it to the trade reviewers in New York. We never did catch Jerry Lewis' latest within the cold confines of a projection room, which may be good for a comedy. But, this is not one of Jerry's hot ones. Once again, the beloved comic plays triple-threat man. He tried to combine the talents of actor, director, writer. He fails to score up enough plusses to make this come up on the profit side of the typical Lewis enjoyment ledger. Here we have a film made up of a series of bits and pieces of tangled-up goings-on that is rather weak. He gets a chance to show that he can deal either in slapstick or sentiment with the former more appreciated than the latter by a theatre audience. Many of the scenes are unrelated and the film itself is only held together by a slim thread of a story that is merely an excuse to film the zaney's antics and thus get another Lewis release out on the road. Some of the behind-the-scenes manipulating that goes into the making of movies is exposed and the result is sometimes humorous. It does add a touch of interest. Experience has shown that the Jerry Lewis comedies have generally made money. If this is indeed the case, then this entry, too, should reap the harvest accorded some of his efforts as it is neither his best nor is it his worst. The story has its moments of near-excitement, humor. The cast, production and direction are average. The photography is good.

The Paramount Pictures movie studio headed by Brian Donlevy has been losing money. He and his relatives decide to hire a spy to check on the various departments, preferably one who is unknown. Signposter Jerry Lewis is given the job and made an errand boy, which allows him to roam the studio getting into all kinds of difficulties and to ruin many a scene and routine. The losses increase the longer he is on the job. One of his involvements is accidentally put on film and Donlevy is persuaded to put him into pictures as a comic. He becomes a hit and a star and one of the studio's more valuable properties. To repeat, these behind-the-scenes touches of Hollywood movie-making always is of interest to the fan.

Produced by Ernest D. Gluckman; directed by Jerry Lewis with Arthur P. Schmidt associate producer; screenplay by Lewis and Bill Richmond.

General patronage.

**"Tomorrow Is My Turn" with  
Charles Aznavour, Nicole Courcel,  
Georges Riviere  
(Showcorporation, February; 117 mins.)**

GOOD. From France comes a sturdy drama of people, circumstance and human emotions. It won top honors at the Venice Film Festival. The film has been termed as a strong, sometimes bitter-sweet mixture that reflects the bright, if harsh, light of truth cloaking one's emotions like a soothing rainbow. The cast turns in commendable performances with Charles Aznavour and Georges Riviere particularly note-



worthy. The direction and production are superior. A bit of tighter editing might have improved the pace a trifle. Still, interest is well maintained throughout the film's unfolding. Playoff of the drama, that dwells mainly on two men taking part in World War II, will be limited to the art houses because of titling, cast and subject matter, but the reception there should be quite good. The photography is expert.

In the France of 1940, as war breaks out, Georges Riviere turns down the job of editing a Paris newspaper preferring to fight in the army instead, Charles Aznavour, a pastry baker, leaves his young wife and job with the family bakery to do his bit. Both are among those taken prisoner and wind up working at the farm home of the mayor of a small German town. Riviere uses the romantic feelings of the daughter, Cordula Trantow, to help him escape. For this she is punished. Aznavour remains behind becoming more important as each male of the household is called into service. Meanwhile Riviere joins the Resistance. When Paris is liberated he becomes editor of his old newspaper. Liberation for Aznavour means a return to monotony in the bakery. It is no more exciting in his married life. Riviere finds his old love Nicole Courcel, who saved his life during the Nazi occupation. He decides to marry her despite evidence that she was a collaborationist. He knows he will have to resign, which he does but he loses her anyway. She leaves him for his own good. Aznavour leaves his home and returns to the German farm where he felt needed and loved.

Directed by Andre Cayatte; co-produced by Franco-London Films, Les Films Gibe, UFA and Jania Film; screenplay by Andre Cayatte and Armand Jamot.

General patronage (art houses).

---

**"The Three Stooges Meet Hercules" with  
Moe Howard, Larry Fine, Joe De Rita**  
(Columbia, Current; 89 mins.)

POOR. Whatever else may be happening in the pratfall, slapstick, rough-and-tumble comedy-making end of our business, The Three Stooges go on and on. Saved from the scrapheap of Hollywood's "has-beens" by the youngsters watching old, old Tv, the forgotten trio emerged as something discovered by this new audience. Perhaps this has been made for the kids, exclusively. This is no picnic for adults. Local theatres made their choice as to whether this ought to top the double-bills or take the lower half. Either way it's quite a mess of near-nothing. To be sure, this may do business in some spots. The Stooges have a following, and no matter how a reviewer may feel about their nature of old, warmed-over nonsense, for some it may even have a semblance of entertainment. To repeat, for the kids it's something new and different. The idea of taking the story back to the days of Ancient Greece, away back to about 900 years B.C., gives it a touch of added interest. There are no other important names in the cast. Photography good.

--and so, it's from Ithaca, N.Y., to the old world (Grecian) Ithaca. The Three Stooges make the cinematic journey via a time machine. It's a plunge into

ancient, medieval history. It's a spoof, satire, low-comedy ridicule of "Ulysses," "Ben-Hur," a suggestion of H. G. Wells. There's that big, legendary hunk of man, Hercules. There's all sorts of present day corn woven into the long, long ago past. The time machine ticks on and the trio are plunged into more history, the Crusades, the Battle of Trafalgar, etc. History is relived, reshuffled, reshaped. Throughout it all the Three Stooges adhere to their old, tired-out comedy style. Yes, it does seem that the more things change, with them the more they remain the same.

Produced by Norman Maurer; directed by Edward Bernds; screenplay by Edward Ullman from story by Maurer.

Adults (?) and the youngsters.

---

**"Veridiana" with  
Francisco Rabal, Silvia Pinal, Fernando Rey**  
(Kingsley Int'l, February; 90 mins.)

FAIR. The fact that this import begot itself the Grand Prix at the 1961 Cannes Festival is no guarantee that it will be accepted as a prizewinner here. It was produced in Spain. Yet, it was forbidden to play there. France put its moral thumbs down on it. There are those, however, who have praised this as a work of art. There are others who feel that this is overly amorous in a lascivious sort of way, as well as bordering on the blasphemous. As a vehicle of straight, absorbing motion picture entertainment you find it almost completely disappointing. On the credit side of the film is the sympathetic appeal of the chief protagonist, -- a young novice nun who must face the evils of her little world in an old Spanish village. As played by Silvia Pinal, there is an absorbing quality of ugly truth to her sensitive portrayal. She is a compellingly beautiful and strikingly alluring woman. Human ugliness seems to be the goal of the film. You walk away from it feeling a little unclean yourself. Photography, good.

Fernando Rey is paid a visit by his niece, Viridiana (Silvia Pinal). She's a novice at a convent, and has come to say goodbye before she takes her final vows. He falls madly in love with her because she reminds him of his late wife. He wants to marry this very young girl. She refuses. Before she takes her departure for the convent Rey persuades her to put on her aunt's wedding gown. Miss Pinal is drugged and the aging uncle tries to violate her. At the last minute, he relents. As she is about to catch the bus, the next day, her uncle, filled with remorse, hangs himself. She returns to his huge farm, feeling responsible for his death. An illegitimate son of Rey (Francisco Rabal) is also at the farm with his young mistress. Miss Pinal has now dedicated herself to charity. She takes in all the beggars, the jetsam and flotsam of the town. They almost ruin the place. With Rabal and Miss Pinal, away in town one day, the derelicts stage quite an orgy, the men having sex relations with the sleazy, unkempt women beggars. Rabal and Miss Pinal return unexpectedly. The beggars flee to the village. Two remain. They try to attack their benefactress (Miss Pinal). Rabal, offers one a bribe of money if he'd kill the other. This is done. The

(Continued on Following Page)

## Oscar Votes...

(Continued from Front Page)

is great in the realm of the motion picture would be worth no more than the metal it costs to mould him, -- about \$100.

The forced skulduggery indulged in by the hopefuls is all done with the strong condemnation of the Academy itself. It makes its appeal every year for a show of more decent ethics, for greater restraint in these ads, but it falls on deaf ears. If anything, the campaigns get more bold, the bids for votes more brazen, the spending more lavish. Some of the electioneering almost reaches the professional depths of scandalous disregard for the basic reasons why the Academy came into being; what its idealogies; why its top-level degree of respect and dignity.

### **Independents Rule the Roost, Call the Turn**

The death-blow to the decencies that once prevailed is another outgrowth of the spread of independent operation. At one time studios controlled the purse-strings. They sought votes, to be sure, for their hopefuls, but they didn't think that advertising Donnybrooks had to be launched in the trade press. Today, with so many of the independents having turned out the kind of product that should get a hearing in the voting booths, the generalissimos go into battle without being forced to read the primer of dignified operation. Verily, because most of the independents are caught up in the riptide of their press agents' releases, some pretty hopeless and foolish ads are taken on product and creativity that wouldn't get a ward-heeler elected dog-catcher.

The ad-mania is so contagious, out in Hollywood, during this interlude between the nominating of five in each category and the final election of one out of the five, that producers, directors and stars of outstanding hits get that feel of insecurity. Like gilding the lily, they too take big spreads and plead for votes as if they failed to come through with an acknowledged winner. Life, these days, out there is cleaved out of the shifting sands of prophetic instability. Not even the recognized talent of Pulitzer Prize stature are willing to rest on the job of work they've done on a film even though it is still holding (with great strength) at the box offices of the nation's theatres.

### **Hobgoblins of Insecurity, Instability**

Insecurity, instability, inconsistency rule embattled Hollywood, right now. This apart from the usual state of economic apprehension. The Oscar-ized state will continue until the latter part of March. Big sums will be spent to soothe a worried self-confidence. Egos will feed fat on the vagueries of self-evaluation. As some of these open (paid-for) bids in the trades come to our attention it seems unbelievable that those who fathered some of the touted productions don't realize the weakness of their claims. Having seen some of these alleged Academy Award hopefuls, it's sending a lot of good advertising money down the drain in our opinion.

But, this is Oscar-bidding time. The battle lines have been drawn up, big budgets have been set aside and some of the reading in the two Hollywood trade dailies ought to be amusing if not altogether convincing. Standing by and wondering at the irony of it all, will be the overseers of the revered Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. For all of their honest

## Letter to Berger...

(Continued from Front Page)

promotion (to say nothing of paid-for advertising). Weaklings need these crutches badly. But, for a long haul, --10 weeks in your case--you need more than this artificial respiration. The polish will be off the apple after the opening period and that unmeasurable quantity, --public reception and word-by-mouth relay, --will take over. If the picture isn't there, this residue, for free, doesn't show up at the box office.

### **Bennie Berger, Fearless Fighter**

Surely, Bennie Berger, we don't intend to tell you how to conduct your business. Nor are these old precepts of operation new to you. But, we feel impelled to put in a pitch for the reliability of the reviews in *Harrison's Reports*. It's the way we reacted to a "Pocketful of Miracles" so long in advance of its national release, --which was in such variance with our colleagues, that we take this liberty in repeating the line our masthead has carried for 43-years: "A motion picture reviewing service devoted chiefly to the interests of the exhibitor."

Supporting that slogan are the reviews themselves. Kindly read them carefully. They can be of great help to an exhibitor, especially in oversold releases like a "Pocketful of Miracles." Keep up the good fight. In the victory of one fearless fighter the other theatre operators are bound to share.

### **"Veridiana"**

(Continued from Preceding Page)

nun is saved. She must abandon her life of sacrifice and prayers. She enters Rabal's bedroom. He is with a maturing house servant with whom he's been having an affair. She wants to leave so that the two can be together, alone. However he invites the alluring, former lady of penitent prayer to sit down. All three begin a game of cards.

Written and directed by Luis Bunuel.

Adults. Strictly for art houses.

### **Drive-In Openings on Way**

If winter is here, spring cannot be far away. Thus, as the gladsome season of warmer days, lovelier nights looms on the calendar the operators of closed drive-in theatres are already at work getting their places ready for business.

Once again, the emphasis will be on family trade. The drive-in with all its extra inducements for the kiddies (bless 'em) plays an important communal role for the movie-going family seeking its special kind of entertainment in a picnic-like atmosphere.

pleadings and implorings they'll be able to do as much about it this year, as they did last and those before that. --and, that's a big, discouraging nothing.

Maybe, the reason for it all is the philosophy out of which Hollywood weaves its pattern of life. You must be bold and brash to force yourself down stage. For that's where the spotlight of success will pick you up. It doesn't matter that in doing so, you may be pushing the more deserving and talented up against failure's backdrop and out of the glaring spotlight of Hollywood recognition and public notice.



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Vol. XLIV

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1962

No. 5

## Broadway, Mecca in Decay 1961-62 Release Recap

Our new offices are located on Broadway. The move from that city within a city, Rockefeller Center, where *Harrison's Reports* spent more than a quarter-of-a-century, was only one avenue block. But, what a difference that short distance can make as we apply the yardstick of showbusiness.

From our windows we can see the one-time celebrated Big Street at day time. When dusk sets in the neon lights take over and bathe the sleazy Main Street like a huge set where the rise and fall of an empire is being filmed by the cameras of an ironic reality. To the film industry, Broadway still remains the barometer of its product. This premiere-run is still the springboard for the national "sell." Admit that this last bastion of a proud showbusiness that once was, in cold matter-of-factness is no more, and you've removed a prop the power of which once supported a strong segment of the overall structure of film presentation. So, whatever the ever-weakening condition of Broadway, you must support this prop.

### Theatres Must Beckon the Transient

There remain only a dozen first-runs doing business at the old stand. Most theatres look clean and beckoning on the outside, but inside not all of them are the inviting symbols of that dream-drenched world into which people retreat to seek escape from that harsh one of everyday life full of its turmoil and tumult. While we of the trade press trek this unkempt beat nearly every day, as part of our job, it's when you're vortexed into it for most of your working day that you find yourself riding its restless currents. When you tenant it, you're a cohesive part of it.

You wonder what's happened to Broadway, that alluring former prima donna with its many moods, its shimmering tinsel, its alluring attractiveness. Not so long ago, this was the Big Street which seldom found reason to rest; whose melodic, almost mad cacophony orchestrated itself like a throbbing, thrilling overture piercing its way skyward. This was the Street of which so many syndicated columnists wrote with such intense fervor and unflagging interest. Like some sleek greyhound this was the Show Street running through every new day at a more exciting pace than the day before. Nor was night, when it descended on the scene, a time for rest.

Today, as we look down upon this Old Lady, as she lays sprawled in her tattered garments (from her hem at the double-crossroads of the world, -- 42nd Street, -- to her worn cleavage of the 50's,) she is no longer the haughty, fashion-trimmed prima donna. She is more like a lost derelict with the looks of a gin-soaked, help-

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As '61 was rounding its last bend, the United States Department of Commerce told us to expect between 185-190 features from our American producers for 1961-62. As we reach the half-way mark of the distribution year it is a good time to tally up the release schedule to see how the films that have already reached the screens of the nation's theatres square (in number) with the Washington blueprint of things to come.

At the rate the releases have been coming out of the studios, this may well be one year when predictions of things to come (based on authentic surveys, probing and carefully documented data) may play itself out as facts well established by time itself. At this half-way mark some 86 films, of Hollywood make either in America, or abroad, have made their way to the theatres. As to quality, profit potential, and the chances to make a dollar for the exhibitor, the picture looks good as we draw the line of summary.

### Hard Ticket Blockbusters Stand Up

Of course, the powerful, blockbuster hard-ticket entries making their bid for big money, these past six months, remain stable stalwarts in their various stands. We mean, "West Side Story," "King of Kings," "Judgment at Nuremberg," and "El Cid." Strong

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## Balaban's Optimistic Predictions

Speaking from Paramount's Hollywood studios the other day, president Barney Balaban, was looking ahead high in hope, firm in optimism for the remainder of the season (1961-'62) . . . In long range planning, that tomorrow we were looking forward to yesterday is here, today, before we know it. As we evaluate the box office results since the new season got under way, there doesn't seem to be much reason to do any shouting from the rooftops . . . Of a dozen Par releases since September, as we see it, only two seem to be in the big money class: "Summer and Smoke" and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" The Elvis Presley release was a disappointment, according to report. So was Jerry Lewis, usually a stalwart at the turnstiles . . . We found eight of Par's pics no better than FAIR. Much of the product was lacking in the kind of entertainment quality that guarantees a good box office. Let us hope that the remainder of the season lives up to the genuinely optimistic predictions of Barney Balaban.

**"Madison Avenue" with  
Dana Andrews, Eleanor Parker, Jeanne Crain**  
(20th-Fox, January; 94 mins.)

GOOD. Some of the glamour, excitement, intrigue, methods of operation and double-dealing to be found in the advertising and promotion business are gone into quite fully as the camera follows one such Madison Avenue hustler making his rounds, scheming his skulduggery, plotting the "kill." Add to this the value of such cast "names" as Dana Andrews, Eleanor Parker, Jeanne Crain and Eddie Albert plus some lavish settings, capable performances, smart direction and the result is one that could be exciting and interesting for many people in all kinds of situations. This is a phase of commercial life that has its magnetic appeal. The behind-the-scenes manipulations to create national figures, personalities and images may prove a revelation to the uninitiated. In addition to the business aspects of the story, there are also some romantic scenes for window dressing and for women in the audience. This is a plus that pays off at the box office. The photography is brisk, slick.

Highly successful account executive Dana Andrews is sent to Washington by advertising agency owner Howard St. John to work on a government project. Primarily it's to get him away from client David White, who heads an organization known as Associated Dairies. St. John is fearful that Andrews being in so solid with White could steal the account away from the agency. When he completes his work in the capital, Andrews finds that St. John sabotaged his position with government officials after which he fires Andrews even though the latter denied St. John's accusations. Andrews finds some solace in Jeanne Crain, a reporter on a local paper. He foresees difficulty in getting a job should he return to New York following St. John's efforts. He is determined to get back on top by doing an impressive job in Washington where he gets Eleanor Parker, owner of a failing advertising agency, interested in a promotion plan he has for a local milk firm owned by Eddie Albert which she still has as an account. Miss Crain is helpful in planting an article on Albert in the papers and with Andrews' know-how and manipulations, Albert soon becomes a recognized local and then national figure. White picks him as his successor when he moves on and the Parker Agency gets the big account because he is interested in Miss Parker and also because of Andrews' ability.

St. John is incensed because he lost the account, but there is little he can do about it until a neglected Miss Crain shows up to check an article with him on "the build-up boys" wherein Andrews and his methods are cited prominently. He is so impressed he even gives her a job. Andrews sees her again, but doesn't ask her to hold up publication. She does so just the same. Andrews finally has enough of Miss Parker, who has changed into an overbearing and ruthless executive also with Albert and his methods. He resigns and interests St. John in rehiring him and Miss Crain in marrying him after assuring both that he has decided to start out afresh.

Produced and directed by Bruce Humberstone; screenplay by Norman Corwin based on the novel "The Build-Up Boys" by Jeremy Kirk.

General patronage.

**"Brushfire" with  
John Ireland, Everett Sloane, Jo Morrow**  
(Paramount, March; 80 mins.)

FAIR. Audiences are asked to believe that the events pictured herein take place in a small Southeast Asian Country and that ex-commando ranchers John Ireland (American) and Everett Sloane (Australian) go after a kidnapped American couple, wrench them from the Red-commanded rebels and return home for a more or less happy ending. As all this is going on, there's an implied sexual assault. While there's a goodly amount of talk, the piece is not without a fairly reasonable amount of action. Performances are average. The direction and production are effective with the end result emerging as a fair supporting feature for the program. The photography is ordinary.

American planter Al Avalon and his attractive wife, Jo Morrow, are forcibly abducted from their plantation in Southeast Asia by a band of Red-controlled rebels led by ex-SS staffer, Carl Esmond and by Russian Howard Caine. A ransom consisting of guns and ammunition is requested. A government representative comes to planter, ex-Australian commando Everett Sloane to ask his help and that of American John Ireland in going after the couple. They cannot deal with the rebels which would be the equivalent of recognition. They reluctantly reach some sort of agreement. With a handful of men (as they are watched) they penetrate the deeper, more dangerous depths of the jungle. At the hideout, Esmond rapes Miss Morrow while Avalon remains helpless at the point of Caine's gun. Their feelings about each other are quite different, to say the least, after this terrible incident. The rescuers are successful in their raid. Caine is killed and the pair are saved, but Esmond awaits them down the trail. Another battle ensues in which Esmond and Avalon are killed. The others return with Miss Morrow more than impressed with Ireland, obviously a bachelor.

Produced and directed by Jack Warner, Jr. The associate producer is Irwin Blacker. Both co-authored the screenplay which was based on a story by Blacker.

General patronage.

**"The Underwater City" with  
William Lundigan, Julie Adams, Roy Roberts**  
(Columbia, February; 78 mins.)

FAIR. While most science fiction-type dramas are setting their sights skyward these days, this one does an upside down and settles on the ocean floor as its area of operations. The script maintains that this is particularly important because the future of the country and its people could lie here particularly in the event of an atomic war after which survivors protected by the ocean could emerge to start anew. The building of a city under water is accomplished with a minimum of action or suspense and with a maximum of conversation. The cast, direction and production are adequate with the film best suited for the lower half of the double bill. Perhaps the piece has a sluggish tempo to it because the movements underwater are so slow and deliberate. At any rate, the special effects are in the film's favor and the photography is efficient.

Engineer William Lundigan is placed in charge of



building an underwater city by his boss Roy Roberts even though he is less than enthused about it preferring, instead, to work on space projects. He does a good job and soon the first of the buildings are resting on the ocean's bottom. He's grown a bit friendly with Dr. Julie Adams, medical officer and niccc of project head, scientist Carl Benton Reid. She and her uncle are among the first volunteers to live in the buildings conducting needed experiments. After sufficient time has elapsed to label it a success, government and legislative inspectors arrive from Washington. Shortly afterwards one of the project engineers finds that the floor on which the buildings are resting is beginning to disintegrate and he urges the others to get away. Just then the buildings do show signs of toppling. Most get away, but Reid is among the casualties. When it's over, Lundigan realizes that Reid's theories were important and he plans to continue with Miss Adams.

Produced by Alex Gordon; directed by Frank McDonald; screenplay by Owen Harris, based on a suggestion by Gordon and Ruth Alexander.

General patronage.

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**"Victim" with  
Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms, Dennis Price**  
(Pathe-America, Current; 100 mins.)

GOOD. The producers label this British-made entry a "controversial" film which makes it the understatement of the embattled year of the Production Code Administration with its "thou shalt nots." Denied a seal of moral approval, a loser in its appeal of the ruling, without the blessing of an Eric Johnston Office (the three m's of the industry) the movies' morals monitors, the initial release of the newly formed Pathe-America company nevertheless has brought the film in and sent it on its way to the public. -- and yet, it can be considered quite an unusual suspense drama with a strange fascination. It makes no bones about its basic theme. It lays it almost defiantly bare. It deals with that strange mistake of Mother Nature, the homosexual, his place in our civilization, his existence, his acceptance to some of our society and his ability to move on some of its levels. We go along with them to see whom they meet, how, their way of life.

Theirs is a life of fear, too. For the few freedoms they seem to enjoy there is a price to pay. They stand in fear of the ever-present police. There is the never-ending threat of cold, heartless blackmail. All this is not glossed over lightly. There is penetration and depth and open thematic liberties. Much of it generates an air of mystery. It helps to increase the strange make-up of the story. This will keep viewers guessing until the final wrap-up plays itself out and the not too obvious conclusions have been reached. As to the components that make-up the film; its plot has been brought to the screen with taste. It may shock the unknowing, but its method of presentation won't offend them. Performances of the cast are competent, convincing and extremely sensitive. The direction is spirited and the production values are worthy. The forthright language and the direct approach to the problem has set up many a hurdle to this release. Each exhibitor will have to judge the suitability of the sub-

ject in the light of his own situation. The photography is good.

Peter McEmery is able to elude police seeking to arrest him for stealing money from his employer. He hopes to get out of the country, but it's difficult to raise needed funds. Among those he calls is successful lawyer Dirk Bogarde, who refuses to talk to him, fearing that he wants to blackmail him. When the police arrest McEmery, they recover fotos he tries to destroy showing Bogarde, and the boy in a pose that suggests that both are more than friends. He refuses to answer questions and hangs himself in his cell. The police question Bogarde, who admits having known the boy slightly. They deduce that McEmery stole the money because he was being blackmailed. Blaming himself for the death of the boy, Bogarde goes after the blackmailers before they decide to come after him. He disregards the fact that he could be ruined. His wife, Sylvia Syms, is surprised when the blackmailers try to discourage him. Although she knew he was once involved, she thought he had got over it. He finds other deviates who are being hounded for money and he's actually threatened. He calls in the police and the blackmailers are caught. Miss Syms knows she still loves him but agrees that perhaps going away until the trial and the ugliness are over may be best. Following that ordeal, she knows that they will be reunited for a less harassed life.

Produced by Michael Relph; directed by Basil Dearden; original screenplay by Janet Green and John McCormick.

For discriminating adults.

### Maryland Salutes M-G-M, 20th-Fox

James L. Whittle, executive secretary of the Allied Motion Picture Theatre Owners of Maryland, yesterday, advised Joseph R. Vogel, president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and Spyros P. Skouras, president of 20th Century-Fox that their respective companies had rendered a distinct service to the exhibitors . . . "We wish to congratulate and commend you and your company for your usual foresight and thoughtful planning in the reissuing of some of your very fine pictures, affording the alert exhibitors, nationally, to fortify their much depleted demands for good pictures," read the resolution ordered and passed upon by the directors and members of Allied of Maryland . . . Undoubtedly meaning the inroads at the box office Hollywood films have made when sold to Tv, the salute to M-G-M and 20th-Fox further says: "We are confident that this method of re-distribution will far exceed the returns from any other outlet, in addition to protecting the industry in which we are so vitally interested."

## Broadway...

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less soul. Hers is an atmosphere of high-pitched, garish messiness. The Street is in a pathetically deplorable condition. The showmen doing business on it feel that some day Broadway will be its old, exciting, respected self again. That the Street will pull itself together, and like the indomitable old trouser that she once was, she will again be a mecca where the greater enjoyments can be found.

To be sure, her syndicated columnists are still standing by her in their daily pieces. Endless words still go out to the newspapers of the nation of Broadway's allure, thrill, never-ending excitement. But, it is not so. The writing men have to go along with the imaginary greatness of Broadway, or else half their columns would be left to trivia which may lose some of their followings.

By the same token, the showmen running the costlier, better theatres are in hope that the one time glamour will return to the world's biggest Main Street. Economies, of course, have stripped the theatres of some of the window-dressing that made for a good show out front, and within the portals of the playhouses themselves. Theatre properties have lost some of their real estate values because of the type of stores that adjoin the theatre entrances. Orange-juice stands, frankfurter counters, shooting galleries, pornographic book stores and other nature of catch-penny operations now tenant the stores that neighbor the theatre.

Then, there are some of the Broadway exhibitors themselves. They too have surrendered to the catch-penny method of operation. They don't believe in set admission prices. Let an attraction bring out even a thin line, and the usual admission is given an immediate jump. Steady patrons, whatever there is left of them, have voiced their resentment over this. But, there is no heed paid to their squawks. This manner of doing business must needs destroy whatever fragment of goodwill that may still exist. To be sure, this on-and-off hoisting of admission prices is born out of an economic desperation that is upon the Street. Some of these theatres doing business on a Broadway that is somewhat remindful of a clip-the-public midway of an in-and-out, fast moving, "hey-rube" circus hardly helps build a trusting faith in a business of which there is supposed to be no other like.

Speaking of Broadway's ever-faithful syndicated columnists, their counterpart in Hollywood seem to be of a different cut of typewriter ribbon. Out there, there isn't such benevolence shown the movie capitol. Most of its by-liners are contemptuous of the place, its people, the way the industry goes about its business. Some of the irrepressible, indispensable ladies of the press by being at war with each other, wind up being against the movie capitol and its people. The kindly approach used by the New York syndicators to their Big Street, is almost in ironic contrast to the journalistic mayhem raised, sometimes, by their Hollywood colleagues covering the movie beat.

That Hollywood has been in needs of a better, more sympathetic press for a long time has been the lament of its public relations sentinels. That for sheer professional enthusiasm the scriveners out there can well afford to take a lesson from their brethren manning their typewriters in New York, is easily discernible when you compare the east vs west movie columns in

## Release Recap...

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contenders for substantially big money (during this period) are "The Hustler," "Splendor in the Grass," "Back Street" (though this will get some argument) "Summer and Smoke," "Breakfast At Tiffany's," "The Children's Hour," "The Young Doctors," "Walk on the Wild Side," and one or two others. To be sure, this summary is not the result of survey services, statistical probing by the Sindlingers. This is how we at *Harrison's Reports* rated these entries before they went out to the theatres. ("The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" was trade shown as we were going to press.)

We covered 109 releases during the period of which we speak. Twenty-three of these were imports. The rest were from our own studios. According to our ratings, it tallies up thusly: More than half of our own product were rated FAIR. About 45% came through as GOOD. Fifteen films were downright POOR.

The imports, like the tribe of Abou ben Adhem, continue to increase in number. We dealt with 23 that merited attention, considering the number of our subscribers who operate art theatres. These imports were almost evenly divided between the FAIR and the GOOD. A few of the foreign films were POOR.

### Conclusions on Profit Side of Ledger

Can you draw any conclusions from this rundown at the halfway mark? We'd say, yes! We'd say that box officeward the season, thus far, hasn't been a bad one. It may not send most exhibitors to the bank loaded down with huge profits. But, it should not have been a discouraging one (return-wise) as we measure the results right now. The studios are not falling behind on their late August promises of delivering their promised product. If one or two distributors are finding the economic going a little rough, they'll come out of it. Exhibitor support will rally to those who need it to get over that temporary hump.

Exhibitors are endowed with inner sympathies that may not always show up on the outside. But, if there's a cause that needs their rallying they won't be found wanting. Give the theatre operator a half-way decent chance to make his rightful share of the profits that accrue from a money-making film, and he will come through with his measure of substantial appreciation. Exhibitor-respect has kept pace with the ever-onward march of our industry.

All in all, the half-way mark gone by of the current season was quite heartening. Let's hope that the second half will prove to be even a much brighter one for all factors in the industry. With Washington promising a more improved economy, in the months ahead, the ingenuity of film industry operation won't find us without sharing in this extra margin of a public's free spending money. As a better economy walks hand-in-hand with a happier way of life ours will be the residue of increased visits to the movie theatre.

your metropolitan daily sometimes. That for all of Broadway's woes, it has at least one thing to be thankful for. The New York columnists syndicate an image to the reading public (so many millions of which are movie-goers) that is not scooped up out of the ugly dishpan of Broadway's prophetic reality. The eastern brigade is still kind to the aging, dilapidated Old Lady.



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### Radio, Friend of the B.O.

This is in defense of exhibitors who are not given to writing too many letters. While running a theatre, even the fairly sized ones, calls for some kind of letter writing in the proper conduct of the business, most exhibitors are like the rest of us, -- we don't like to write letters. One's daily occupation in the proper conduct of a business consumes so much of your work-a-day time, that when the long hours have run their course, you're quite a tired man, and with all good intentions, the letter-writing is left to another time. We wish we can say that editors of trade papers are no exception.

But, we of *Harrison's Reports* do get letters. They're serious ones, important in content and of value to the industry. For every exhibitor who does take time out to write, there must be many others who are of the same opinion and think along the same way as the letter-writer. There are letters of praise that please us, but hardly call for repeat in these columns considering the tightness of space. It's the complaints that have their value because one exhibitor, willing to speak up, may well be expressing the thoughts of endless others.

The exhibitor, for instance, is pleased to learn that the industry, through its Motion Picture Association of America, is going to spend money on radio to do an institutional type campaign. The very idea that there will be given some thought to that still powerful medium of communication, -- radio, -- provokes praise from the exhibitor, reaction from radio itself, and thoughts like these from those of us who have deplored the film industry's neglect shown this lively medium.

#### Radio Given Brush-Off by Films

If radio has refused to consider Hollywood operations seriously, it's the film industry's own fault. The home offices themselves treat radio as the orphan child of journalism, -- the kind that builds good will, attracts listeners and moulds a pattern of excitement that must redound to the increased take at the box offices of the nation's theatres. While most of the home offices have radio-Tv contact men, radio has been their forgotten medium. They concentrate on Tv and in exchange for a rapidly-fleeting plug, they must bring to the Tv programs some of their big names to do free guest shots. It's the most imbalanced exchange of high-priced talent for nebulous air time in the history of smart public relations.

Some home offices have no radio-Tv contact man. Or else, he covers several publicity-promotion departments trying to service many public relations fronts,

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### Big Take at Universal

These are joyous days for Universal Pictures. The reports from the upper-echelon read as if Midas had touched the hands of the computers. Everything has been coming up roses since the new calendar year ('62) got rolling. Rentals skyrocketed ahead by 45% compared to the first five weeks in '61. Foreign billings showed an increase of from 40-45%. Some of U's big money-makers of only recent times will be outstripped by several of their current releases.

The big surprise, almost to everyone but the stalwart who stood by it since its lukewarm reception, is "Spartacus." Taking the kind of pride that a man has a right to, when he seemed to be so much alone in his abiding faith in the box office greatness of the spectacle, Milton R. Rackmil, president of the company, made this claim to the revenue producing power of "Spartacus." "Thus far, the film has done about \$12,000,000 worldwide in rentals. I venture to say, and you gentlemen of the press can quote me, -- it will be one of three biggest grossers in the entire film industry."

"Spartacus" is still filling roadshow dates. It will go into general release around the Easter holidays. In the meantime, away back in early December of '61, when the Allied States Association of Motion Picture Exhibitors met in annual convention at Miami Beach,

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### Abe Montague

The eulogies, obituaries, tributes of profound solemnity that have poured forth on the sad occasion of the passing of Abe Montague was indeed heartfelt because here was a man who was all heart. In measure perhaps beyond his own strength he dedicated himself to the causes of man.

The man from *Harrison's Reports* had known well this beloved soul we mourn. We watched Abe grow from New England state-righter to the executive vice-presidency of Columbia Pictures. We watched him progress along life's rough course, in our business, into the cleanly-defined symbol of a greatness that measured up to the full meaning of the mis-used word. He knew the full value of life because he struggled every inch of the way to make life worthwhile, not so much for himself, as for those whom he knew, worked with, loved, was sorry for. His was a spiritually inspired dedication to the human himself and his endless causes.

Our is not an industry of many Abe Montagues. How very much indeed will this kindly, nobly gentle,

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**"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" with  
Glenn Ford, Ingrid Thulin, Charles Boyer,  
Lee J. Cobb, Paul Henreid, Karl Boehm,  
Paul Lukas, Yvette Mimieux  
(M-G-M, March; 153 mins.)**

VERY GOOD. An enduring achievement of story telling reaches its true greatness only when it has been given the test of time itself. The swing of time's relentless pendulum finds Vicente Blasco-Ibanez' "The Four Horsemen --" symbolic of conquest, war, pestilence, death as timely today as when the great author, Ibanez, first published his novel away back in July of 1916 when most of Europe's powers were already trying to destroy each other in the first world war. To be sure "The Four Horsemen --" stems from the Holy Bible and was first revealed in The Book of Revelations. But, the producers would rather concentrate on making this thundering story with its conflict, destruction, family separation, fierce hatreds give way to what they would like the picture to be known as one of the most famous war time romances ever written.

To director, Vincente Minnelli this was one of his most serious and challenging undertakings of his distinguished career. He told us that this was the time, in the face of the conditions of our times and the world we live in, to do the remake of "The Four Horsemen --." Minnelli had also expected that his vehicle would be given the treatment of a hard ticket release. If Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer decided against a road show policy it is wise. Not that the film doesn't emerge as a fine piece of entertainment with some truly outstanding performances. But, the hard ticket bid right now, has to be comparable in scope and magnitude to what's already on the market. It must truly be a super achievement in the realm of spectacles. This one is not quite that. Yet, it will be a film to remember and should beget itself a lot of business. Since the passage of time doesn't alter much of the basic theme, it has been given a crashingly new, modern World War II version.

The costly vehicle is endowed with a cast of superb performances. For the limited time Lee J. Cobb was before the cameras portraying the "centaur-of-a-man" at the age of four-score years, the picture was all his. The characterization was penetratingly moving. Glenn Ford is Julio, the proud grandson of Cobb, and the son of Charles Boyer. Basically, he took his neutralism light-heartedly. Verily, for most of the story Glenn Ford's is the character of a coward having his fun, -- even to the extent of an illicit love affair with the wife of a French patriot (Paul Henreid). Ford from the wealthy stock of Argentine paid little heed to the killing and pestilence and death that were going on around him. To him Paris was the gay city of loose love, that unfeeling careless kind of gaiety so defiantly practiced by the aristocracy. But, when Paris heard the sound of the hob-nailed boots of the German forces his way of life gave way to change. Ford joined the French Resistance movement made several heroic contributions and in the end was killed. Rising in stature with each succeeding performance, Yvette Mimieux, young daughter of Boyer (and sister of Ford) is caught up in the torrents of the war and she too joins the Resistance. She gives a beautifully impressive performance. Hers is a young, fresh, wind-swept beauty.

Charles Boyer, the rich, powerful product of Argentine, who also finds himself in glamour-drenched Paris when it capitulated to the Nazi forces, is unable to hold in check the ways of life of his children. The torrents of war engulfed him, though neutral he was. Boyer, slowly aging veteran that he is, mellows impressively with the passage of the years. One of the outstanding actresses of Sweden, Ingrid Thulin, makes her American debut in this one. She is the somewhat wayward wife of Paul Henreid who falls helplessly and hopelessly in love with the much younger Glenn Ford. For all of the wrong she knows she is committing she falls victim to the passions, desires and yearnings of women caught in the prophetic web of fearfully insecure and dangerously hazardous times. Paul Lukas is stalwart as a German officer. Though Nazi army protocol forced him to do its vicious bidding, nevertheless his gentleness of nature and sympathetic weakness find him a less dangerously inhuman officer in his treatment of the members of his family who are bitterly against Germany as its forces occupy Paris.

Another new face on American screens is Karl Boehm, tall, handsome, Austrian. His is a role of coldly bitter ruthlessness. He wants power, doesn't care whom of his kin he hurts in getting it. He is on the German side and the disrespectful son of Lukas. He stood for the powers of victory no matter what the cost in human life that helped unleash "The Four Horsemen --" on a world caught in its own pitiful, terrible helplessness. There are other supporting roles that are well handled. To be sure, there is no cast weakness throughout the long telling of the thundering saga of the rider of the white horse, the symbol of Conquest. The red horse, War, whose mission was to, strip the world of peace. The menacing dark steed, Pestilence, and the fourth horse, a sleek, pale one carrying Death and the Hell that it is headed for. -- and thus, the enduring story comes to life again rich in production values, beautifully done in Cinema-Scope-Metrocolor, smoothly and tightly directed, all spelling itself out as a vehicle highly entertaining. Reduced to its common box office denominator, it has the potential of big grosses.

Produced by Julian Blaustein; directed by Vincente Minnelli; screenplay by Robert Ardrey and John Gay; based on the novel by Vicente Blasco Ibanez. General patronage.

**"The Prisoner of the Iron Mask" with  
Michel Lemoine, Wandisa Guida  
(Amer.Int'l, March; 80 mins.)**

FAIR. Once again a familiar tale that has become more or less of a classic has been brought to the screen, this time in Italy in color with dubbed-in English dialogue. The result is merely a release that can be utilized to round out the program as a minor supporting feature. The overly-simple script permits all kinds of illogical action and heavy-handed intrigue. Audiences, which are not too demanding, may be satisfied with the passable performances, adequate direction and production. The cast is unknown here, -- and so, what there is of it, the play will have to be the thing. The dubbing is acceptable; color photography standard.

In the 18th century in a Dukedom in Italy, the



local ruler is being slowly poisoned by his treacherous prime minister. The Duke's daughter, Wandisa Guida, is unaware of the foul play and thinks his illness is due to natural causes. Meanwhile, the Duke's son and his friend, Michel Lemoine, have been in France where they come into possession of a letter indicating treachery by the prime minister, who has signed a secret alliance with the French. They escape French soldiers and are attacked by hired killers, who fail to get the letter, but who take the Duke's son prisoner while Lemoine escapes thinking his friend has been killed. Actually, he is imprisoned in a dungeon. When he refuses to give up the letter an iron mask is clapped over his head and he is unable to speak and barely able to breath. Lemoine rallies the oppressed people and harasses the prime minister and his men. When the Duke dies, the prime minister forces Miss Guida to agree to marry him by showing her her brother in the mask. Lemoine rescues her as the wedding is to be performed, after which they prevent her brother from being shipped into France. They get him out of the mask, turn the tables on the pursuing prime minister and he is placed in the mask, sent into France for a lifetime of imprisonment.

Produced by Francesco Thellung; directed by Francesco De Feo; screenplay by Soggeto E. Sceneggiatura based more or less on the story by Alexandre Dumas.

General patronage.

• ————— •  
**"Bernadette of Lourdes" with  
 Daniele Ajoret, Nadine Alari**  
 (Janus Films, Current; 90 mins.)

GOOD. If we go along with the sages that meditation makes a profound man, reading a full man, discourse a clear man, then the producer-man engaged in making a picture based on a religious theme must be a spiritually dedicated man full of the responsibility that such a theme calls for. Let's say, if only for the duration of the making of the film. Nor is it to be forgotten that when a producer charts a film like this, he is beset by both handicaps and advantages. To the believers it will be of responsive appeal. To the disbelievers, -- of which, prophetically, there are more than their worshipful brethern (according to the clerics) -- the vehicle will lose its attraction. Another plus on the side of this import, is that it dares break away from man's fall from moral grace, his surrender to sex in nearly all of its perversions and abnormalities that have dominated our imports this year. This release is an inspiring, uplifting lesson in spiritual faith. The film has received the Papal blessing and approval before the start of its shooting.

Its chief protagonist is a young girl. Her destiny is to die at an early age. Death is glorious because it comes to her in the service of her God. It is filmed with the profound feel of simple eloquence. It is strong in its appeal. To repeat, that is due to the sincere feel for the subject by the creative-production forces. We are naive enough to feel that that's the way they felt about it.

The fact that much of it was photographed at the actual sites of Lourdes and Nevers where Bernadette lived, played, worked and worshipped adds much to this import from France that has had English dialogue added. The latter fact would make it

appear that wider payoff, aside from its natural habitat, the art theatre, would seem a possibility especially in those areas where the Catholic religion plays a prominent role. The story and the treatment is simple, yet interesting. The unknown cast is very able with Daniele Ajoret of the Comedie Francaise particularly fine in the lead role of Bernadette. The direction and production values are superior as is the English dubbing with the latter most natural. The photography is excellent.

Daniele Ajoret is the daughter of a poor peasant family in Lourdes who has difficulty doing anything right even to learning the simple lessons in school. One day she sees a vision on a hillside on the outskirts of town. She sees it again and again until Catholic church authorities are convinced that she did indeed see the mother of God. She is admitted to the Order of the Sisters of Nevers to do the work of God as a nun. She lives, works and finally dies within the convent walls after struggling most of her life with asthma.

Produced by Georges de la Grandiere; directed by Robert Darene; screenplay by Gilbert Cesbron.

General patronage.

• ————— •  
**"Gun Street" with  
 James Brown, Jean Willes, John Clarke**  
 (United Artists, February; 67 mins.)

POOR. Very little effort is expended here by anyone in the cast. Nor does it appear that those behind the cameras of this western plodding its weary way, were overly concerned whither goest it. It goes from one conversation-filled scene to another. The relatively unknown cast makes an attempt to get across the proper atmosphere and mood. But the people therein are aided neither by the faulty script nor the routine, matter-of-fact direction. The production values are nothing to go that-a-way about. Where an exhibitor needs a short filler feature for his program and where he knows his audiences won't be too fussy, then let him turn towards "Gun Street" and let the threats of action fly where they may because the bullets don't. To be sure, there are towns where even poor westerns get a response. Photography, average.

When a killer-convict serving a life sentence for bank robbery and murder escapes from prison after killing a guard, the townspeople, who sent him away, are thrown into a panic fearing revenge. Terribly worried is the convict's ex-wife, Peggy Stewart, who divorced him and married Dr. John Pickard with the latter desirous of adopting her son as his own. Sheriff James Brown and his deputy John Clarke try to guess where he will show visiting among others his sister, Sandra Stone, Jean Willes, tavern owner seemingly in love with Brown, and hoping to have the convict killed blaming the death of her brother on him. An informant who helped put the convict in jail asks for protection, but then bolts out of town and is killed. A posse finally picks up his trail in the hills and find the convict's body, dead from bullet wounds inflicted by the prison guard. Brown, fed-up with law enforcement, turns his badge over to his deputy and rides back toward town.

Produced by Robert E. Kent; directed by Edward L. Cahn; screenplay by Sam C. Freedle.

General patronage.

## Radio...

(Continued from Front Page)

but failing to bring to any one of them results that are measurable at the box office. Unfortunately, when radio must be handled on some very special campaign, most of the boys don't know their way around a studio. Their best (and only) point of contact are the disk jockeys. No matter what the nature of the film, (drama, mystery, serious, religious) the thunder-toned Titan of the turntable handles the chore in the style best suited to him. No matter how hard he tries to be different, the pitch still comes out as if a new hepcat meow had screamed its way out of the diskery. For some, it creates a "stay-away" sell.

### Radio Needs Experienced Handling

Right now, from what we've learned, there isn't one home office that prepares special material for the radio stations. Neither in script form, nor on tape, is Hollywood serviced on a weekly basis. True, some radio stations may not find it profitable to devote even a five-minute Hollywood-news segment if it were completely on the cuff. But, in the very recent past, when at least one home office took its radio coverage seriously, local exhibitors were always willing to buy one-minute participating spots on these daily news programs dealing with the big names of Hollywood, their drama, romances, what film's they're making, what they'll be seen in.

Hollywood as a news center still continues to be only second to the nation's capitol, Washington. The people get most of their movie news from the syndicated columns, the gossip brigade, and the fan magazines. The latter's news value is lost to the reader because it sounds like old hat by the time the magazines reach the movie fan. But, radio is as timely as today's newspaper. It can be even as fresh as tomorrow's edition if the proper advances are made to the networks. It wasn't so long ago when at least one network carried a daily news program devoted exclusively to Hollywood. Today, Hollywood has given radio the brush-off, and radio takes it for granted that that's the way the film industry feels about its medium.

True, every now and then, the advertising and publicity heads of the company members of the Motion Picture Association of America, through its committee on radio and Tv, sit down in solemn session to see what can be done to harness the communicative power that is still radio. A series of jingles may result, or some institutional approach to the lost movie audience. But it is hardly enough because it fails to sustain itself over a long period of time.

### Box Office Needs This Helpful Medium

Radio rides the kilocycles every day, in every week of every month. The theatres of the nation are open every day, in every week, of every month. Plenty of exciting, dramatic, romantic news is generated in our industry by names that make the front pages of our newspapers. These names (the property of the films) their goings and comings, their exciting lives are the skeins out of which a pretty powerful pattern of radio journalism can be woven. We have the knowledgeable men who know it. Nor are they without appreciation of such values to the progress of our industry and their worth at the box office. To harness these air-time producing potentials is not some-

## Universal...

(Continued from Front Page)

there were clamor and outcry for early release of the blockbuster. To be sure, the exhibitors were also calling forth from the floor for the general release of other spectacles holding to their hard-ticket policy.

### Exhibitors Can Expect Orderly Releases

But, from Universal exhibitors can expect at least one major production a month during 1962. The showmen can expect big campaigns to make these vehicles known to the movie-going public and bring the "must see" status to them. "Flower Drum Song" and "Come September" are already on their way to big returns, said Henry H. "Hi" Martin, the company's vice president and general sales manager. Other hopefuls that the company is banking on are: "Lover Come Back," "The Outsider," "The Day the Earth Caught Fire," etc. Looked upon as another of gigantic proportions (revenue-wise) is "Phantom of the Opera," which will open the 1962-63 season in September.

## Abe Montague

(Continued from Front Page)

simple man be missed. Throughout the years the accolades, the honors, the salutes poured down on him like the gentle rains of spring. Never did a man say so much in so few words in his acceptance speeches. We speak as a reporter who has covered so many of these Abe Montague testimonials.

It seemed only a few yesterdays ago when he stood up to acknowledge the thunderous ovation of the assemblage on the occasion of the testimonial given Abe by the Motion Picture Pioneers as "the pioneer of the year." How it must have gladdened his heart to know that these veterans of the business, risen to their feet loved, revered, respected deeply this symbol of an industry's proven, time-tested greatness blessed with God-given humanities reserved for but few on this earth. If there was moisture ridging his eyelids, that night, and this wonderful man was so happy that he could have cried, it's another touching manifestation of the man's inner sentimentalities and profoundly-felt feel for his fellowman.

Yes, there indeed was a truly great man, -- Abe Montague, one year short of the Biblical three-score-and-ten! What a beautiful memory he will leave in the hearts of those who were fortunate to know him. What a lesson the young of today (especially in our business) can learn from the life he lived. His will be an enduring imprint in the glorious history book of an industry he helped to bring so much dignity, decency, distinction to.

Lest we forget! Lest we forget!

thing beyond the reach of the men who are empowered to chart the radio destinies of our public relations.

If they're looking for further guidance as to the inspiring rightness of such a move let us quote this from our Wise Men who seemed to be playing Nos-tradamus as we square yesteryear's passage with today's radio: "Except ye utter by the tongue words easy to understand. How shall it be known what is spoken. For, ye shall speak it into the air."



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## Distributors Promise Relief

Before Marshall Fine, young president of the Allied States Association of Motion Picture Exhibitors, left New York for his home base of operation, Cleveland, he told the man from *Harrison's Reports* that it was one of the most important series of conferences he had ever held with the sales heads of major companies where a decisive phase of exhibitor operation was at stake.

Fine, covering a treadmill three-day period, sat in conference with the executives of six companies who set distribution policies, -- Allied Artists, United Artists, Universal, Warner Bros., M-G-M and 20th Century-Fox. They all have, or may have hard-ticket films going for them. The conferences emphasized the disadvantages to the exhibitor of over-extending the playing time of a reserved seat release. By the same token, Fine quoted instances where the policy must have proved costly to the distributor. "The blockbuster should be made available to the exhibitors much sooner than the very recent past has evidenced," Fine said he emphasized strongly. Sitting in with Allied's president, on these sessions, was Wilbur Snaper, chairman of the committee of industry relations for the exhibitor organization, and one of the most outspoken opponents of the long delayed availabilities of pictures holding to road show stands.

### Delayed Availabilities Bitterly Attacked

This issue was one of the most bitterly attacked during the Allied States Association convention down Miami Beach last December. Resentment against the allegedly guilty distributors reached the point where some members of the board of directors of the association were for taking these reported irregularities of practice to the Justice Department for a legal ruling. Later, the government threat gave way to the resolution whereby president Fine would take up this serious situation with distribution, meeting with the sales heads in New York. It was felt that with the diplomacy of Fine and the willingness of the majors to listen to reason and desirous of considering the plight of the complaining exhibitors, more definite progress toward a give-and-take solution may be accomplished. Whether the calm, across-the-conference-table series of talks have produced definite, pinpointed assurances of immediate relief, was not revealed. But, it was pretty clear that there was enough harmony between the opposing factors to expect some measure of relief. That there will still be some solid ground held by the distributor there can be no doubt considering how he is forced to chart his course in the handling of multi-million dollar blockbusters with

(Continued on Back Page)

## Hollywood Romances Tv

It's been evident, for quite some time, which way the trade winds are blowing for such studios that have big investments in television production. They're going to protect these investments especially if they show the kind of profits (without evident risk) that Tv programming has been capable of. Since Tv is not a demanding medium, some major studios handle it on the old assembly-line basis of churning out tired shorts.

The drastic changes that have been going on at Warner Bros., is indicative of the bigger swing toward Tv production. The studio is going to make more product for the little home screen, which may mean perhaps less films for the big screens of the theatres. But, Warners have been in Tv production now for seven years and the medium (Tv) owes them nothing. In fact, if figures (without authoritative acknowledgment) are to be brought into this piece, it can be said that the earnings for Tv over this spread of seven years have exceeded the net returns from Warners' feature productions that went out to play the movie houses.

If these be the economic half-truths that beset even

(Continued on Back Page)

## The Value of a Review; -- \$25,000

Beyond accurate measure is the value of a review in a trade weekly like this. But, the other day, one important exhibitor went on record in writing us what he thinks our review of "Pocketful of Miracles" should have meant to him. Our summary of the United Artists release cautioned exhibitors that, "--this doesn't quite reach its big picture objective" . . . "The pity is that Minneapolis had to submit a bid at a certain time." Then the letter says further, "Had your 'Harrison's Reports' review appeared a little before that, you would have saved me in excess of \$25,000." This comes from successful chain operator Bennie Berger of Minnesota. . . . He has been fighting the tough, fearless battle of exhibitors for a long time. As chairman of the board and national director of North Central Allied Independent Theatre Owners, Berger stands high in the esteem of his fellow showmen. . . . What should be explained from our end, is that publication date of a review is dictated by the distributor. To jump it, would be in professional violation of trade paper practice.

**"Malaga" with Trevor Howard,  
Dorothy Dandridge, Edmond Purdom**  
(Warner Bros., March; 97 mins.)

**FAIRLY GOOD.** This is a cops-and-robbers melodrama of British vintage. It has several intriguing items that are in its favor. The opening sequence, for instance, gets under way with the kind of suspense that's rather clever. A wealthy home is robbed, the more important items being the mistress' costly jewels. All this is accomplished as she sleeps peacefully. No dialogue was needed for this piece of business. When it is completed carefully, cleverly there remain no spec of a clue or sign of a give-away as to how the thieves gained entry. There are chase sequences across Spain and then, too, there are the commendable performances of the cast, efficient direction, and good production values. The teaming of two whites with Negro actress Dorothy Dandridge in the roles of lovers may come as a rather disturbing shock to some sections of the country. Others will accept it as a part of the social pattern of existing integration in Europe. There, people are considered as people. They become acceptable because of what they are (themselves) and not because of color. A shorter running time might have heightened the suspense and made possible an even tighter grasp on audience interest. It should make up well as part of the show. The matter of discernment is up to the exhibitor. Photography, realistic.

Edmund Purdom and Trevor Howard gain access to an impressive home in the night and settle down to await the arrival of the owners after which they steal the woman's diamonds. Entry was made possible because of ex-convict Howard's skill as a locksmith. They return to Purdom's lodgings where Dorothy Dandridge is also living. Howard and the girl are distrustful of each other. The two men arrange to meet later, but the police pick up Howard. They are forced to let him go for lack of evidence and he goes looking for Purdom who double-crossed him and tipped off the police after which he left the country for Spain. There he expects to pick up money for the gems. Miss Dandridge, too, has been abandoned by Purdom after being promised money. She persuades Howard to let her go along with him as he takes off after Purdom pooling their limited funds. They do eventually catch up with him after his contact leaves for Gibraltar where he is to get the money. Not trusting Purdom, and being unable to go himself because the police are after him, Howard by now in love with Miss Dandridge and she with him, agrees to let her go to pick up the money. After her departure, Purdom overpowers Howard and beats her to the rendezvous. When she does show, she is given the option of going with Purdom and forgetting Howard, or being disposed of. At this point, the police (summoned by Howard) break in. He knows he will have to pay for his crime, but also that he and Miss Dandridge will get together again.

Produced by Thomas Clyde, directed by Laslo Benedek from a screenplay by Davis Osborn, based on the novel by Donald MacKenzie.

Adults and young adults.

**"Arms and the Man" with O. W. Fischer,  
Lilo Pulver, Kurt Kasznar**  
(Casino Films, Current; 96 mins.)

**GOOD.** This is a satire and is based on the time-tested work from the pen of George Bernard Shaw. It comes from a Germany that once stood strong in the market of great imports. The film is in Agfacolor. English subtitles are used to tell the story. Shaw shapes up as a delightful entry for the art spots. Shaw has his following. Nor do you have to be of the literati or of the bookworm cult to dig the Irish iconoclast. To be sure, this is of spoof-spun plot, yet given to good performances. The direction is expert, with production values high. Lilo Pulver, who has a starring role in the United Artists comedy release, "One, Two, Three" is one of the leads as is O. W. Fischer. He has also appeared on American screens and thus may be familiar to some American viewers. The situations are fraught with obvious humor and biting dialogue. Audiences should get a kick out of the on-screen fun. The members of the cast carry out their assignments in clever and refreshing fashion. This adds to the effectiveness of the import because of the infectiousness of the goings-on. The color camerawork is impressive.

In the last days of the war between Serbia and Bulgaria, Bulgarian Lieutenant Jan Hendriks becomes a hero when he leads six men in an attack on a Serbian cannon outpost commanded by Captain O. W. Fischer, a Swiss mercenary. The latter and his artillerymen turn and flee when they discover their ammunition is the wrong size for the cannon. With the enemy in hot pursuit, Fischer stumbles into the room of Lilo Pulver, fiancée of Hendriks and daughter of wealthy enemy officer Kurt Kasznar. Although she is patriotic, she is also attracted by Fischer. She helps him hide until the danger of capture is past. Hendriks returns when the war is over to find Miss Pulver is shy about romancing and marriage. Not so is good-looking maid Ellen Schwiers, who is in love with Hendriks. She would like to marry him. She teases him until he almost forgets Fraulein Pulver. Fischer arrives for a visit, having met Kasznar before. The latter likes him. Fischer admits being in love with the Pulver beauty. He woos her. After preliminary give-and-take, the romances are set straight with Miss Pulver and Fischer, Schwiers and Hendriks planning weddings.

Produced by H. R. Sokal and P. Goldbaum; directed by Franz Peter Wirth; screenplay by Johanna Sibelius and Eberhard Keindorff; based on the play by George Bernard Shaw.

Adults and young adults.

**"Wild for Kicks" with David Farrar,  
Noelle Adam, Christopher Lee**  
(Victoria Films, Current; 92 mins.)

**POOR.** Not to twit the title, this has been "kicking" around in one Broadway first-run theatre for four months. Produced in England, it begot itself quite a hefty run there. If and when those operating off-beat theatres book this import, and use the promotional kit then the passer-by looking for vicarious thrills will be sure that burlesque is back. The theatre front promises more crude nudity than the screen can ever



deliver even without a Production Code seal. The poster-promise of biological thrills is the only "sell" gimmick at hand. There are no impressive performances, for which the actors should hardly be blamed. It's that kind of off-beat story about off-beat London youngsters, living it up so far out of rational behavior that our own crop of off-beat beatniks loom like prissy pariahs by comparison. While this is no comedy, and even a loose snicker helps to relieve the tedium, most of this off-beat stuff plays itself out in a dank cellar called the "Off-Beat" Cafe. Photography, fair.

David Farrar takes on another wife, (French) Noelle Adam. His first wife, who died in childbirth, left a daughter. She (Gillian Hills) is now 15. At home she seems shy. At night, she's right up front with the beatniks. Their hangout is the "Off-Beat" Cafe. There is music, a big beat, a hot tempo and smooching. The youngster finds out that a striptease dancer used to do an act, in Paris, with the new wife of her father. In time she reveals this to him, but it doesn't matter. He loves her. In the meantime, the youngster has developed a hatred for Miss Adam. The owner of a ritzy upholstered cellar has taken to the youngster, and is ready to take her to Paris. But his mistress will have none of it. She kills the philanderer. The youngster, knowing a little more about life, seeks forgiveness of her parents as she rushes into their arms.

Produced by George Willoughby; directed by Edmond T. Greville; screenplay by Dail Ambler.

Adults.

**"Black Tights" with Cyd Charisse,  
Moira Shearer, Zizi Jeanmaire,  
Roland Petit, Maurice Chevalier**  
(Magna Pictures, Current; 120 mins.)

FAIR. The dedicated dance devotee will travel through storm and snow and sleet to get to see this one. For here he will find three indescribably lovely symbols of the art of highly classical Terpsichorean expression that's a feast to the eyes. We mean Cyd Charisse, Zizi Jeanmaire and Moira Shearer. Their respective dance routines flow from their lithe bodies and nimble feet almost as naturally and rhythmically as smooth waves flowing in from the open sea. Whether it's the French dazzler Jeanmaire in "The Diamond Cruncher," the British beauty Moira Shearer in "Cyrano de Bergerac," or our own Cyd Charisse in "A Merry Mourning," with Jeanmaire as "Carmen" in the fourth episode of this presentation, it's art of a high order. But, it is also motion picture entertainment of an unfortunately limited appeal.

"Black Tights" in its episodic format makes it seem to the non-Terpsichorean conformist of the art, as overlong. Each talented danseuse, in her respective sequence is a thing of beauty to behold pirouetting, swirling, pin-wheeling. Every movement of their body, the routining of their feet was an expression of classical eloquence rivaled only by their lithe forms, soothing beauty and alluring appeal. This burst of poetic-like prose in a coldly realistic trade journal should be all the more surprising considering that we're hardly a dance devotee. Not to be forgotten for their brilliant contributions are Dirk Sanders in his sequence with Jeanmaire in "The Diamond Cruncher" and that Frenchman of outstanding crea-

tive talent, Roland Petit for his work in the other three episodes. Maurice Chevalier moves in and out for brief introductions. We viewed this with a professional audience, hardly one given to applause in a projection room. But, quite a lot of it was unleashed when Cyd Charisse floated into the wings at the end of her "Merry Mourning" sequence. "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "Carmen" (well known) are told briefly, of course. "The Diamond Cruncher" deals with a gangster chief (female) who has a passion for eating diamonds. "A Merry Mourning" is a frothy little thing about a black dress, an angry husband, a flirtation, a duel, a death, the acquisition of the desired dress, a new courtship, a dazzling, sizzling can-can and complete consolation. CinemaScope and Technicolor give the proceedings breathtaking beauty, while various European prize tribunals have already given this French-filmed entry an assortment of awards.

Produced by Joseph Kaufman; "Cyrano de Bergerac" from Edmond Rostand's play; "Carmen" from Georges Bizet's opera; Roland Petit and Alfred Adam wrote the other two; Terence Young did all the direction.

General patronage; art house nourishment.

### Imports Continue Their Gains

By an odd schedule of timing, all the films reviewed on these pages, this week, are products of other lands. Three will be handled independently, with the other a Warner Bros. responsibility.

It is proof with what feverish activity production is going ahead abroad. To exhibitors, it doesn't matter where a film comes from as long as it can make money for them. The box office value of the imports have been dealt with individually in the reviews.

When we polled importers doing business in America, as the 1961-62 season was getting under way, they told us that at least 60 marketable films from European studios will be heading our way. It's a goodly number and may well constitute about a third of what will come from all the major studios combined this year.

### Service Pictures Not in Danger

With periodical timing, the hue and cry goes up in Washington that a Congressional investigation is being launched to look into the alleged misuse of members of the armed services engaged in the making of commercial movies. Especially are these investigatory demands made when an unfortunate death or two results in the process of filming a Hollywood feature... While there are governmental proponents and members of the House Armed Services Committee who are for putting a strong curb on the use of service men in films, there are just as many who see in the willingness of Hollywood to make service pictures as a distinct service to the government... While some curbs as to the number of personnel and the amount of government equipment used in films may result from this latest series of protests from members of the Armed Services Committee, it is doubtful that the service picture, as produced by Hollywood, is in grave danger.

## Relief Promised...

(Continued from Front Page)

their box office potential via the route of the road show.

"But, we, as exhibitors, can reliably depend on the promises of the distribution heads to speed along the hard ticket playdates and make the releases available for general play-off much sooner than in the past," Fine told us. He pointed out that some of the sales veepees were quite worried about their investments in their costly spectacles. "When you see four and five reserved-seaters in the same metropolitan area competing with each other for the limited spending dollar, you don't feel so good about it," Fine quoted one worried sales head. Some of the distributor spokesmen admitted that such a situation tends to lessen the value of the road show film.

### Too Many Reserved Seaters on Market

Four and five reserved seat films all at the same time and in the same place won't be happening again, so soon, Fine pointed out. "That will be due to the fact that hard ticket blockbusters will have to be of exceptionally outstanding merit from the standpoint of entertainment value before they can go forth and expect road show prices. The distributors won't take the risk unless they have everything going for them to make pretty sure that the reserved seater is going to succeed on a big scale," Fine said.

A few of the distributors were frank enough to admit that they may have made some mistakes in the handling of the road show situation, -- perhaps by "milking" some of the territories for all they would yield. But, such admissions were completely off the record. If there were any discernible gains made for the exhibitor, right now, via such man-to-man honest confessions of the alleged abuse of over-extension of playing time, it may be the fact that the film executives at least acknowledged that these seller-vs-buyer controversies and alleged wrongs would not be repeated now that they know the fully aggrieved story of the Allied exhibitor.

Fine felt "fine" as he said before he left New York. There was none of those behind-closed-door battles between exhibitor head and distributor boss when hot issues call for cool deliberation. On matters that concern the general progress of the film business, there was mutual agreement that both forces (the distributor and the exhibitor) must face their respective responsibilities, bearing in mind that even in the film business there can be moralities involved, also. With the third leg of the industrial tripod (production) functioning effectively, this may well turn out to be a year of harmonious operation unprecedented in this embattled business of ours.

### Exhibitor-Distributor Fighting Costly to All

All these factors of distributor-exhibitor understanding and aims toward a better tomorrow for all concerned may spell itself out in better returns at the box offices of the theatres. With the overall promotional-institutional impacts set into proper motion the nation's moviegoers, in ever greater number, would find themselves heading for their favorite neighborhood theatre ever more, knowing that within its portals a man and his family can get more out

## Tv Romanced...

(Continued from Front Page)

one studio, then it won't take a battalion of efficiency experts to figure out what course some of the others may take along the route of expansion to allow for more Tv production with its assured profits. To be sure, the television industry has long been using, in Hollywood especially, the techniques, the personnel and creative talents of the film industry. The polish, showmanship, "know-how" and proven capabilities of the film-makers brought the greater stature to Tv's entertainment operations. Once the major film studios move in on a bigger corporate basis on turning out the entertainment needs of Tv, it would all be to the gain of the medium itself.

### The Threat of Toll-Tv

Like some menacing ogre, standing in back of this blueprint, is the threat of toll-Tv. The victory fee-Tv scored in Little Rock, alone, will spur the operations of the proponents for this box-office-in-the-home nature of entertainment. It is another plus for them. Though progress is slow, once again, there is a trade indication that this medium will some day need its endless supply of filmed entertainment. While this is not yet a full blown wind, it is slightly more than an inter-industrial zephyr that toll-Tv with each additional, sectional legal victory becomes more of a serious threat to the exhibitors of the nation. To be sure, the studios too will run for cover. But, they'll already have this Tv production umbrella.

It's not beyond the realm of probability, that some of the studios (Paramount, for instance, because of its Telemeter subsidiary) may already be readying expansion plans for increased Tv filming. To be sure, Warners won't be found waiting six years before it will be in on the ground floor with its contributions of entertainment if there'll be enough toll-Tv outlets to make the operation profitable. Serious Tv got under way around 1950. Warners got serious about Tv (production-wise) in 1955. The Midas-like story of Columbia's Screen Gems is no trade secret in Tv circles.

### Exhibitors Will Rise to Their Demands

Threatening, seriously challenging days loom ahead for the film industry as it faces some of the economically encroaching phases of the Tv picture. Smack-dab, flush in the middle of this dilemma is the exhibitor. Some of his security is at stake; some of his investments may be in danger. But, he won't stand idle. He's fought tough battles before. He'll be in there fighting these Tv invasions. It may be a new kind of fight. But, it will take the good old spirit that has given the exhibitor the enviable reputation of a warrior who never gives up on battles that must be fought to victory if he is to continue existing in this ever-threatening business of ours.

of life by knowing that he can get the most in entertainment value for his money.

Maybe this is the year when man in industry (films) will go along with the prophets that a lion and a lamb can lie down together. The respective symbols have etched themselves on the movie primer for even the innocently naive to know which is which.



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Martin Starr, Editor

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No. 8

## Foreign Films; ?? Awards

The parade of the foreign films to the theatres of the nation continues. It is an established inter-industrial fact that a goodly percentage of movie houses, away from the several hundred art houses that depend completely on the imports, find it necessary to book some of these European-made motion pictures. If they come along and help the revenue at the box office, that's all to the good. At least, the import can fill a booking gap, here and there.

It stands to reason that the Italian, French, Swedish, etc., output in its content and entertainment structure is no competition for our own product. Though most of the studios, across the seas, are subsidized by their governments, the big-monied blockbusters are far and few between. In a way, Europe has the "B's" all to itself, -- the low-budgeter. Their producers go in for what they consider the higher artistic attainments in the realm of the cinema. They resort to story-telling with strong, sound, profound ideas. That's what they say.

### Off-Beat Sex is "Art" to Europe

But, that's not the way the product plays itself out on the screens of our art theatres, and some of the other playhouses that find it necessary to present imports. Out of what they call art, they mould the symbol of off-beat sex. Out of their heroines they construct a biological composite of the continent's baddies. The plot-structures give us people with moralities not too clean. The creative minds in back of so many of the imports, this year thus far, have gone about their picture-making with little compunction of conscience that the kind of screen fodder they're turning out might be quite degradingly wrong. Or at least, it would seem so to the great number of American movie-goers who are not patrons of the art houses where you come almost with the expectations of seeing these so-called "artistic" creations of the European studios.

Europe must be very proud of its film output. It shows it by the number of film festivals that are in progress no matter what season of the year. -- and, that's where its exporters show a public relations brilliance that can almost be the envy of our own drum-beaters. Feed them sex films and festivals. Hardly a foreign film arrives here without a mess of awards from this or that tribunal we, here, hardly ever heard of. But, these so-called awards are capitalized on in the exploitation of the imports in a manner

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## Irony in Exhib Congrats

There was irony to the timing of the letters of congratulations Henry Hendel, chairman of the Allied Motion Picture Theatre Owners of Western Pennsylvania, sent to Joseph R. Vogel, president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Spyros P. Skouras, president of 20th Century-Fox. Hendel, in these letters expressing the humble feelings of his exhibitor organization said in part:

"Exhibition, presently in the throes of box office anemia due to a lack of entertaining films, will rally to the support of this vitally important contribution of product." The message of appreciation says futher, "These reissues should find a ready market for a new generation of movie-goers. The financial returns of these films to your company should far surpass the potential income derived from their sale to free Tv." Hendel promised the two companies that his exhibitor-members will use every business acumen possible to support the release of the reissues.

While all this was going on, out in Los Angeles, M-G-M was proceeding in orderly manner to put

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## Personnel Turnover Costly

There are few industries with a bigger personnel turnover than the motion picture. The ever-changing, ever-shifting scene of manpower is almost frightening. That it must be costly to the companies, there can be no doubt. Efficiency of operation is bound to take a beating. Even a goodly portion of the upper-echelon seem to be whirlpooled into these currents of turnover . . . This is not a healthy condition. It's hardly within keeping of the good, old American tradition that if you serve your employer well and faithful yours will be the just rewards of advancement, security, happiness, good pay . . . This ever-shifting scene has taken on a checker-board kind of pattern. The man who served you over at company A, yesterday, has moved over to home office B, while his counterpart over at home office C is now working over at company D. Most of this may be because of bigger money, seemingly better opportunities. In a way, we're all looking for that piece of pie in the sky . . . Whatever the reason, it doesn't make for a state of stability. -- and, that is one of the fundamental principles of smooth corporate operation.

**"Satan Never Sleeps" with****William Holden, Clifton Webb, France Nuyen***(20th-Fox, Current; 125 mins.)*

GOOD. As soon as you say this was both produced and directed by Leo McCarey, that he also helped do the screenplay and it deals with two priests, one young and attractive and the other quite old and almost submissively demanding, and up comes the comparison with McCarey's Oscar-winning "Going My Way." You've got to go back 18 years to think of the greatness of that film, but no matter what the distance, you may find yourself comparing the two. "Satan Never Sleeps" is no "Going My Way." But, it has a lot of the goodness of pleasing entertainment to its credit. Cleaved out of the spiritually inspiring bedrock of faith, -- faith in man, in his destiny, faith even in the victory over the bestiality of communistic hordes. They have taken over the occupation of Southwest China where stands the simple mission, man's testament to his God amidst the slaughter and crumbling decay of a village whose people could no longer hold on to their faiths. To do so would be at the risk of life itself.

We found the film not altogether disappointing. In fact, it left you with a warm glow that somehow, in the midst of all the war-torn suffering, those with abiding faith have something to live for. Though this deals with the China of 1949, the camera-crews found the scenic investiture they were looking for in Wales and in England. There is a serenity to some of the scenes that leave their beautiful imprint on your mind. As the Pearl S. Buck tale ("The China Story") plays itself out against these backgrounds you find yourself going along with this tale of a lonely Chinese girl hopelessly in love with a young priest. Lovely France Nuyen endears herself to you with her appealing wistful approach to the role. William Holden, as the young priest, suffers embarrassment almost throughout the whole film because of the faith this waif (Miss Nuyen) places in her dream that this man of the cloth will be her husband. Clifton Webb, as a priest for a while seems almost out of character because of the caustic, almost sardonic roles we've seen him in so many times in the past. But, he too wears on you pleasantly and makes his role of impatient, strong-willed priest believable. Photography throughout, of a high order. It's in CinemaScope and color.

William Holden is late in arriving at his mission in Southwest China where he is to relieve Clifton Webb. With Holden has come France Nuyen whom he saved from drowning. According to Chinese custom Holden is now responsible for this life he saved. The girl is madly in love with him. A horde of Chinese Red soldiers arrive and that means that Webb and the rest are now their prisoners. Brutality sets in under the hand of the Red Colonel who as a baby was baptized by the priest. The chapel is soon destroyed. This causes Webb's collapse. The captain (Weaver Lee) rapes the priests' housegirl (Miss Nuyen). She stabs Lee. The clerics save his life. Lee is denounced as a poor Commie bossman of the town. He is to be demoted. He also witnesses the murder of his father and mother. Now as a re-convert he plans an escape with the two priests and Miss Nuyen who is now the

mother of his (illegitimate son). Because Webb sacrifices his life, they arrive safely in Hong Kong where Miss Nuyen and Lee are married and the child baptized.

Produced and directed by Leo McCarey; with Claude Binyon he did the screenplay which is based on the novel "The China Story" by Pearl S. Buck.

General patronage.

**"Whistle Down The Wind" with****Hayley Mills, Alan Bates, Bernard Lee***(Pathe-America, March-April; 98 mins.)*

GOOD. This import from Britain proves once again that Hayley Mills is an accomplished actress at the age of fifteen. Viewers were first impressed with her talents in "Tiger Bay" again in "Pollyanna" and "Parent Trap" and they'll be impressed here as well by the simple yet attractive story that is entirely believable from a child's impressionistic point of view. Audiences of all ages should like what they see and interest is very well maintained throughout the film. Once in a while some adults get in the way of the children, but they are put in their proper place soon enough in the yarn. The surrounding countryside of the North of England fits the pattern of presentation. Direction and production are superior. Word of mouth may be an influencing factor boxofficewise as this novel by Hayley Mills' mother, Mary Hayley Bell, seems to fit her daughter like the proverbial glove. The film can play regulation houses or in the art theatres. Photography, very good.

The three children of farmer Bernard Lee, Hayley Mills, Diane Holgate and Alan Barnes, the youngest, rescue three kittens whom handyman Norman Bird tries to drown. They hide them in the barn after a Salvation Army worker tells Barnes that Jesus Christ will help care for his kittens. Miss Mills scoffs at this. At night, she goes to check on the kittens and finds haggard and unshaven Alan Bates with a hurt leg. She asks who he is and he replies, presumably in relief that she is only a child, "Jesus Christ." She, Holgate and Barnes believe he is Christ because his unshaven features resemble pictures of the holy figure and they are determined to protect him from Crucifixion by the adults. In reality, he is Alan Bates, a murderer escaped from the police. Barnes tells some other children. They also come to see him. Barnes gives Bates his kitten to care for and when he finds the animal dead, his faith is shattered. Miss Mills continues to believe he is Christ and gets him a hidden parcel containing a gun. At a birthday party for Barnes, Holgate unintentionally reveals about the stranger in the barn and police are summoned. Children from all over arrive and Bates surrenders quietly preferring not to wound any of the youngsters or shatter their faith. The children watch him go and the Mills youngster is convinced he will return.

Produced by Richard Attenborough; directed by Bryan Forbes from a screenplay by Willis Hall and Keith Waterhouse based on an original novel by Mary Hayley Bell.

General patronage.



**"World In My Pocket" with  
Rod Steiger, Nadja Tiller, Peter Van Eyck**  
(M-G-M, February; 93 mins.)

GOOD. Suspense is the key in this tale that was filmed abroad about a daring robbery of a payroll estimated at over a million dollars and of the abduction of the armored car and the guards carrying it. There's suspense at the start as the various thieves test each other. It's present during the hold-up when developments start to stray from the prepared plan. It's present as the thieves try to get at the spoils in a massive steel-walled safe while trying not to attract attention. Their failure is due to a lack of the right breaks and lucky circumstances. Naturally, they get what's coming to them. The cast is most efficient in making the on-screen proceedings look realistic. The direction and production values are good. Rod Steiger is perhaps the best known of the cast as far as American audiences are concerned. He's well supported by the others in this international group. The film should do well as part of the program. Photography is of standard quality.

Rod Steiger asks his associates if they are interested in a robbery which could net them a million dollars. That's the figure to be found in a regular U. S. Army payroll transfer abroad. When they vote to take it on, they decide to test the originator of the plan, Nadja Tiller, in a hold-up to get operating capital. This comes off without too much trouble and they proceed with plans which involve the hold-up of an armored car. But it gets out of control by a phoney car accident. Things go wrong and they are forced to shoot the guards after which they load the car into a trailer. Steiger gets wounded by one of the guards. When Ian Bannen tries to get into the truck, one of the not-quite-dead guards fatally wounds him. There's friction between Steiger and Peter Van Eyck when the latter makes a play for Miss Tiller while Jean Servais tries to open the safe. When suspicion is aroused at a trailer camp, they move on to the mountains where Servais is fatally bitten by a snake. The police close in killing Van Eyck when he resists. Steiger and Miss Tiller are forced to surrender. The untouched payroll is recovered intact.

Produced by Alexander Grueter; directed by Alvin Rakoff from a screenplay by Frank Harvey based on a novel by James Hadley Chase.

General patronage.

**"The Couch" with  
Grant Williams, Shirley Knight, Onslow Stevens**  
(Warner Bros., March; 100 mins.)

FAIR. The cameras follow a psychotic killer with delusions of grandeur in this chilling tale of murder and suspense. The actual acts of murder are shown in all their shocking horror and gory detail. A cast of non-too-popular names makes this screenplay by the author of "Psycho," Robert Bloch, come alive as a twisted mental patient plans a series of unrelated killings to culminate in the death of his court-appointed psychiatrist. There's a love affair between the niece of the doctor and the mental patient as well. The pace is well-maintained culminating in a thrilling wrap-up climax. Grant Williams is particularly effective as the mentally-crazed killer. The direction

and production values are good, but the film shapes up as a non-too-strong entry for the program. In spots it's quite talky. It needs tightening. Also some slight shortening could have improved the end result even more. Photography, capable.

Young Grant Williams phones homicide Lt. Simon Scott to tell him he is going to kill someone at 7 P. M. This he does. The victim is an old man in a crowd. The killer uses an ice-pick. He hurries to keep an appointment with his court-appointed psychiatrist, Onslow Stevens and places the ice pick back in the doctor's bar before his receptionist and niece, Shirley Knight, appears. On the couch, it is revealed that he had family troubles, hated his father, who resented the attachment between himself and his sister. It is also revealed that he was sent to jail for rape. He is paroled on the condition that he gets continuous psychiatric treatment. Williams also dates Miss Knight, who is unaware of his background. He succeeds in getting her to fall in love with him. The next night after another warning, he kills again at the same time. Again he's in Steven's office for an appointment. The next evening, knowing that Stevens is to attend a football game, he meets him in the crowd and stabs him after which he leaves to keep a date with Miss Knight. It turns out that Stevens is not dead. An emergency operation at a hospital puts him back on the road to recovery. Williams tries again to kill him posing as a doctor but Stevens is able to dissuade him and he breaks down as the police close in.

Produced and directed by Owen Crump; screenplay by Robert Bloch based on a story by Blake Edwards and Crump.

Adults.

## **Law-Makers Aim Bills at Films**

The law-makers of the nation are busy in their respective capitols, setting up legislation against obscenity and other violations of morality. Under close scrutiny, right now, by these monitors of public morals are books, magazines, radio and television. Strange enough, newspapers are on the list.

It is the aim of these legislators to protect the minor, -- people under 18. The motion picture has not yet been mentioned along with these other media of communication in most of these bills. But, the films are not without close watch by both the legally constituted and self-appointed guardians of the morals of movie-goers of all ages.

In a New Jersey town, the other day, the police commissioner requested the manager of a Fabian theatre to withdraw an allegedly objectionable film, -- a French import which came from its hard-ticket run in New York. As we went to press, the film was allowed to continue its run.

A New York Assemblyman, after clarifying amendments to anti-obscenity legislation put the finishing touches to a bill dealing with films for children. The bill would require the Motion Picture Division of the State Education Department to make known, via published lists, films that would be suitable for children. A similar bill was introduced last year. It failed to get by the Legislature.

Throughout the country, law-makers are framing an assortment of bills aimed at the films.

## Foreign Films . . .

(Continued from Front Page)

that pays off at the box office if they don't more than mislead some of the glibble.

If European film promoters have a lot of one thing, it's awards. The importers will overplay their hand at this souped-up nature of exploitation, and American movie-goers will come to consider even the limited few authoritative and respected overseas prizes as a gimmick not to be taken too seriously. There are times when it's prophetic to see how many foreign awards are tacked on to an import, and how little entertainment value this alleged prize-winning film seems to have for the viewer. To be sure, the promoters of these foreign films are under the apprehension that the American movie-goer will swallow anything. They'll find out that along such line of reasoning they can be mighty wrong.

### Too Many Foreign Awards; Too Little Value

While we ourselves, here, are not without our endless awards, accolades, prizes, -- especially from fan magazines, -- there are two salutes that have any serious impact on the movie-goer. The big deal, of course, is the Oscar (metal value \$100) sponsored by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. In New York the more serious accolade is given yearly by the Film Critics Circle. There are a few others that have their value, but these two, -- the Oscar in Hollywood, and the award from the newspaper critics in New York, -- symbolize tribunals whose choices are respected, valued and rightfully capitalized on. While a lot of costly hoopla results from the Oscar ceremonies, the New York critics hold their award down to a minimum of fanfare.

To be sure, an award to a movie for its superior merits when compared to its competitors, is not set up only in the name of art. The award hopes to serve other purposes, -- coldly calculated materialistic ones. It is supposed to act as a stimulant to the box office. In the case of the imports where there's nothing much to make any noise about in the advertising layouts, no name players, etc., the award gimmick remains about the only hook upon which you can hang any kind of a worthwhile campaign. But, the boys from across the seas are coming up with too many award pictures most of which have proved to be plain duds at the box office. After all, it's the picture you project on the screen, not the award!

It's not for us to say that this is a form of deception which the importers should not overwork. But, there is no need for an award committee to be set up over there every time a picture is ready to go into release over here. With all those award sessions going on you sometimes wonder when does anybody find time to do any work. To repeat, the award gimmick can serve some purpose. But, the promotional purpose could be stretched awfully thin and prove itself quite unavailing. Their better judgment should remind these promoters who cook up these endless and meaningless awards of the cardinal principle of smart, lucrative promotion: "Too much, can be much too much!"

## Exhib Congrats . . .

(Continued from Front Page)

over one of the biggest sales in movie-Tv history. Sixty of the company's post-'48 productions (many of outstanding stature) were picked up by a newspaper-owned Tv station. The price for showing these films on one local station was reported to be in excess of a million dollars. Included in this post-'48 package are some of M-G-M's biggest money-makers. That they will be seen for the first time by "the new generation of movie-goers" of which Hendel prophetically spoke in his sincerely expressed letter to M-G-M's Vogel, is easy to understand.

### Tv's Big \$\$ Offers for Films

With Tv's major markets as badly in need of film product as are exhibitors, this nature of getting from Tv the kind of money it is willing to pay, will continue to repeat itself for all the hope exhibitors may have that reissuing these films to theatres would surpass the potential income that may be derived from going over to Tv. Some of the major television stations throughout the country have built their fortunes out of the programming (almost exclusively) of Hollywood product. With the bars down on the post-'48 films, it's this "new generation" that the Tv operators hope to reach out to to run up large audiences.

That the exhibitors are almost humbly grateful for any considerate gesture shown them by the majors, is this circumstance: Several weeks ago, the Allied Motion Picture Theatre Owners of Maryland, through its executive secretary, James L. Whittle, also despatched letters of thanks to Vogel and Skouras, respectively, covering the matter of reissues. Maryland was grateful that its theatres would be able to play these films. While Maryland didn't call the invader of its box offices by name (Tv), as did the Western Pennsylvania exhibitors, it was pretty obvious that that's what Maryland's showmen meant when they said to Vogel and Skouras, "We are confident that this method of re-distribution will far exceed the returns from any other outlet."

### Tv's Saturday Night Built with Films

Of course, it's a well-known, if not painful, story that without some of 20th Century-Fox's prime product the National Broadcasting Company's onslaught on the box offices of the nation's theatres, on that big night of the week, Saturday, may not have been possible. In that deal, N. B. C. acquired about 50 films. For a while it was pathetic the way revenues dropped in so many theatres on that one night toward which the exhibitor keeps on looking all week long, -- Saturday. But, in most cases, by this time, the exhibitor who went out to fight his way through the Tv storm, by using showmanship and applying the better business-getting forces to the operation of his theatre, has battled his way through the Saturday night Tv invasion. Saturday nights are still far from what they should be. But, given a quality release, the exhibitor with staying power, comes out of it fairly well.

But, it would be foolhardy to assume that the majors are going to by-pass the kind of money Tv will always be ready to pay for Hollywood product, -- the bone and sinew of many a Tv station's financial strength.



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## All-Out Fight for Oscar

There was a time, not so long ago, when this period of the year, -- the interval between announced nominations for Academy Awards and the voting, -- belonged to the major studios. They were turning out the product, the talent nominees were virtually all under contract to them and the studios were in a position of calling the turn almost to the extent of the actual voting loyalties to ones associates.

Then the big capital gains transition began taking place and change began asserting itself. The major studios were no longer calling the whole turn. Their big stars were now their own bosses and they cleaved their own courses in more ways than one, -- the Oscar situation especially. There were some revolutionary steps taken by the independent film star-boss-producer. To get votes, some of these approaches were of such startlingly unorthodox nature that the overseers of the respected 36-year old Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences had to lay down a series of ethical "thou-shalt-nots" that were heeded with about as much seriousness as a child all dressed up who is told to stop playing in the mud.

### Academy Award Setup Sees Change

But, if in this ever-changing business of ours, change is almost the order of the day, then this year the Academy Award situation will see change that will make what's gone before look like child's play. It's all because of the slow, but firm foundation in American operation the foreign films have been building in the past few years. That the imports are already part of the film presentation policy of many theatres of the nation there can be no doubt. This year alone, for instance, about a third of what will be projected on the screens of the theatres will have been turned out by foreign studios. These are films not handled by major company distributors, but by the independent American importers.

But, for all the shortcomings of the greater majority of the foreign films, they have arrived if only because of the dearth of American product. This year, the foreign invasion has shown up on the ballots of the Academy voters. They have emerged in the nominating categories, and in some instances will be powerful threats against their opposition for the coveted Oscar. His day (or, rather night) is not too far away, -- April 9. But, the goings-on between now and the deadline for ballots, by the nominees, won't make for a primer on ethics in the professional behavior of the movie folk.

What went on in the recent past to get votes will  
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## Big Decision for Skouras

Walk through the corridors, these days, of the home office of 20th Century-Fox, and all you hear is, "State Fair," "State Fair," "State Fair!" It comes not only from the upper echelon of the distributor, but what gives this hue and cry of "State Fair" a strange ring of sincerity, is that it comes from, -- shall we say, -- the lesser folk who, for all their loyalties, aren't given to the outcries of greatness of a film unless it's really there.

It's this wide-spread, epidemic-type of enthusiasm that gives authenticity to the fact that there may be cause for all this feverish feeling about the Rodgers and Hammerstein melody-play. Those who are doing the shouting, of course, have seen the new "State Fair." -- and, what brings us into the picture, via this piece, is that because some of the opinion-makers and policy-setters over at 20th having seen the film, are now off on another tack. There is too much greatness, they say, in the motion picture, to let it go out as a regular release.

### "Hard-Ticket" Cry for "State Fair"

Yes, they're crying now, "hard-ticket!" "State Fair" would make one of the big reserved seat releases

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## Art Theatres Under Bitter Attack

The art theatre is in trouble in Philadelphia. A Grand Jury took action in the matter of curbing both the exhibition of films and the advertising of this nature of theatre. While strong law-enforcement moves have been made against the art theatre in other sections of the country, the one under way in the City of Brotherly Love shows no love lost for this part of the showbusiness of Philadelphia . . . The Grand Jury report referred to the art theatre as a problem that is alarming and very serious. It denounced this nature of theatre presentation as "morally degenerating" and looked upon its film fare as something that lends great temptation to the sex degenerates of the community . . . The Philadelphia tribunal called upon the District Attorney to take action. He said that he felt the same way as did the Grand Jury about art theatres. On his immediate agenda is a sharp crackdown. It was one of the severest denunciatory statements ever made by a Grand Jury on the alleged violations of public morals and social decency.

**"The Night" with  
Jeanne Moreau, Marcello Mastroianni,  
Monica Vitti**

(Lopert Pictures, Current; 120 mins.)

FAIR. Our American songsmiths have dedicated their melodic talents to the proposition that, "the night was made for love." "The Night" as conceived by one of Italy's more brilliant film-makers is not that kind of simple conception, at all. Michelangelo Antonioni makes of it an exercise in strange loyalties; detached, bored marriages; partying at all hours of the night with wives and husbands forgetting whom they belong to and other frankly confusing situations. Where some of the more recent Italian imports lose no time in letting you know what you're in for as far as biological thrills are concerned, this one finds itself in the category of a "think" picture, -- and think hard you must if yours is this kind of a dish of profundity. Somebody or something is always being probed, but deeply. Set to a pattern of talk, talk, talk (in Italian) accompanied, of course, by English subtitles, it is not easy to follow the proceedings. For a relaxed two hours of movie-going, let's say this is not it. It should also be said that this is intended for the art theatre devotee, and he comes fully prepared to think, especially in the case of Antonioni. His "L'Avventura" left its imprint on the minds of those who saw it. Photography follows in the line of the realistically harsh technique achieved by Italian film-makers.

We have here a husband and wife (Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni) -- he of the "La Dolce Vita" fame -- who don't seem to have been meant for one another. They visit a sick friend together, death is not far away for the patient, but life must go on and they find themselves at one of those gay cocktail parties where they're celebrating the publication of a book the husband had written. The wife finds depression setting in so she deserts the alcoholic wingding. Her husband finds her, they visit more places. Along the way there are flirtations and a tantalizing situation or two. It is dawn now and the locale is a golf course. Here, and at this time of day, clean in promise and washed of the ugliness of the manmade settings of the night gone by, there is the realization that theirs is no longer the love it may have been, or it should still be. Both are in hopes that something will happen to bring them together closer and thus find more intense meaning to their listless marriage.

Produced by Emanuele Cassuto; directed by Michelangelo Antonioni; screenplay by Antonioni, Ernio Flaiano and Tonino Guerra.

Adults.

**"The Hellions" with  
Richard Todd, Anne Aubrey, Jamie Uys**  
(Columbia, March; 87 mins.)

FAIR. That familiar type of western which has the gang of baddies is dealt with. This time, it's the evil father and his equally homicidal four sons, invading a small town. It has only one law officer with a pregnant wife. The town is also cursed with a mess of weak-spined, lily-livered citizens. It has been brought to the fore here again but this time the setting is 19th century South Africa. The terror the baddies spread is justified because several of the killers do a good job imitating mental cases. Richard Todd,

who has appeared in a number of films shown here, is the law officer in trouble. He comes off well as do the other assorted characters. The British-made thriller impresses and holds interest fairly well. It should do rather well as a supporting feature on the program. Camerawork in Technicolor and Technirama is impressive.

Outlaws, thieves and murderers wandered the countryside of South Africa in the 19th century taking advantage of the skimpy law enforcement. Among these were vicious Lionel Jeffries and his four killer sons. They steal a horse from a rancher. The latter warns them that the law in the person of Richard Todd, will be after them. The name of Todd has an effect on Jeffries who has an old score to settle with him. He and his sons head for town. Enroute they tear down the telegraph wire and shoot several men. When the word spreads that they are on their way, the citizens scatter helter-skelter in fear. Todd tries to bluff them into surrendering their guns, but they refuse. Instead, they settle down to have some fun with the townfolk before making their move to kill Todd. The latter's pregnant wife tries to dissuade him from going after the killers since no one will have the courage to stand with him, he reluctantly agrees to make a stand in his barricaded home. One of the sons goes to Jamie Uys' hardware store in search of a gun and the meek Uys accidentally shoots and kills him. He and his wife, Anne Aubrey, hide the body behind the counter. The people in the town urge them to leave before the others find the dead man and while Uys is off to get some money, Jeffries comes looking for his missing son. Finding Aubrey alone he decides to make love to her. On the train, Uys learns of Jeffries' actions and he gets off determined to kill as many of the clan as he can though he is unfamiliar with guns. Todd joins him in the showdown. As Jeffries and the others advance, the townfolk beget courage and guns. They force the killers to surrender. Jeffries makes a play to kill Uys and Todd while the others also make a break for it. All are killed with Jeffries falling to his death after a fight with Todd atop a house.

Produced by Harold Huth; directed by Ken Annakin; screenplay by Harold Swanton, Patrick Kirwan and Harold Huth based on a story by Swanton.

General patronage.

**"Sweet Bird of Youth" with  
Paul Newman, Geraldine Page, Shirley Knight,  
Ed Begley, Rip Torn, Mildred Dunnock**  
(M-G-M, March; 120 mins.)

GOOD. This is another from the gifted pen of Tennessee Williams who can well be considered America's leading dramatist. It is also a story that has made its transition from a huge success on Broadway to the screen, a treatment accorded nearly all of the playwright's works. It follows in the pattern of the Williams approach to life in the south, -- raw sex, harsh violence, sensationalism, lechery, dope addiction. This one is woven out of the familiar pattern, but as an exciting drama must stand this time on the unappealing tripod of narcotics, venereal illness and coldly calculated gigoloing. The plot plays itself out with raw intensity. Verily, you must have a strong



stomach to take some of the seamier crudity that hits you with the force of a sledge-hammer. But the two chief protagonists, Paul Newman and Geraldine Page, come well equipped with their Broadway experience, in the play, to be able to handle their respective roles with strong conviction. The team comes off well in other triumphs, each with an Academy Award nomination.

As a matter of fact, it was wise for writer-director Richard Brooks to have strayed, here and there, from the Broadway version and soften up a sequence or two. Not that the power and force of the story loses its strength of almost relentless onslaught on your emotions. But, it was good to see, for instance, that the bestial-like treatment meted out to Newman, by the town bullies, toward the end of the stage play was not followed in the screen version. To see Newman and the girl he loved and for whom he took all nature of punishment ride out of the scene together to find a better life, elsewhere, gave the proceedings the kind of a romantic lift that the audience will be pleased to see. To be sure, Newman is administered a beating, especially to his handsome face, that runs a chill down your back.

Geraldine Page, as the fallen, former Hollywood queen gives a superb performance. This Williams stand-by, fresh from her great triumph in his "Summer and Smoke" (for which she got an Oscar nomination) continues to rise ever higher with each succeeding performance. She dominates her scenes like a rich sunset. Ed Begley as a hateful, lustful, vengeful political boss does a masterful job helping himself to quite a few scenes. Newman, as the ambitious American style gigolo stands strong in his somewhat unsympathetic role. He babies, caters to the fallen movie queen (Miss Page) with every selfish motive showing all the time. The twist of Miss Page coming out of her dope-drenched lost world and finding that Hollywood still wants her, was good theatre shall we say, although it may not have been as Williams had intended it. Shirley Knight as the fallen daughter of politico Begley, turns in an appealing performance. Rip Torn, Mildred Dunnock, Madeline Sherwood stand strong in their support. This geographical south is somewhere in Florida with the gulfstream's gulls flying about in endless number perhaps as a migratory symbol of what is meant by the Williams title of the film. Lensed by Panavision, hued in Metrocolor, shot for dimensional CinemaScope the scenes spread themselves with eye-compelling beauty framed in the gossamer of Mother Nature playing scenic designer for the producers.

Produced by Pandro S. Berman; written for the screen and directed by Richard Brooks; based on the stage play "Sweet Bird of Youth" by Tennessee Williams. Adults.

#### • "Cape Fear" with

**Gregory Peck, Robert Mitchum, Polly Bergen**  
(Universal-International, May; 105 mins.)

VERY GOOD. This film is a superior experience in terror and horror. The story comes to powerful grips with challenging motivations. We meet up with an ex-convict, Robert Mitchum, who served time in prison for a sadistic sex crime. He seeks revenge on lawyer Gregory Peck and his family because it was Peck's testimony which helped convict him. The re-

sulting shock and suspense are suitable for adults strong of heart and mind, who can take their on-screen offerings when the dramatic going gets really rough. The quality of the engendered terror is a tribute to the acting abilities of the cast, especially Mitchum, who is evil personified. He gives terrific believability to the difficult role. The directional genius of the many-lauled British director J. Lee Thompson, should also be mentioned. Peck, Bergen and Martin Balsam are also fine in their roles. The audience becomes almost actively involved as the nightmare of terror and the emotional grip become tighter and tighter until the thrill-packed climax. With the aid of word-of-mouth and a proper campaign, the film has the potential to make quite an impression at the box office. Besides its high element of entertainment, there are the cast's name values. The content and the quality in all departments make their contributions to the film. Photography, very good.

The peaceful existence of lawyer Gregory Peck, his wife, Polly Bergen and their twelve year old daughter, Lori Martin, is turned into a nightmare with the arrival of ex-convict Robert Mitchum in town. The latter served a prison term for a sex attack on a girl. Gregory Peck was a witness against him. Mitchum is determined to get even through an attack on either Miss Bergen or Martin or both. No direct threats are made. Police chief and friend Martin Balsam finds his hands are tied because Mitchum has money. Also because he hires an attorney to protect his rights. When police action fails, as do the operation of a private detective, Peck tries to buy him off. This fails also and a beating by hired hoodlums only makes Mitchum more determined to have his vengeance. Peck even considers killing him personally, but Miss Bergen dissuades him. Mitchum's attorney institutes disbarment proceedings against Peck. The latter decides that there is no alternative, but to set a trap for Mitchum with Miss Bergen and Martin as bait on a lonely riverboat. Mitchum spots one of the planted guards and kills him. He does get to Miss Bergen and Martin, but Peck battles him to a finish winning possession of a gun. Instead of killing him, he promises him a lifetime stay in jail. The terror is over.

Produced by Sy Bartlett; directed by J. Lee Thompson from a screenplay by James R. Webb based on the novel "The Executioners" by John D. MacDonald. Adults.

#### **Charlton Heston No Friend of Tv**

A poll with its note of seriousness, is that conducted, annually, by the Foreign Press Association stationed in Hollywood. This year, according to the correspondents, their choice for "the world's favorite movie star" is Charlton Heston. The distaff favorite is Marilyn Monroe . . . However pleased Heston may be with the accolade, nothing begets his displeasure so much as to be made to do television. One of the few topflight stars of Hollywood to remain a steady holdout on Tv, the actor minces no words when it comes to giving an opinion about the medium. It's not good, to say the least!



## Oscar Fight . . .

(Continued from Front Page)

now seem like a marshmallow roast. There is a new competitor in the ring, -- the foreign entry. He means to get all the votes he can, using the same implements as do his American colleague, but on a bigger scale, with greater force and with less regard for the alleged professional principles, conservative canons, the time-honored dignity that are supposed to be the hallmark of people (no matter what their walk in life) who like to fight a clean fight.

### Foreign Nominees to Slug It Out

The forces behind Sophia Loren, -- nominated in the category as "best actress" -- are going to put up quite a battle to induce the Oscar voters to go her way. Miss Loren's nomination is a departure from tradition since she was not only in a foreign film, but spoke Italian in it ("Two Women.") Astor Pictures, long ago told the man from *Harrison's Reports* that they expected their "La Dolce Vita" to do better than \$12,000,000 in the United States. With its director, Federico Fellini as one of the five nominees for "best director" the American distributors aren't going to let the in-fighting for Oscar votes thunder along without their throwing a few explosive logs on the seething conflagration. There's too much at stake, and if a mess of votes are to be corralled because of a costly, two-fisted campaign, then Fellini will be getting it. In a word, there's money to burn for such purposes.

The importers have made big gains this year in the results of the nominations. By virtue of a foreign entry, the property of an American importer, Stuart Whitman of "The Mark" finds himself one of the five in "the best performance" category. This nominee will represent some cunning maneuvering for votes.

### Ethics Forgotten While Money Talks

In any event, the fight is on now. The monies have been laid on the line for each nominated hopeful to come home a winner. This battle (only in the Hollywood trades, of course) will be a rather short one, but it will be a beaut. Something new this year may be added to the skullduggery resorted to in the past with the foreign money (via the nominees) contending. It is a foregone conclusion that a victory for one foreign entry is a gain for the whole importing business. It will bring added stature to that end of the business, and whet the appetites of the American movie-going public for foreign fare. Most of the people still think the foreign movie is to be found at the art house.

Standing by as these ugly Donnybrooks play themselves out in Hollywood, are some of the industry's veterans of better days. Whatever their power at the studios, there is nothing they can do to make these Oscar hopefuls go about their business of trying to get votes with a more decent show of ethics. Even more ironic, is the plight of the Academy itself. It has voiced strong, open condemnation of some of these vote-getting tactics. That some of the electioneering may plumb the professional depths of scandalous disregard for the basic reasons why the Academy came into being, what its idealogies won't matter to most of the nominees. The foreign hopefuls won't be lost as this year's battle for Oscar votes plays itself out with fiercer vengeance than ever before.

## Skouras Decision . . .

(Continued from Front Page)

of the year." We're afraid that if there is going to be enough upper-echelon pressure about this hard-ticket business, the exhibitors are going to lose another fight on this already bitterly fought battlefield. We're afraid that the man who will have to make the final decision about the release treatment of one of his prize packages of the year, -- Spyros P. Skouras, -- may be influenced by some of his policy-makers and go along with them on turning "State Fair" into another hard-ticket property. They reason, -- isn't this, as is evident from what they've seen, more of the proven blockbuster calibre of Rodgers and Hammerstein's "South Pacific" "Oklahoma?"

If the hard-ticket battalion, at the home office, win their fight, it will make exhibitors throughout the land not only displeased and unhappy, but terribly disappointed as they'll have a right to be. We can see many of them losing faith in that respected elder statesman, they've always had so much confidence in. We mean, of course, the boss-man of 20th Century-Fox, -- Spyros P. Skouras. Only a few months ago, in a body, the exhibitor-members of the Allied States Association of Motion Picture Exhibitors, got up to give this beloved pioneer of the industry an ovation seldom witnessed on such occasions. We were present in Miami Beach, and for all the sentimentality that seems washed away by the years of tough coverage of the film beat, you found yourself choking up a little to see how veteran theatremen can still show so much heartfelt adulation and respect for a man, -- Skouras.

So, in a way, this is addressed to Spyros P. Skouras. Let your trusted associates sing out their exciting, feverish "hallelujahs" about "State Fair." Let your powerful national campaign hit the 191 million people aimed at. Let there be joy and happiness, enthusiasm and high spirits in the house of Skouras (20th-Fox's home office). But, let there be no hard-ticket decision on this film that's causing all the talk. Let the other distributors take the hard, embattled road of the hard-ticket with what they think are outstanding blockbusters. You, Mr. Skouras, take the high road of a regular release full of its revenue potential for all with this prize winner, they say you've got.

### Skouras Held in Respect by Exhibitors

For all of the great love and respect the exhibitors of the nation have for you, right now, Mr. Skouras, can you imagine how more profound it will grow when they know you're more than willing to share with them a big dollar when it is to be made. -- and, from what we hear in the corridors of your home office, "State Fair" is going to make it for the distributor, the exhibitors of the nation at a time when a big, immediate (general) release is needed so badly.

The time to meet the hard-ticket issue is at hand. Prove to the exhibitors that you know how to meet it, -- by being on their side. Greatness is not easily begotten. It usually comes at big cost! -- and, many a dollar have you sacrificed, in that great career of yours, to prove that in a cold business of profits for oneself, there are your brethren (exhibitors) to think of too no matter how rough the general going (financial) may be sometimes.



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## Toll-Tv Makes New Gains

No matter what else may be happening to the motion picture industry, its biggest problem, slowly gaining in strength with each passing year and local, legal gain is the invasion of toll-Tv. The exhibitor forces against this threatening probability, to be sure, are fighting with everything they've got to stem the slowly rising tide. By the same token, the heavily invested interests that are for it, and have been pouring their millions into it as an entertainment medium that may some day assert itself forcefully, are not without reason for some rejoicing. They are making their gains. Slow, and small they may be, they are nevertheless definite, concrete gains.

Quite a blow was struck the forces against toll-Tv, this past week. The United States Circuit Court of Appeals gave the green-light to the fee-Tv plan (experiment) in Hartford, that is expected to get under way in a few months. Whether the people of that Connecticut town will actually be able to see (and pay for) the Zenith-R.K.O. General Fonevision format of programming in the very near future, despite the big, legal "go-ahead" is doubtful. The exhibitor forces (the Connecticut Committee Against Pay-Tv) are not expected to stop fighting the invader. The unanimous ruling of the Appeals tribunal is not the end of the road. There is the Supreme Court to which a final appeal will most likely be made. This should delay pay-Tv coming into the Hartford homes for at least another year.

### Costs to Toll-Tv Subscriber

--and when it does, what will be the costs to the interested subscriber. R.K.O. spokesmen are willing to reveal these figures, even at this far-from-completed stage of cost setups. The attachment to the regular television set which will unscramble the signal from the Fonevision studios, will be \$10. Like all new electronic experiments, the individual home set and the image changeover is not expected to work flawlessly for quite some time. This will entail an all-year maintenance charge which the subscriber, of course, must foot. That should jump the cost another \$40 a year, at least. Now, as to the actual entertainment, that will depend on the nature of program fed the subscriber. No definite fees have been set. In the Hartford situation, there'll be a regular Tv channel that will carry the entertainment.

All this experimentation for a pay-Tv outlet in Hartford has been done with the official blessing of the Federal Communications Commission. In fact, this is a victory for the F.C.C. It authorized the experiment more than a year ago. The exhibitor forces

(Continued on Back Page)

## Release Schedule Suffers

The waning days of August ('61) don't seem too far away. That's when distribution heads and company bosses gathered the trade press around them, at this or that gourmet-gorging luncheon, and revealed their distribution plans, production blueprinting and other pertinent data that should have cheered the heart of the exhibitor. The big question at these sessions was, -- will there be an increase in releases this year? Most company heads struggled to make the answer come out in the affirmative.

A month ago, the United States Department of Commerce told us, in that reliable way we like to follow official Washington's findings re motion picture matters, that American producers may well be delivering between 185-190 features during the distribution year of 1961-62. At that time nearly half of that promised number, -- 86 features had already played the theatres of the nation. To be sure, these were not all made here in Hollywood. A goodly percentage were shot abroad. But, they were distributed by our major companies.

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## Zanuck's "--Day" as Road Show?

During this week, an important issue will be resolved between Darryl F. Zanuck and the top echelon of 20th Century-Fox. It is considered one of the hot controversies even before the closed-door sessions get under way at the home office. . . . Producer Zanuck arrived in New York, a few days ago, following nearly ten months of shooting "The Longest Day." Now, more than ever before, Zanuck wants this ten-million-dollar (plus) production to be considered as a road show attraction for 20th-Fox. . . . "This is one of the major points I will take up with the sales department," Zanuck emphasized in his conference with the trade press. He hopes to send the film out on its hard ticket play-dates around July or August. In its final release length, Zanuck expects "The Longest Day" to run somewhere between three and three-and-a-half hours. . . . Knowing that members of Congress recently criticized the use of American troops in the filming of a commercial motion picture Zanuck said, "Of the 2,000 troops used in the film, 1,000 were American soldiers. They worked with the consent of our Government, -- and, according to military law they could not be paid."

**"State Fair" with  
Pat Boone, Bobby Darin, Pamela Tiffin,  
Ann-Margret, Tom Ewell, Alice Faye**  
(20th Century-Fox, April; 118 mins.)

VERY GOOD. It's a long, long time between films like this one. How good it is to see and feel, once again, the beauty, the simplicity and warmth that can be woven into something that gladdens the heart, skyrockets the spirits and gives you such a big, big lift to the heights of joyously relaxing movie entertainment. It's all as fresh and clean as the lyrics that lead to the arrival of the Spring of which one of the eleven songs deal. As the scenic grandeur of the locales spread themselves on the screen in the rich tapestry of DeLuxe's color, the tunes lend their melodic beauty that blend story, scenery and song together with a wistfully beautiful smoothness seldom found in films these days. You get this bountiful package in this wondrous adventure. Yes, there are the cynics who may call all this "schmaltz" or corn. But, no matter how you call it, it spells box office on a big scale. It's hometown stuff, humble houses clinging to their mother earth; the brooding, quiet roads that stretch away from it; the generation after generation that follows; the sameness but never the boredom. Nobody wants to go anyplace else. The young ones are as gay as crickets; the older ones, with each new day, as happy as a kid on his first trip down to the fishing pond. The tune "This Isn't Heaven" should have been given the positive verb.

There's only one event that means almost life itself to these fine Texas farmers,--the yearly State Fair. That is the big, big red-letter day on the family calendar. Dad (Tom Ewell) has his entry to worry about,--a mammoth pig, Blue Boy. Ma (Alice Faye) is not without her sleepless nights what with her mincemeat as a contestant. Son (Pat Boone) is going in for the car racing event. The only one left without any competitive urge is daughter (Pamela Tiffin). You almost became part of their sublimely-felt, inward content from the outer glow of their happiness. The beauty of the way the simple story is told acts almost like an alchemy with the way you're drawn into the proceedings. At last, the hour of the Fair is nearly at hand, and the family rolls out to meet up with its excitement, challenges and the kind of fair-living that makes us big-city yokels feel as if it were invented by Texans for Texans only. As a matter of fact, this fair, as depicted in the film, will do more for Texas than its famous ten-gallon hat did for Stetson.

--and so, as the song rings out, we're at "Our State Fair." Mama wins the mincemeat prize (with the help of some strong spiking). Papa almost loses the blue ribbon when Blue Boy gets romantically frisky. Boone doesn't mind his loss on the track, by this time he feels he has won the greatest prize of them all, lovely Ann-Margret. He loses her later to his hometown girl. Miss Tiffin has won her man of the world, Bobby Darin, who hasn't journeyed further than the close remotes of his Tv station. There's your story. Simple. Clean. Homespun. Also, there's your salute to the players and a mighty big one for all because of what they did with their roles in the film to make it a winner.

No one steals anything from anyone else. In their order of billing, Boone gives a likable, ingratiating

performance. He delivers a tune with soothing, smooth harmony. Darin, while he doesn't sing too much, comes through convincingly as the fast-talking Tv announcer. Miss Tiffin, truly as pretty as a picture, continues to grow in professional stature with each succeeding assignment. Ann-Margret is a stunner, if ever there were one. Ewell,--well a seasoned pro will always remain one. It was good to see Alice Faye back in front of the cameras, once again. Wally Cox in the brief scene he was in helped himself to more than a mess of tasty, tangy mincemeat. Filmed in Cinema-Scope, colored by DeLuxe this should roll up some mighty big grosses.

Produced by Charles Brackett; directed by José Ferrer; screenplay by Richard Breen; from a novel by Philip Stong; music by Richard Rodgers; lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II.

General patronage.

**"Last Year at Marienbad," with  
Delphine Seyrig, Giorgio Albertazzi,  
Sacha Pitoeff**

(Astor, Current; 93 mins.)

FAIR. We can't conceive a Hollywood producer walking in to the bossman of his studio, handing him a film treatment of this "what's-it-all-about" confusion and saying, -- "Let's make a picture out of it." Depending on how much respect the big man may have for the producer, he'd undoubtedly proceed to throw him out of the office or send for the little man with the white coat. Only in Europe can something like this become a reality. It's of the dream stuff, that can give way to a downright nightmare if you want to go along with the exposition of this plot-structure, if you can call it that. It's a "think" theme that takes you 'way, 'way out there if you're of a mind that's willing to go along.

To be sure, this will have its followers. It may even develop a new type of movie-viewer,--become completely confused, wander aimlessly with the strange characters through their plot-structural labyrinths of so-called artistic abstractions and wind up singing its praises. Such goings-on, of course, must be reserved for the art theatre. To say that something is different,--which this sure is,--is not to say that it is of the stuff that brings its element of movie entertainment. We don't aim to be facetious in going off on this tack of criticism. We're just confused. The dialogue (narration) is in French. There are English subtitles. There is a brooding poetic-like beauty to the black-and-white photography.

There is the woman (Delphine Seyrig) who is pursued by a stranger (Giorgio Albertazzi). He insists that they met before, a year ago. There is this woman's husband (Sacha Pitoeff). The stranger's mission is to take this very desirable woman away. He unfolds fantastic stories of what was between them, in the past, and slowly she begins to believe him. She becomes frightened of it all and comes to her husband for help. But, he's occupied in the gambling casino. This is a victory for the stranger whose persuasive powers has her mesmerized, almost. He will now possess her. The husband doesn't seem to mind, he is doing well at the card-tables. To be sure, the plot is not as simple as all that. Interwoven are philosophical meandering, dream-drenched flashbacks, hypnotic illusions, symbolism and other deep-thought



ingredients that make the going quite rough for one who seeks the outposts of emotionally calm relaxation when going to a movie,--even perhaps one within the portals of an art house.

Produced by Pierre Courau and Raymond Froment; directed by Alain Resnais; screenplay by Alain Robbe-Grillet.

Adults.

#### “Rome Adventure” with

**Troy Donahue, Angie Dickinson, Rossano Brazzi, Suzanne Pleshette, Constance Ford**  
(Warner Bros., Current; 119 mins.)

GOOD. You know nothing terribly exciting is going to happen in this one romance-wise, in spite of the fact that an excitement-bent librarian from an American college lost her job because she allowed a student to read a forbidden book about love. So, this lovely librarian picks herself up and sails for Italy “where they know all about love.” But, the object of her romantic affections is Troy Donahue, and the big, blonde hunk of handsome man plays it as righteously and decently as would the girl’s own brother. So, this one as a story laid in Rome, follows a plot-structural pattern that is serene, smoothly spun, nicely told, quite clean, and,--to repeat, nothing to get terribly excited about. But, it has lovely people portraying their roles, producer-director-writer Delmar Daves used some breathtaking exteriors, actually shot in Rome. It all comes to life with vivid beauty via the use of Technicolor.

Suzanne Pleshette is introduced in this one. She comes from Broadway and makes her transition to the films with wistful ease. She’s a lovely brunette. Troy Donahue is still on his way to dramatic development although his progress seems to be rather slow. He delivers his dialogue sometimes in mumbly-monotone manner and some of the passages get lost. It’s to be remembered, however, that Donahue is strong at the box office what with that big teenage following he’s built up. Rossano Brazzi is the continental gallant who knows nearly all the answers about love. When the chips are down, he plays it almost fatherly. Angie Dickinson is quite competent, as is Constance Ford. Al Hirt, the bearded trumpet man, makes a brief appearance. All the breath-taking exteriors were shot in Italy.

The dismissed librarian (Suzanne Pleshette) is in Rome at last for that great adventure. She stays at a place where Troy Donahue is polishing up on some extra curricula architecture. She means nothing to him, for all her loveliness. He already has a girl friend (Angie Dickinson). She knows a lot about love, but is returning to America leaving Donahue quite a disconsolate man. In the meantime Rossano Brazzi is trying to make those romantic bells ring in the heart of Miss Pleshette. It’s no go. Finally, she dates with Donahue. As a mark of his integrity he buys Miss Pleshette a candelabra. They take it with them wherever they go. Soon, they realize that they are in love. When August rolls around, they spend the holiday together roaming Italy. It’s all good, clean stuff. But, suddenly Miss Dickinson returns to reclaim her man (Donahue). It almost breaks the trusting heart of Miss Pleshette. She wants to go back to Brazzi, but he makes her see that true love is quite another thing. Miss Pleshette is ready to return home. When she

gets to New York waiting for her are her parents,--and Donahue, with the candelabra.

Produced, directed, written for the screen by Delmar Daves; based on the novel by Irving Fineman.

General patronage.

#### “Premature Burial” with

**Ray Milland, Hazel Court, Heather Angel**  
(American International, March; 82 mins.)

GOOD. That expert at matters horrible, Roger Corman, who was responsible for such films as “The House of Usher,” “The Pit and the Pendulum” and others, has come through again with another real shocker in this film based on the work of that master of the macabre, the poet of horror, Edgar Allen Poe. That deft, smoothly paced actor, Ray Milland, is on hand to help put the tale of terror across capably. He is very ably aided and abetted by a competent cast. As if that were not enough, there is also a bold and able quality of direction present. Added to that are the very impressive production values and settings to help make the release really gripping. There are grisly, ghastly interludes. They should get quite an exciting reaction from the horror fans. Exhibitors have a chance to use all kinds of gimmicks to help in the selling of this one. The resulting box office tally could be impressive. The Panavision photography in Eastman Color is quite good.

Ray Milland and Dr. Richard Ney are present in a graveyard as Dr. Alan Napier oversees the uncovering of a coffin. When it is opened it reveals that its occupant must have been buried alive according to the bloody scrapings on the underside of the coffin lid. Milland, who has always had a fear of being buried alive, shuts himself away refusing to see even his fiancée, Hazel Court. When he does see her, he explains that he is afraid to wed her because of the strange ways his ancestors met death. Also because he has a fear of inheriting catalepsy. It’s obvious, his sister, Heather Angel, doesn’t care for Miss Court and she tries to discourage her. Miss Court insists that she loves Milland and wants to marry him. He finally agrees, but refuses to leave on a honeymoon and concentrates instead on building a tomb from which he can escape should he be buried prematurely. Miss Court convinces him that his obsession is unfounded and that he should destroy the tomb or lose her. Ney uses a laboratory in Milland’s home and he tries to calm him. He also tries to dispel Milland’s fears by suggesting a visit to his father’s crypt. When it is opened, a skeleton falls out and Milland collapses. He is declared dead and buried, but he is actually in a cataleptic state. When grave robbers hired by Napier show up soon after he is buried, he is freed and he kills them and Napier. He then goes to see Miss Court and finds her trying to make love to Ney, who isn’t having any. Milland takes her out, ties her and buries her alive in his vacant grave. Ney follows and engages him in a battle. Miss Angel shoots him fatally and admits to the surviving Ney that she suspected it was Miss Court, who was using various devices to bring on Milland’s attack and his premature burial.

Produced and directed by Roger Gorman; screenplay by Charles Beaumont and Roy Russell based on the story by Edgar Allen Poe.

Adults.

## Toll-Tv Gains...

(Continued from Front Page)

of Connecticut, from that moment on, threw themselves into the fight with all their might. They know what a threat this can be to their business. With \$50 spent for the image unscrambler and maintenance alone, by the subscriber-families, there goes the amount the average family may well spend all year 'round for regular movie entertainment. We're not including costs per program which the pay-Tv enthusiast would be shelling out at the end of every month via a tape recorder on the Tv set which will add up the times tuned in on the Fonevision feed.

There was irony in the timing of a statement of the beloved elder statesman (one of the very few remaining pioneers of this great industry)—Adolph Zukor. Preceding, by a few days, the U.S. Court of Appeals decision, the 89-year old respected wise man of the film business he helped to found, nurture, guide was besought by reporters (in Hollywood) for his opinions on the state of our business, right now. Of the many things he said, one has its ironic thought-association with what followed out of Washington re the toll-Tv experiment a few days later.

### Adolph Zukor Extolls Toll-Tv

Naturally, the nature of product coming out of the Paramount studios was of great concern to Zukor. He spoke highly of what should be reaching the screens of the nation's theatres in the months ahead. But, he also spoke of the heavy concentration his company was giving the matter of toll-Tv. In Paramount's case it's via the International Telemeter Company which is wholly owned by the movie company. While the story of Telemeter's experiment up in Etobicoke (a suburb of Toronto) is pretty well known, this too was a development in the realm of toll-Tv that played itself out this week.

Telemeter had some costly talent it was holding for some pay-Tv programming. It offered this same talent (for free) to the free Tv operators, the Canadian Broadcasting Company. The talent was to do only interviews on CBC, no entertaining, no performing. The free Tv network grabbed up this American talent which in turn exploited their appearance on toll-Tv's Etobicoke outlet. Such a strange paradox of free-Tv helping toll-Tv could hardly ever happen in the United States a Paramount spokesman said. To be sure, the Hartford victory gave reason for Telemeter's upper-echelon to express their happiness.

### Exhibitors Stand Up to a Fight

But, exhibitor forces are not that easily dismayed. To be sure, on several fronts the forces against toll-Tv have suffered setbacks. But, the battle against this invasion of the box office has hardly begun. Nor should the exhibitor fool himself into thinking that since this is not alone his fight, that he will get help from the networks whose way of economic progress will also be threatened if toll-Tv begins making a bid for the listening audiences. Where channel clearances can be had (via F.C.C. blessing) then the entrée into the homes of set-owners will be that much easier. Ten dollars a year to unscramble an image is not too high a price to pay by those who seek entertainment Tv change that gives promise of new excitements.

The big threat is to be able to by-pass the wire or cable feed into the homes of the subscribers. If that

## Release Schedule . . .

(Continued from Front Page)

### Blueprints of Promise Get Blurred

Even to the disbeliever, the year looked as if it would be a good one release-wise. The run of the product already gone out had a goodly number of quality releases which gave everybody a chance to make a dollar. But, the swing of time's pendulum may well be against the hopes of the luncheon-throwing optimists by the time the next six months have run their course. All of spring, and those long summer months are ahead of us. But, it is doubtful that there will be sufficient product to give box offices the shot-in-the-arm new, well-exploited pictures have a habit of doing.

Delays in getting some pictures started will cut into the releasing schedules of some companies. The inability to complete stories that were to meet the '62 schedule will add to the woe of the distributor. Some studios were the victim of circumstances that will take their toll on the number of releases that may not be able to come through at all this year. To be sure, the studios would like to meet their quotas. Some will still be able to make it before the distribution season will be over. But, for a few it will be mighty tough sledding. Meaning, of course, that the exhibitor may not be getting the promised new releases he was banking on when those nice luncheon speeches found their way into the trade prints.

If the present doesn't look so promising, what effect will this have on the future? It's quite natural to expect that the 1962-'63 semester won't be able to pick up the slack of the season gone by. If anything, the year ahead may prove worse (release-wise) than the year going by. Yes, there will be speeches and luncheons and statements. But, will there be pictures? From the looks of things, there will be much less than will be needed. Of the nearly hundred releases that should be reaching the theatres before the new season sets in, perhaps 50% of that may not come through.

### Will Companies Hold Back Releases?

What is feared, is that some companies, knowing that they may not be able to turn out a desired number of films next year, will hold back on a few as a sort-of protective shot. When trying to pin company heads down to the reasons for the slow-up in releases the excuses, all with the ironic logic created by the ever-shifting circumstances of this unpredictable business of ours, run from the dearth of the proper box office talent, to the right director, to the final satisfactory shaping of the costly story itself. If it exists, you don't hear of it, but money doesn't seem to be one of the reasons why production is lagging behind.

While all this is going on, there come forth the announcements of this and that new independent unit setting itself up in business to make films and help pick up the release slack. The most important of these new-comers to production is the theatremen's own production setup, -- the American Congress of Exhibitors. While the organization is beginning to take shape, it will be quite a while before actual product from this unit finds its way to the screens of the theatres.

can come to pass, like in Hartford, then the toll-Tv forces have made gains that will prove quite costly to the theatres of the nation.



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Martin Starr, Editor

A REVIEWING SERVICE FREE FROM THE INFLUENCE OF FILM ADVERTISING

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No. 11

## Press Conference

Outside of the business of government, there is hardly an industry that makes as much use of the "press conference" as does the motion picture. Playing it big and often are production and distribution. The third leg of the industrial tripod, exhibition, doesn't make as much use of this journalistic implement as do the other two.

There isn't a week that the trade press isn't called in for several of these press conferences. Producers launching what they think are important films; movie-makers having completed what they are now sure are big money makers; company presidents; distribution heads; old hands at the business of making films launching new projects, they all serve as protagonists in these journalistic dramas. To be sure, they are all launched with serious intent. Each in his own, innocent way of thinking is quite sure that what he is saying will be of importance to the film industry, especially the exhibitor.

More wordage is aimed at this valuable bird of prey (the man who presents the movies in the theatres of the nation) than the buckshot of happy hunters at the rich plumage of open season in the hills and valleys of the land of abundance. That much of the lineage that finally finds its way into the trade fonts is of importance to the exhibitor, there can be no doubt. That some of it may be lost because of moment-crammed schedules of busy theatre operators is regrettable. But, the press conference continues to be the handiest device of getting your story across to the rest of the trade. If it continues to be a rather important implement it's because of the manner in which the trade press treats these calls to duty.

### All Nature of Press Conferences

Whether preceded by a sumptuous luncheon atop of some mammoth skyscraper where the cocktail prelude is protocol, or held in the executive offices of the boss-man, the trade corps always responds with a professional obeisance that does the host proud. When the top names are slated to make the statements, most of the trade editors themselves go along with their reporters. While the latter does the story, his boss may sometimes find reason to hammer out an editorial where the personal opinion can be dealt with away from the straight news.

Since most of the interviewees represent companies that are advertisers in these trade journals, it can be said, makes for one of the main reasons for the all-out press coverage. It should be remembered however, that that is not always the case. Many a small advertiser, and a few who have no budgets for any kind of a showing in the trades, are not bypassed when they

(Continued on Back Page)

## Exhibs Take Up Our Cry

With the recent completion of "State Fair" the talk began gathering momentum at the 20th Century-Fox home office, that practically all of the upper echelon, especially those of the sales department, were for putting the Rodgers and Hammerstein melody play out on the road as a hard-ticket property. The talk not only reached the man from *Harrison's Reports*, but many exhibitors.

The latter lost no time in expressing their disappointment. It was so bitter that it almost bordered on loss of faith in Spyros P. Skouras, boss-man of the company. A fortnight ago, in an article in this paper, we relayed these exhibitor feelings adding a few of our own. The other day, C. Glenn Norris, as general sales manager of 20th-Fox, made *Harrison's Reports* feel as if we helped score a victory against the hard-ticket situation because of the effect our story against the practice had on exhibitor-subscribers.

### Norris Quotes Story in This Paper

Said Norris to us: "During the few days following the appearance of *Harrison's Reports'* commentary apropos hard-ticket policy for 'State Fair' numerous exhibitors called and agreed that 'State Fair' is definitely

(Continued on Page 43)

## Cold, Commercial Plugs in Films

We've spoken about this in our reviews on many an occasion. Two of the nation's most popular soft drinks are the beneficiary of bold plugs, in films, that should be worth big money to the manufacturers. The trade-marks, in all manner of design are sometimes brought right up close to the cameras . . . All this, (repeated so often of late) can't be just by sheer accident. To be sure, the billposters and the splicers employed by the soft-drink companies are all over hammering, pasting, inserting the well-known sell-slogans of their employers. On occasion, a camera may spoil a realistic scene if it didn't pick up the "commercial." But, there's been too much of this commercialism, of late . . . One is almost ready to say much of it may be by design. It has brought forth complaints from not only the exhibitors, but observant film reporters on newspapers. There's been some films that have even woven cold, commercial plugs into the dialogue. The individual producers of these films with their commercial plugs have too little to gain (via the alleged "payola") compared to how much movies, as a whole, has got to lose if this practice is not blacked out, pronto!

**"Hitler" with**

**Richard Basehart, Maria Emo, Cordula Trantow**  
(Allied Artists, March; 106 mins.)

FAIR. One of history's most infamous monsters stands unveiled in this character study and analysis that dwells more on the man and less on his misdeeds. Not only are his moments of madness reported in detail, but his personal sex life (historically established as abnormal) is a subject of conversation and intimation. He is shown surrounded by the others in the cabinet of murderers the infamy of which the world will never forget. Each, in his own way, helps guide the seeker of power ably portrayed by Richard Basehart. The women in his life, a niece, Cordula Trantow, and Maria Emo as Eva Braun, provide the prophetically pitiful touches to the presentation. While the atrocities of the maniacal beast are played down, there are several scenes containing human bestiality at its worst. To be sure, there's some library footage showing the might he promoted and the venomous hatreds he swung into action against the helpless victims who stood in his way. There are many moments of interest; the cast is efficient; direction and production capable. It looks as though it should be a good addition to the program where audiences are of a mind to accept this mild expose and where the subject matter is of sufficient interest to bring on action at the box office. Its conversations and sometime static quality are not for the very young morally or from an interest viewpoint. Photography, of average quality.

Richard Basehart as Adolph Hitler becomes a political force in Germany after World War One. He seeks, almost tender romantic involvement with his niece, Cordula Trantow. An Oedipus maladjustment renders him impotent. He has her killed after confessing this to her. His climb to power is detailed. His next romantic attraction is for a photographer's clerk, Maria Emo as Eva Braun. Her overtures revolt him and when he goes to send her away, she tries to commit suicide by slashing her wrists. She is forced to remain with him. On the death of President von Hindenburg, Hitler seizes power. This is not according to historical Hoyle, -- and, as we know, not long after, he invades and conquers much of Europe. When his march is reversed, his generals are threatened with death. Convinced that he is mad, they make an attempt on his life which is unsuccessful although he comes out of it, wounded and crippled. Hitler and Fraulein Emo take refuge in his bunker where she persuades him to marry her and as the Allies close in, they die together and their bodies are cremated.

Produced by E. Charles Straus; directed by Stuart Heisler from a screenplay by Sam Neuman.

Adults and young adults.

**"Experiment in Terror" with**

**Glenn Ford, Lee Remick, Stephanie Powers,**  
**Ross Martin**

(Columbia, April; 123 mins.)

GOOD. The F.B.I. sleuth got his man, but not the girl. It was an interesting switch considering that the government man is Glenn Ford and the girl around whom revolves an attempt to steal \$100,000 from the bank in which she works, is lovely Lee Remick. But, this whole cops-(F.B.I.) and-robbers story has several different little twists -- from the ordinary -- that just

about gives it a "good" rating in the evaluation of mysteries. Here and there it lags a little, and a shortening up of running time would have helped. But, you like the way Ford goes about his work considering that the story-line doesn't give him much to lean on. The usual wise-cracking of the detective squad, judiciously, has been omitted from this yarn, which is in its favor. The approach to would-be-crime solution is a serious one. We see the government men going about the very difficult business of starting from scratch, as they do here, and tracking down the cold-blooded, ruthless criminal whose method of operation was not easy to find in the extensive files of the agency. He had a unique way of playing out his drama of crime. The photography is first rate and gives the action (fast-moving most of the time) a mystery tempo that falls in line with the dramatic impact of the story. The hills, wharves, winding narrow streets of San Francisco were caught with compelling force giving the proceedings the power of reality.

This pretty young bank teller (Lee Remick) is picked by the murderous man to embezzle the \$100,000 from the bank which employs her. If she fails the criminal her younger sister (Stephanie Powers) is in danger, too. Miss Remick contacts the F.B.I. and agent Glenn Ford goes to work. There are meetings arranged between the bad man and Miss Remick. The plans don't mesh, and there's more threatening by the criminal whose identity is now known to the F.B.I. He's a dangerous ex-convict, murderer named Red Lynch (Ross Martin). The criminal thinks nothing of murdering his own sister. In his attempt to help the government men a derelict (Ned Glass) is killed by a hired gunman, who (in turn) is shot by Ford. One of Martin's sweethearts (an Oriental woman) is located. She refuses to be of any help to Ford because the criminal had footed the medical expenses for her crippled son. But, Martin is finally trapped. By this time he was holding Miss Powers a prisoner to make sure that her sister (Miss Remick) would not doublecross him on the bank hoist. The young sister is released unharmed. The criminal was no amateur in arranging for getting the money from the young bank clerk. In a quiet place like Candlestick Park (San Francisco) during an actual night game between the Dodgers and the San Francisco Giants. The bad man knows that both the local police and the F.B.I. will be hampered in their chances of getting at him lest innocent people be injured if there is any gun-play. But, Ford and his aides trap the criminal. As he realizes that there's nothing left for him to do but try to escape, the guns of the F.B.I. aided by a helicopter, bring him down. The two girls are safe now.

Produced and directed by Blake Edwards; screenplay by The Gordons based on their novel, "Operation Terror." General patronage.

**"Jessica" with**

**Maurice Chevalier, Angie Dickinson, Agnes Moorehead, Noel-Noel, Danielle De Metz**

(United Artists, April; 112 mins.)

FAIR. The Greeks may have had a word for it when they pulled their "Lysistrata" on the men folk, but the young, buxom Italian women (in this one) didn't do too well with the Aristophanes form of biological abstinence. While there were a few blackened eyes (worn by the women) and their husbands



showed up after the first night of the resolve of no mating, with some facial scratches, when the weak story wove its way to its belabored end, we saw the young women, as they stood in church, in a condition that was not far away from child-labor. It was a little overplayed, (if not somewhat embarrassing) as was most of the story, -- overplayed in its weaknesses. In fact, child-bearing forms the basis of the story. It's when Angie Dickinson ("Jessica") decides to become a midwife in a small Italian village that all the trouble begins.

She is alluring, suggestive in the manner in which she straddles her motor scooter and throws panic into the hearts of the women-folk whose husbands are thrown for all kinds of losses every time she passes them. But, she does well as a midwife. Besides, she has the protection of the understanding Father of the small community (Maurice Chevalier). This saucy tale of "Jessica" must have read well before it went into production. But, it fails to stand up as a strong vehicle with its full measure of entertainment. To be sure, Miss Dickinson, who has been getting around of late (being in several current releases) gives a pleasing account of herself. Chevalier, of course, always lends authoritative strength to a role. It helps lessens the overall weakness of the presentation. Miss Moorehead doesn't do much in this one. Danielle De Metz, is an alluring young voluptuary who needs histrionic seasoning. The rest of the cast do well. In spots the syncing of the Italian characters is bad. Filmed in parts of Italy in Panavision-Technicolor, pictorially it is a thing of beauty to behold.

-- and so, we have this lovely midwife (Angie Dickinson) who does well with the babies but not with their mothers. The women-folk are all for getting her out of town. They've already chased their husbands out of the bedroom because the men are too attentive to this midwife. The moratorium on love is over soon. It falls upon Chevalier to tell the owner of Miss Dickinson's cottage to make her give up the place. He lives in a sprawling castle and is the big man of the small town. At a wedding they meet, fall in love and want to continue seeing each other. The usual complications set in, a few misunderstandings make things a little rough, love-wise, but the two know they're meant for each other and they'll get married. As Miss Dickinson looks at the ladies, who are no longer worried, she knows that she'll be a busy midwife.

Produced and directed by Jean Negulesco; screenplay by Edith Sommers from the novel "The Midwife of Pont Clery" by Flora Sandstrom.

General patronage.

**"Through a Glass Darkly" with  
Harriet Andersson, Gunnar Bjornstrand,  
Max von Sydow, Lars Passgard  
(Janus Films, Current; 91 mins.)**

FAIR. In his native Sweden Ingmar Bergman is the darling of the intellectuals. His approach to life, via the cinema, has given critics reason to refer to him as a genius. His fame, with his special kind of followers, has blanketed the movie houses which we, here, would call "arties." Of late, Bergman has also become the darling of those who seem to know whither they're going when they follow one of his themes here in America. In many a metropolitan area, you may even

find newspaper critics who'll run to their typewriter (roof-tops) and shout his praises in adjectival tones that make us wonder, sometimes, whether we've seen the same Bergman opus. The Swedish movie-man loses us in this one, his latest. It deals with insanity. Since he not only directed the film, but also wrote its strange story, we get his version coming and going with what goes on in a person's mind, why her behavior when she's going stark mad. At times you're reminded of a strange era during the life of Mark Twain when he felt that half of the world was going mad. Asked for proof, the humorist, in all seriousness, said, -- "because the other half says so." Bergman lays a repulsively heavy hand on his plot-structure. His character delineation is harsh and cruel, degrading and sordid. To top it off, an incestuous interlude plays itself out with disgusting impact. If Bergman is making films with the intent to entertain the viewers, then he better be ready for what limited returns art house patronage can produce with something like this entry. Photography, fair.

Harriet Andersson is slowly going mad. She's afflicted with a state of schizophrenia and beyond cure. Her father (Gunnar Bjornstrand), a novelist, seems more concerned with what he's writing. While her husband (Max von Sydow) is worried, he finds that she has lost all affection for him. The fourth character is her younger brother (Lars Passgard) who, as he begins worrying about his manhood, for he is at that age, is her victim of an incestuous experience. It all plays itself out rather repellingly. You come away from the presentation confused and disturbed enough to feel, that for all the uniquely different approach to story telling, you've had a depressing, highly disappointing evening of it. Even God is woven into the story when the father tries to wash away the guilt that is hounding his son by explaining that the Maker is not without full knowledge that there can be all kinds of strange love. In fact, the title itself constitutes part of a Corinthian passage: "For now we see through a glass darkly." The running dialogue (in Swedish) is backed by English subtitles.

Produced by Svensk Filmindustri; directed and written by Ingmar Bergman. Adults.

## **Exhibs Take Up Cry...**

(Continued from Front Page)

nitely hard-ticket quality. However, they assured us, that if the picture is made available on a non-hard-ticket basis they will assume the obligation for merchandising the picture in a manner that will assure an even greater return to 20th Century-Fox than could be achieved via the hard-ticket handling."

Norris called his associates together and studied the situation very carefully. He advised us that because of the assurances of the exhibitors to help put this big release over in a big way that the company acceded to their request to put "State Fair" into general release.

It is to be remembered, that in mid-February when Marshall Fine, young president of the Allied States Association of Motion Picture Exhibitors, had his series of talks with company heads regarding the hard-ticket situation which was plaguing exhibition the country over, one of Fine's most serious discussions of the situation (hard ticket) was with the upper echelon of 20th Century-Fox.

## Press Conference...

(Continued from Front Page)

have reason to call a press conference. The feeling of the assignment editors is that you can never tell when there's a good story in the session, -- something that should reach the rest of the trade, the exhibitors especially.

Which brings us to a disquieting reaction we've been hearing about for quite some time. Of late, it has grown a little louder and stronger: the motion picture industry has too many trade papers. Nonsense! A multi-billion dollar business like ours needs a good inter-trade coverage. It needs its trade papers. There is too much important news generated for it not to be covered, reported on and sent out to those who ply their trade in all branches of it. What sage tribunal, sitting on high, can determine whether we have too many or too few trade papers?

### Trade News Reliable Guideposts for All

To be sure, there are some very busy people who don't have too much time for most of the trade paper reading that reaches out for their attention. But, no matter how treadmillish the work-a-day schedule of even these busy, busy, busy people there is some trade journal which they favor and whose news and other reportage they follow. We can't conceive of any enterprising exhibitor (since the trades are aimed at him) going about his work without a desire of wanting to know what are the latest and most important developments in his own industry. The man who bypasses, completely, the trade sheets with their yield of informative, instructive, intelligent material may almost be accused of bypassing some of the important phases of his own business operation.

There are those who may say, that by defending the others (trade papers) we of *Harrison's Reports* are solidifying our own position. That would not be the case, since this trade pillar is quite unlike the others if only because we carry no advertising. -- and yet, who of us are so strong that we have no need for some additional strength. But, no matter what the trade paper, it stands, or will fall on the nature of service it renders its readers. It's the oldest measure of existence in all fields of journalism, -- what services of value does the pillar deliver to the subscriber.

### Industry's Dedicated Trade Press Big Asset

The motion picture industry is endowed with a dedicated trade press. Of that, the people in the business should be proud. Let them compare our trade press with the sheets covering other major industries and they could judge for themselves. These have been struggling days, economically speaking, for all of the trade press. But, its editorial principles, its reportorial integrity have not been affected. They stand strong and stalwart for the proper, impartial, serious coverage of the industry no matter what the lessening yield in revenue with each passing year.

Each paper to its own editorial policy; each to its particular style of writing. There are those pillars (of the old school) which believe in a trade sheet that holds fearlessly to the line of service. There are those that don't allow a sluggish approach to a story (press interview) no matter how seemingly uninteresting. There are those which hammer away with intense ferocity to get at the facts. But, no matter what the individual approach, or the style, the film trade press,

## Personal Journalism

Whatever the woes of the exhibitors in Israel, they still don't have to worry about television. Thanks to Premier David Ben-Gurion, while he can help it, there'll be no Tv in his land. Nor are theatre operators over there without their measure of deep appreciation . . . Here, the story continues to be one of worry to the exhibitor, especially on Saturday night. The big splashes in the newspapers heralding the arrival of this or that television "premiere" on the network outlet inundates the skimpy space taken even by the first-run theatres . . . True, your advertising budget doesn't usually call for a big splash on Saturday. With the networks it's different. They do a powerfully big sell on the idea of staying home to see these great movies . . . Try to dissect these cleverly conceived (but misleading, nevertheless) ads in the newspapers and you'd think that the films never held to the local movie screens years ago.

The Joint Committee Against Toll-Tv sees the medium as doomed if for only one reason, -- first run motion pictures. "While we cannot read the minds of the distributors, and while they are continuing to profit from the box office receipts of the theatres, pay-Tv is doomed to failure if it cannot get first run movies." This was the highlight of Philip F. Harling's (chairman of the anti-toll-Tv committee) report to the board and executive committee of the Theatre Owners of America sitting in mid-winter session . . . Sponsors of toll-Tv, however, have emphasised that their programs will be made up of an assortment of entertainment attractions. Sports will be a major unit in programming, they announced. Live entertainment and some of the pattern followed in the Etobicoke (Toronto) experiment will make up the pay-Tv presentations said some of the other spokesmen for the medium . . . That first-run motion pictures will play an important part in attracting subscribers, there can be no doubt. The day when toll-Tv operators can pool their program-costs and be able to make a bid for the first run films will depend on how many outlets the medium will have. For the while, that day is a long way off. Time continues to be on the side of the embattled exhibitor.

as a whole, is one of deep sincerity and consideration for the people who make the news. The trade press is concerned with the impact of its output on the reader.

It is a pity that in some circles our trade press is not given more respect and greater attention. It is even a more ironic tragedy that the trade papers of the motion picture industry are not given more concrete support. The heartbeat of an industry, is its trade press. Subdue it and you thwart progress. Support it and you sustain your own industrial way of life and economic happiness.



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Vol. XLIV

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No. 12

## Spring Is Here!

This should be a gladsome, pleasurable time of year for the enterprising exhibitor. For, just as his neighbors are puttering around in their gardens, putting new trims to their lawns, fences, backyards, ravaged by the harsh winter just gone by, so should the theatre operator realize that spring is the time of year for him too to refurbish, repaint, rebeautify his house.

Just as the trucks with their tall ladders from the department of parks are roaming the streets looking for dead branches on trees, dismembering them with their electric saws, to preserve the beauty of the trees, so should the exhibitor call in his painters, carpenters, decorators (where necessary) and give his theatre the trimmings it needs to make it sparkingly attractive and compellingly inviting.

The winds of winter, the snows and gales have a habit of smudging up things. The theatre, in the neighborhood, should be the first to welcome the arrival of spring with paint and repair, cleanliness and freshness. This refurbishing ode to spring should not be limited only to the front of the house where the wintry elements may have done their greatest damage. There are endless things that can be done inside the theatre to make it the most inviting place in the whole community.

### Good Pictures Couldn't Battle Bad Winter

Exhibitors have been telling us, that this could have been a more rewarding winter (box office-wise, of course) had it not been for the weather. In some sections of the country, the winter gone by swept down with the destructive turbulence of a monster. The theatre-going habit gave way to the comforts of home with its mesmerism of Tv. Revenues fell, of course. Yet, these same exhibitors found reason to praise the quality of the product that had been coming through for all the stay-at-home weather that took its toll at the box office.

True, yesterday's empty seat with its loss of admission price cannot be made up on the morrow. What's lost is gone. But, with every new day a bigger yield can result if the proper approaches are made to the movie-goer. He will be leaving his home more often, -- thanks to the inviting weather. All roads usually lead to the one on which the theatre is situated. Let it be a clean, inviting, beckoning beacon on the outside for the many goodnesses he (and his family) will find on the inside.

Besides the physical refurbishing and improvement given the theatres, as this clean, inspiring season of spring sets in, there is the house personnel to consider.

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## Films Feed Fat on Plays

Whenever the unsuccessful Broadway entrepreneur wails to the gods of Apollo that that "fabulous invalid" the theatre, is growing ever weaker and the final stages of anemia is setting in, the picture makers out Hollywood way let out a howl you can hear all the way back in the alcoves of the angels (playbackers).

There will always be a Broadway if only because there will always be a Hollywood with its astronomical offers for the plays that have stood up on the Big Street for a reasonable number of performances. Even some of the weakies of the legitimate stage have been bought and made into movies the productional principle being that it is safer to play with something that already has played itself out before audiences than attempt something original. To Hollywood, doing an original is more for the inexperienced who wants to gamble blindly.

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## Exhibs Should Know Local Politicos

Republican or Democrat, your money is equally welcome at the box office. To be sure, the theatre as a public-gathering institution in a community walks the middle of the road, politically. But, the exhibitor as an individual has his freedom of party choice. He asserts it when he votes . . . This will be an embattled year for the candidates running for election to a seat in their State Senate or House of Representatives (State). The plan being urged upon the exhibitor-members of the Independent Theatre Owners of Ohio (an Allied unit) can well be adopted by theatre owners throughout the nation.--and, it's this: . . . Contact the opposing candidates at an early date. With diplomatic frankness find out where they stand on such matters that effect the theatre business. In some states there will be serious attempts to "push through" some sort of censorship. Last year, in Ohio, for instance, censorship cost the film industry \$345,000. The law-makers of some states would like to say, legally, to people under 21, "thou shalt not enter" a drive-in. Or, that drive-in theatres should close by midnight . . . It thus behooves the exhibitor to get to know the men running for office in his territory. To know the politicians, is to know where they stand on such vital matters affecting theatre business.

**"Forever My Love" with  
Romy Schneider, Karl Boehm**  
(Paramount, Current; 140 mins.)

**FAIR.** This is a lavish production that first got rolling before the cameras around 1953. Meaning, a mess of money was spent on it. The fact that this peppermint-stick story of the guilt and glory of Austria's Franz-Joseph era didn't come off can be blamed, in great measure, on one man, -- Ernst Marischka, although he had his productional troubles. Not unlike some of our own triple-threat men, he produced, directed and did the screenplay of this slice of history which the producers want us to believe is based on truth. Of box office handicap, in such a sprawling extravaganza, is the fact that there are no recognizable stars. Romy Schneider may be known to some. Also, perhaps, Karl Boehm. Eliminate this important box office factor, what have you got left? Story-structure? That's quite weak. Some of the dialogue is rather inane. Acting? It falters. Only at times do you feel yourself caught up in the trials, tribulations and near-tragedy of the Empress (Miss Schneider) whose beauty is one of the assets of a picture that should have come through with a more compelling force than the final results show. It is overly overlong. Boehm stands up fairly well as the Emperor Franz-Joseph who bent to the will of his wife. Subtitling an import, or dubbing the dialogue, each process has developed its faults. The former keeps your eyes glued too much to the bottom of the screen. The dubbing process, unless done expertly is sometimes ludicrous. There were passages (in this one) when the characters hardly moved their lips, yet there was a flow of dialogue rolling off the soundtrack. The synchronization was quite bad, to say the least. The film (in Technicolor) is gloriously beautiful in its scenic splendor and opulent magnitude. The cameras roamed Austria, Italy, Greece, the palaces of Vienna.

Scheming Sophie, Archduchess of Austria, sees her son become Emperor. She finds, what she thinks, is a suitable wife for him. He, in turn, finds himself a simple girl, Romy Schneider. They fall in love. It is when the announcement of his marriage is to take place that he learns that this girl of a lower station is -- the sister of the Princess he is supposed to marry. Boehm will have none of it. Soon, he marries Miss Schneider. She becomes a favorite of the people. In the palace itself, she is given to breaking traditions. But, she comes to the rescue of her husband in making difficult decisions of state. Internal strife rides the continent like a menacing storm. A Princess is born to the rulers. The Hungarians want to secede. The Empress wins them back. The happy days seem over for the royal couple. The Empress becomes ill. For a while it proved serious. Then she recovers. Crucial state visits must be made again. In Italy there is open opposition to the young monarchs. The Empress' winsome wisdom, her grace, charm and loveliness are the forces that win over the Italian populace. Peace for the turbulent continent seems secure. More in love than ever, they return home.

Produced, directed and written for the screen by Ernst Marischka.

General patronage.

**"Burn, Witch, Burn" with  
Janet Blair, Peter Wyngarde, Margaret Johnston**  
(American-Int'l, April; 90 mins.)

**POOR.** It is regrettable that the bossmen of this rapidly climbing independent didn't choose a more redeeming presentation than this one, when they gathered together many circuit heads (and the press) to tell us of their definite certainty that this year ('62) will see 21 of their pictures going out to the exhibitors. The psychological thriller was sneak previewed and it didn't come off well at all. The fault may well be that it tries to do too much, cover too wide a territory, be in too many places at the same time. The plot-pattern unravels itself with some of the major skeins getting all tangled up. The net results are quite confusing. Black magic, witchcraft, man's neuroses, the super-natural machinations, sorcery and superstition, hypnotic surrender, -- you name it, and this has it. Not that out of such ingredients a good, strong piece of exciting film entertainment can't result. But, the story failed to hold together. Loose ends were left hanging all over the screen when it was all over. To be sure, it has its spellbinding interludes. At times you feel that the very grappling with this theme probing the insight of the human weaknesses that can exist in man was a bold, daring and challenging undertaking. But, the net results are on the wrong side of the entertainment ledger. It fails to come off. There is an eerie aura to the photography. Janet Blair acquits herself as does the featured support.

Janet Blair loves her husband (Peter Wyngarde) madly. He's a college professor. She is in fear that some harm will come to him. To offset that, she accumulates a mess of good luck charms. Her husband destroys them. There soon follows a series of close-death accidents. All kinds of weird things begin happening to him. So much so, that the husband begins believing his wife's warnings of the danger he's in. His own wife, however, in a trance, wants to kill this ever-loving husband of hers. But, it is revealed that the wife of another professor has hypnotized Miss Blair into the near-homicidal act. A gargantuan gargoyle unmoors itself from its stone base and attacks Wyngarde. It returns to its place (atop of one of the entrances to the college) only to topple down on the trouble-making sorceress (Margaret Johnston). Wyngarde rushes home sure of the fact that now his wife is fully cured of the evilish black magic. What he doesn't know, is that behind her back she is holding on to a lucky amulet.

Produced by Albert Fennell; directed by Sidney Hayers; screenplay by Charles Beaumont and Richard Matheson.

Adults and young adults.

**"Satan in High Heels" with  
Meg Miles, Mike Keene, Sabrina**  
(Cosmic Films, Current; 93 mins.)

**VERY POOR.** Hollywood's Poverty Row is getting some competition here in New York. Only, it's terribly amateurish, low-grade, unavailing. But, for all its sordid cheapness, suggestiveness and crude delineation it will beget for itself a measure of playdates. For, there are theatres that will play a revolting



quickie like this and perhaps come out of it with some kind of return. In any event, it's all about sex, a so-called swim in the nude, two powerfully buxom voluptuaries (Meg Miles and Sabrina, the latter the British threat to Jane Mansfield) jailbirds, carnival hustlers. It has all kinds of sleazy characters muddying through as seamy a story as ever hit the screens without the benefit, of course, of a Production Code Seal.

Briefly, the story takes us from a carnival performer; to night club thrush (and Meg Miles has a good singing voice); to absconding with the money her convict husband got for writing a dope exposé; to hooking on to a father and his son at the same time. Soon, her husband catches up with her, she wins him over. Meantime, she is dropped by both father and son. She seems deserted by all. But, not for long. There is always some man waiting for this kind of woman. The bosomy Sabrina may have come all the way from England for this one, for it's her movie debut. Maybe better luck the next time out. As for this film release, it sure is a lusty, lascivious exercise in cinematic crudity.

Produced by Leonard M. Burton; directed by Jerold Intrator; screenplay by John T. Chapman.

Adults.

#### “War Hunt” with

**John Saxon, Robert Redford, Charles Aidman**  
(United Artists, April; 81 mins.)

FAIR. Here, again, the background is war (Korea, May, 1953). All living logic is reduced to the age-worn philosophy, “kill or be killed.” Heroics play themselves out with a taken-for-granted naturalness that it is in the line of duty. The actions of the men are of patterns befitting these people, as you'd imagine they'd be in real life. That is only when they're not on the firing line, when they're in those so-called relaxed, restful moments. The new recruit shows his timid approach to this business of “kill, or be killed.” The actions of the coward are not his own, but something propelled by the sudden fears that come on him. The strange enigma (like John Saxon) who doesn't have to, but goes out on one-man nightly patrols, must be a mystery to himself. His whole approach to life, as it is lived in a war, is changed because of this “here-to-day-gone-tomorrow” raging holocaust he's drawn into.

The talk, tough as war-talk should be, stands up with logic especially when the privates and some of the brass lock horns. At times, the story-structure takes on the mantle of a psychological study of nice people caught in the maws of a war they didn't want, but are willing to see through through the process of destroying as much of the enemy as they possibly can. What started out as a promising, a differently-told tale of war, lost its way as it trekked through its telling. When the end is reached, and the story is ready for its wrap-up, there are too many loose ends to be able to tighten it up entertainingly. Photography, good.

As the battle rages in Korea, ever more replacements are needed. A new group of Americans are told, “this is a peculiar war.” In three weeks a truce is signed. In the meantime, there is fighting and dying to be done. Robert Redford (a replacement) takes a liking to an 8-year-old Korean War orphan who is

a sort-of mascot of John Saxon. Redford and Saxon didn't hit it off. On his own, Saxon goes out on successful nightly forays killing Chinese Communists and gathering valuable information. During a bombardment Redford suffers a leg injury. Saxon helps him get back to the American lines. Assigned as typist, Redford tries to get closer to the little boy with some simple, easy-to-understand post-war philosophy. This embitters Saxon all the more, though the boy has grown to like Redford. At last, the cease-fire order arrives which starts the GI's off on a mild celebration. Saxon, however, disappears in no-man's-land. The little boy is with him. This may jeopardize the truce. The captain (Charles Aidman) goes after Saxon. They find him, but he refuses to return to the American lines. A scuffle follows in which the captain is forced to kill Saxon whom he calls “a mad dog.” The little Korean boy, living in that strange world of the very young, trudges out of the scene and over the horizon to meet up (in due time) with the reality of maturity.

Produced by Terry Sanders; directed by Denis Sanders, screenplay by Stanford Whitmore.

General patronage.

#### Short Thought on Film Reviewing

Always, the trade reviewer must get to the basic roots of a film. He has to evaluate, carefully, its worth to the exhibitor. Meaning its box office value based on the picture's appeal to the movie going public. The theatre men look upon the trade paper critic to steer them right, advise them, caution them. The skilled reporter will know what to look for, what to probe and how to find it in a release.

#### Movie Names Dominate Front Page

It isn't wise to underestimate the power of a woman (especially if she's a Hollywood star) to break through to the front pages of the metropolitan newspapers no matter what the space demands of other world events in the breaking . . . Last week, within a few days these ladies (quite innocently, of course), almost pushed the globe-girdling Jacqueline Kennedy off the front page: Grace Kelly's decision to come back to Hollywood and make a movie. The next day, the Princess was back on the front page via the hullabaloo M-G-M raised to the effect that if their former star is to do a movie it will have to be for them . . . From Rome came the repeat item (still page one) that the Elizabeth Taylor-Eddie Fisher marriage is due for a break-up. Then, as if by a carefully timed arrangement, the Janet Leigh-Tony Curtis story (the end of one of Hollywood's happiest marriages). Preceding all this, was the Dinah Shore-George Montgomery split after many years of marital bliss. . . While we don't go in for chronicling the romances of Hollywood, the way these events took over the front pages of the metropolitan newspapers prove their name-value to the public, something which some people in the business were doing a little short-selling on. Hollywood names will always make big news!

## Spring Is Here...

(Continued from Front Page)

A change of uniform is within keeping of the season. Increased attention to all the courtesies due a patron (while an all-year practice) should be re-emphasized. In such communities where the multi-thousand seaters give way to the smaller theatres, the house manager should be more in evidence on the floor, especially at show-break time. He should make it evident that he is available at all times. The girls in back of the candy-counters should be more alert and also full of the pleasant smiles that lend additional cheer and pleasure for having gone out to a movie that night to get more out of life for all the beckoning beauty of a spring night. The Tv fare has already gone into repeats of old repeats. So, that box office menace is of lesser violence.

### Old Story, but New Every Year

All these reminders, we know, have been gone over time and again. The enterprising exhibitor has helped write the primer of smart showmanship out of which we quote. But, it is for those who may have lost that zest and will to do the necessary things at times when they should be done that these gentle reminders are gone over once again. It's by their leave that we do so! It's also by reason that "spring is here!" and as we look at some of the theatres, most of them are still besmudged with the grime of winter and the dirt of neglect. It's not conducive to movie-going, especially when the advertised attractions are not of blockbuster proportions.

To be sure, there are some big, potential money-makers on their way between this entry of spring and its segue into summer. But, by the law of averages, -- less redeeming when totaling them up in creative enterprises than in other fields of endeavor -- quite a few of these promising big ones may not play themselves out as big when they unspool themselves on the screens of the nation's theatres. So, it behooves the exhibitor to use every additional inducement possible to make the people want to come into his movie house.

An inviting-looking theatre outside usually is assurance of a spotlessly clean house inside. Refurbishing, repainting, rebeautifying are the paint-brush, the palette, the oils, the colors of a pretty picture. Your house should look like one. And, this is the time of season when you should get to work to make it so. No matter what important event may be going on in your community, there is none that has the same common interest for so many people of different sects, creeds, ages as the doings on the screen of your theatre.

### Movies, -- Life's Mass-Appealing Elixir

Its language of romance, drama, excitement is a simple one the better for more people to understand. The more popular movie is not fashioned for the few, but for the many. In plot-structures that are heart-warming, steeped in tender emotions that find their way to the senses of even the so-called cynics there is nothing like the entertainment to be derived from a film properly produced, well acted and expertly directed. It's the kind of a residue that is the movie-goers'. Comparable, almost, to the glorious beauty of

## Films Feed Fat...

(Continued from Front Page)

### Stage Plays Guarantee Big Audiences

Thus far, since the movie season got under way (September '61) these former stage plays have gone out into the public market: "West Side Story" a hard-ticket sell-out, "Summer and Smoke," "Flower Drum Song," "A Majority of One," "The Children's Hour," "A View from the Bridge," another from Tennessee Williams "Sweet Bird of Youth." Some of these plays that made their transition to the screen have done, and are doing big business. Most of them are attracting audiences that are not steady movie-goers. Not all of them were outstanding smash hits in the theatre. But, film producers were sure of their story content. The drama with its emotional impact and power (four of them in this release schedule) dominates. Two are musicals, one a comedy.

Soon to reach the theatres of the nation are such films taken from stage plays as "Five Finger Exercise," "The Miracle Worker," "Two for the Seesaw," this time William Gibson coming up with two ("--Worker" and "--Seesaw"). There will be "Long Day's Journey Into Night," "Gypsy," "The Music Man." In process of getting them ready for the cameras are such Broadway plays as "Toys in the Attic," "Mary, Mary," "Bye Bye Birdie," "Irma La Douce." And, not too long a way off will be that Broadway perennial transmitting itself to celluloid, "My Fair Lady." In this latter production blueprint, the musicals hold strong.

### Hollywood Plays It Safe With Plays

Out of about 150 pictures that will come from Hollywood producers this year, nearly ten percent have proven their film value on the Broadway stage and will have made their way to the screen. What makes it look good for that "fabulous invalid" Broadway, is that nearly all of these former plays, as movies, are raking in fabulous box office returns.

While Hollywood continues to be criticised for lacking the courage to try its expensive hand at originals, the "play-it-safe" producer is willing to leave the creative challenge to his brethren in the fierce competition, while he takes to the stage play with its built-in audience-proven power to pull them in. Failing in that, his next objective is the best-selling novel many of which go for a six-figure buying price. Next, as vehicles, will come the more popular stories in the bigger magazines. The better-known author lands in the periodicals with proven circulation power. Out of a season's releases into which are put million-dollar production costs, from all majors combined you may not get more than a dozen stories that are originals these days. 20th Century-Fox, for instance, will stake its money on only one original, this year.

a spring sunset for that is what movie-going does to many people, -- imbues them with appeal of the poetic.

So, Mr. Exhibitor, pitch in at this gladsome time of the year. Make your theatre the most inviting, want-to-go place in the whole community. Spring is here! -- time out to make the movie house the inspiring symbol of this romantic, beautiful time of the year.



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### Oscar Night, B.O. Blight

However relentless the swing of time's pendulum in other industries, a decade in the motion picture business is several life-times. It will be ten years, next Monday (April 9) since the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences began bringing the big night of the annual Oscar awards into the homes of the television set-owners.

The creative (Hollywood) end of the business didn't seem too concerned with the probable loss (in millions) that the theatres of the nation would suffer that night. Each exhibitor, however, knew his individual loss. The Hollywood soothsayers developed a philosophy that in the end, the "stay-away" from the movie theatre on Oscar night would pay off at the very place where the economic pinch proved the most painful, -- the box office. Like a soothing syrup, it was spread thin, and was easy to swallow.

From the start, there were, as there still are but in even greater number, theatre operators who refused to go along with Hollywood's philosophy. Yet, this year, almost all branches of the film industry seem bent on making as many people stay away from the movie theatre, on Oscar night, as hard and long campaigning can make possible.

#### Exhibitors Exploit "Stay Home" Campaign

Proof that the exhibitor has been won over to this unproven economic philosophy that a dollar lost on Oscar night brings two on the morrow, is the way some of the theatre men of the nation pitched in to make the 1962 Oscar-cast the biggest ever in the number of people tuned in. About 2,000 independent exhibitors shelled out \$3 each for an exploitation kit that went to work on the stay-away-from-the-theatre campaign. True, while many theatre men rebelled on paying money to lose money, the reports from the Motion Picture Association of America sang with joy at the way the kits sold and the exhibitors cooperated.

There is a pattern of ironies woven into this year's Oscar-cast that can only happen in the film industry. Riding high when the Tv bidding began two years ago, was the American Broadcasting Company, the electronic arm of American Broadcasting-Paramount Theatres. It outbid the powerful National Broadcasting Company which played economic godfather to the Oscar proceedings for many years. Today, ABC finds itself back in the number three position, -- low man on Tv's totem pole. But, spokesmen for the network are sure that 1962 will see more sets tuned in than ever before. Last year, ABC said, it garnered an audience of 80,000,000 listeners. Didn't

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### Freedom of Screen Wins

Victories for the motion picture industry, in the legislative halls of the state capitols, are not easy to come by. When gains are made they are hard-fought for, for inalienable rights that some of the lawmakers want to strip the films of. The latest victory for the theatre operators of New York State is the motion picture classification bill.

The measure was defeated by "the vigilant leadership of the New York Senate assisted by an aroused industry," said Eric Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Association of America. The passage of the bill to classify motion pictures would have interfered with the freedom of the motion picture screen. Respect was paid (by Johnston) to the leaders of the New York Senate. "It shows that they cannot be stampeded into passing an ill-conceived bill backed only by those who seek to censor and control," said the film generalissimo.

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### Hartford Speeding Fee-Tv Try-Out

Hartford, Conn., is a busy town these days. A new phase of television entertainment is on its way. The sponsors, Zenith-R.K.O. General Phonevision, lost not a moment following the green light given them, just recently, by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals to launch its 3-year pay-Tv experiment . . . So much costly preliminary work has already been done by Phonevision that the signal will be able to go over the air (WHCT-Tv, Channel 18) in Hartford before the summer sets in. In the meantime, in about 50 to 75 homes in the Hartford area test shows are already being received. Most of these run-through hook-ups are in the homes of employees of the Tv station . . . However, the eyes of the nation's exhibitors will be focused on this experiment even though they won't be able to see what's going over the air and being unscrambled in the homes of the recipients. Especially will Hartford theatre men watch the course of this operation very carefully. In the balance hangs a dangerous threat to local theatre attendance, if only during the times when the experimental programs (3-years) ride the megacycles to get their feet wet in the new currents that may carry show business to prophetically strange destinies.

**"My Geisha" with  
Shirley MacLaine, Yves Montand, Edward G.  
Robinson, Bob Cummings, Yoko Tani**  
(Paramount, July; 120 mins.)

VERY GOOD. Deceptivity as a stellar skein in a plot-pattern is always intriguing if the viewer is let in on it, as you are in this one. It takes some strong story-telling, and even stronger play-acting to see that no loose threads unravel themselves before the tale has played itself out to climaxes that are logical, believable and acceptable. All this is done with consummate skill, for it isn't until the end is approaching that the deceived (Yves Montand) gets wise. His own wife (Shirley MacLaine) palmed herself off on him as not only an attractive geisha girl, but possessed of the demanding talents he is looking for to star this new find in a "new wave" version of Puccini's old "Madame Butterfly." There is a refreshingly appealing tone to it all. What helps to make it so, of course, are three of the starred players, -- Miss MacLaine, Montand and Edward G. Robinson. They turn in superb performances, with Miss MacLaine giving the geisha character such physical and facial believability that it was easy to accept her in the role knowing all the time who she was while Montand was laboring under the belief that he had the real thing.

Filmed in Japanese location spots, there is a visual beauty to the story that leaves you almost breathless. The enthralling melodic force of the Puccini opera makes itself felt as the climax of the film story approaches and the curtain is ready to come down on a surprise finish that will please the patrons. That, too, was handled with a deft, cleverly-conceived hand. It all adds up to a most pleasurable piece of entertainment. It has a wistfully soothing impact on your emotions; a beautiful appeal to your eye; a poignantly touching approach to your heart even if you may be beyond the reach of romantic impressionism. It is clean and captivating, luminous and lovely, harmonious and happy. Filmed in Technirama, tinted in Technicolor this will help itself to big box office returns if it will be given the necessary help of "letting the people know." It merits being done on a big scale.

This deals with picture making, -- taking the viewer in back of the scenes which is always exciting. Yves Montand wants to break away from directing his wife's (Shirley MacLaine) pictures. He wants to do "Madame Butterfly" with an undiscovered geisha girl. Film producer Edward G. Robinson can't talk Montand out of it. Miss MacLaine doesn't want to be left out in the cold so she hies herself to sunny Japan and changes her whole personality. She is chosen from the other girls, of course. Montand thinks he has a real find. She is properly coached by Yoko Tani. Soon, Miss MacLaine knows all about the arts, manners and graces of that strange profession of the geisha. Her loveliness throws her leading man (Bob Cummings) for a loss. The toothy, gushy Cummings is all for marrying this geisha find. Montand is not without his admiration for his Japanese star. The picture proceeds under Montand's direction and the final scene is to be shot. It is also time for decision, a most serious interlude in this play-within-a-picture for Miss MacLaine. She has learned a lot more about life in addition to wearing a wig, make-up, contact lenses, etc. She has learned about being a wife and a woman. More importantly, she has learned about a man's touchy

pride. When the applauding audience demands this new geisha find, Miss MacLaine, as the American star, comes out instead. She explains that the geisha girl has entered a convent. Montand is introduced, as she showers all the credit on his brilliance as a director. He eats it up!

Produced by Steve Parker; directed by Jack Cardiff; screenplay by Norman Krasna.

General patronage.

**"All Fall Down" with  
Eva Marie Saint, Warren Beatty, Karl Malden  
Angela Lansbury, Brandon deWilde**  
(M-G-M, April; 111 mins.)

GOOD. Between director John Frankenheimer and William Inge, who adapted this popular novel to the screen, they wanted to tone down the eccentricities of this Cleveland family. While it's still quite a brood with their strange behaviorism, they're an interesting, exciting and an individually betroubled lot of people. There is pregnancy without benefit of marriage; a talkative, overbearing, self-possessive mother who even makes it appear as if she has an incestuous yen for one of her sons. There is a pitiful suicide. The father likes his liquor, street-walkers and other vices. It's all there, and holds with unwavering strength. It's of the cinematic stuff that proves how much further than the printed page can a film go when its transmission is in the hands of people who know their jobs.

Of course, you had to have powerful and convincing performances. This, you have! Even Warren Beatty shows the strong, firm grip he has on the wastrel character he portrays. In this one he takes a big stride toward greater dramatic promise. Eva Marie Saint, who is just swept off her feet by Beatty, endows her role with sensitivity, poignancy, tenderness. Angela Lansbury, for all the crudeness she's mantled in somehow makes you feel sorry for her. Karl Malden, Brandon deWilde turn in splendid performances, deWilde especially. Here is where story, acting, direction blend harmoniously into a vehicle that should beget for itself some handsome returns. The tensions, the drama, the tightly paced tempo of the film lead up smoothly to those ebbing few moments of the tale with their irony, bitterness, remorse, disillusionment and, -- to repeat, -- a submissive pity for most of the folks out there in novelist James Leo Herlihy's fictional Cleveland. Some wonderful location shots, by the way, were lensed at Key West.

A boy's (Brandon deWilde) worship for his older brother, though a wastrel, drifter, cheat (Warren Beatty) is a tender thing to behold. Young deWilde parts with his savings to help him. Both boys are unhappy. It's the fault of the parents (Karl Malden and Angela Lansbury). As Beatty "bums" his way around, he doesn't mind the trouble he gets himself in, -- several jail sentences, loose love affairs with women of very low repute, fights, etc. His own home is not for him. But, he does return, again. This time he meets Eva Marie Saint, a friend of the family. Brandon deWilde, for all his youth, imagines himself in love with this thirtyish "old maid." Her wistful loveliness attracts Beatty. She is madly in love with him. They see each other, and it isn't long before Miss Saint is with child. There is no chance that Beatty will recognize his responsibility, -- marry the girl. When she



realizes the harsh truth of her fate, she commits suicide. DeWilde is stunned. His hatred for the big brother he hero-worshipped so long, is so intense that he's for shooting him down. But, the young boy is grown now, he sees life differently. Photography, good.

Produced by John Houseman; directed by John Frankenheimer; screenplay by William Inge, based on the novel by James Leo Herlihy. Adults.

**"Doctor in Love" with  
Michael Craig, Virginia Maskell, Leslie Phillips,  
James Robertson Justice**

(Governor Films, April; 93 mins.)

FAIR. This is another in the "Doctor" series, the fourth. It may cut up comedy touches in its native England, but quite a lot of what may make for a laugh over there, falls rather flat over here. Of course, it's for the so-called art theatres. Even in the realm of comedy, it takes a whale of a plot, great acting and names that are familiar for the broad "A" stuff to have its effect on the American funny-bone. This has its weaknesses. Like some of the patients in the wards the doctors cover, the cinema tries to rise from its anemia and get going places. But, it doesn't quite succeed. What is mistaken for alleged comedy isn't much to laugh about. There are inanities of professionally mature behavior that are downright embarrassing, considering that this shows us the modern day disciples of Hippocrates trying to have some fun. Some of the doctors, in this one, seem to be sad proof that the way they go about trying to throw themselves into biological binges is poor proof that theirs is a super knowledge about these physical wants man is wont to go into near-delirium for. The medicos, here, seem to be on a never-ending chase of anything in skirts. Strip-tease voluptuaries, half-nude burlesque girls are trotted into the plot to give the proceedings zip and zest, perhaps. -- and yet, Michael Craig gives a rather pleasing performance. So does James Robertson Justice, blustery with respected authority. Virginia Maskell is a lovely, sensitive-looking doctor. The others are adequate. This was lensed in color.

Most of the film plays itself out in London's St. Swithin's Hospital. Michael Craig (a doctor) is sick, giving his colleagues a chance to pull all kinds of kid tricks. James Robertson Justice, the huff-and-a-puff professor, puts an end to the shenanigans. Craig falls in love with his night nurse. It is objected to by another doctor who wants to marry her. Craig takes on a post at a country clinic. Before he does so, with a friend (Leslie Phillips) he helps himself to a free vacation as a guinea pig on a scientific experiment. All kinds of things happen there including some pitching of forbidden woo. Finally, Craig is at work in the clinic. He draws as an assistant, Virginia Maskell, a physician. Her beauty fascinates him. He falls in love with her. But, complications set in, as do some innocent misunderstandings. Miss Maskell walks out on him. In the meantime, a child desperately sick, needs a special serum. Craig moves heaven and earth to get it, thus saving the child's life. Craig is even entrusted with the scalpel on the prof's (Justice's) appendix. The appendix and the rest of the proceedings come out well, and the lovely lady doctor (Miss Maskell) goes back to Craig.

Produced by Betty Box; directed by Ralph Thomas;

adapted from Richard Gordon's novel "Doctor in Love." General patronage.

**"Bell' Antonio" with  
Marcello Mastroianni, Claudia Cardinale,  
Pierre Brasseur, Rina Morelli**  
(Embassy, Current; 101 mins.)

GOOD. Italian film producers attack the sex-theme with the ferocity of a hungry dockwalloper a hot helping of beef stew on a cold day. This is another exercise in the subject. It is almost cold-blooded in its telling, but it cleaves its denouement out of the hard bedrock of story-telling honesty. Here was a man, biological idol of every woman (young or old) he met from street sluts to titled provisionals, who lost out on marriage because of the sexual suffering of his young bride. This great man, supposedly full of that animal chemical stuff that gave him easy entrance to the ladies' bedrooms, is completely impotent when it comes to his own wife bursting with passions that are never satisfied. The production team went at this with few discriminatory holds barred. They stripped away the superficial and the deceptive from a direct approach, making the cold, hard ironies stand up unashamedly naked as a new-born child.

From its opening scene of lewd-like, shocking intimacy sprawling itself all over a bed, to the final fade-out, where our chief protagonist (Marcello Mastroianni) stands in tears because of the one and only real (but lost) love in his life he cannot dismiss, the film has a driving power of relentless impact on your emotions. While the embarrassing boldness is there, it remains strong stuff reserved, of course, only for the mentally matured, -- the grown-ups of the art house patronage. Mastroianni gives a sensitive performance. He was the lead character in "La Dolce Vita." Claudia Cardinale, ("Girl With a Suitcase") still remains an alluring, young voluptuary, given, surprisingly, to a coldness of performance. A superb job of acting is turned in by Pierre Brasseur. The support is strong. Subtitles (in English) not overdone. Photography, good.

Antonio (Marcello Mastroianni) reputed for his easy conquest of women is home from Rome. His father (Pierre Brasseur) and mother (Rina Morelli) would like him to get married. He demurs, at first, but when he sees a picture of his bride-to-be (Claudia Cardinale) he agrees. They go off on a honeymoon which leaves the young bride in an unhappy state of disillusionment. Her parents learn that the husband had never consummated the marriage. It is soon annulled. The impotency of his son shocks the father. He seeks the bordello section of his small town hoping to prove the virility of the family's males, but dies because of over-indulgence. This saddens and torments Mastroianni. Soon, the young, slovenly-looking housemaid goes into a faint. It is evident that, though unmarried, she is well on her way to motherhood. Mastroianni admits he's the father. His mother shouts her joys from the balcony for all the people in the town to know. Everybody seems happy that the popular, young loverboy has regained his virility. But, Mastroianni is sad and in tears. He still mourns the loss of Signorina Cardinale's love.

Produced by Alfredo Bini; directed by Mauro Bolognini; screenplay by Pier Paolo Pasolini and Gino Visentini. Adults.



## Oscar Night...

(Continued from Front Page)

thousands of theatres throughout the land, in addition to their own company owned (AB-PT) theatres, urge people to stay home on April 9, and see stars on the Oscar show they hardly ever see during the rest of the Tv year? This is the one night when the top-flight names who shun Tv will show up on the little idiot box in the living room.

More than 3,000 theatres volunteered to use the official kit. About 25% of that represents the major circuits, 15% the smaller circuits and the remaining 60% is supposed to come from the strictly independent theatre owner. It is claimed by the Theatre Owners of America that there are a goodly number of independent theatres that will promote Oscar night in their own way, using their own material (paying for it) and their own approach.

### Number of Oscar Viewers Keeps Mounting

But, there is no guarantee, -- the whims of Tv tuner-inners being what they are, that the commercial sponsors will get more for their money (listener-number-wise) than those in the past. When NBC landed the Oscar show, for the first time it went on the air the network couldn't get sponsor-response. It had to saddle the cost on one of its house-accounts (and family member) RCA. With about 20,000,000 sets in use then, the show penetrated less than 10,000,000 homes. In 1954 an auto sponsor hitched its horsepower to the Oscar bandwagon. The listener response wasn't any better though there were 40,000,000 sets in use.

In 1955, 18,785,000 sets were tuned in for the Academy show. In 1956 there was a rating fall-off of nearly three million homes. In 1956, there was a pick-up of about 2,000,000 homes. In 1957, the swing to the Oscar-cast found 70,000,000 viewers, with 5,000,000 more climbing aboard in 1958. The '58 show was sponsored by the combined forces of the film industry, -- the Academy itself, the producers-distributors and the exhibitors. The latter for good reason didn't think it fair to be asked to help defray 50% of all the over-all costs. In '59, 59,000,000 picked up the show; in '60 there was an increase, while last year ABC claimed a listening audience of 80,000,000. Most of the figures were provided by the Motion Picture Association of America. Add up these figures and it can't be denied that the Tv-ing of the Oscar awards has cost the exhibitors of the nation a pretty penny in lost revenues.

Whatever the losses to the theatres of the nation, via the Tv show, on April 9, the night will belong to the 35-year old Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. The decade of televising its great show has been fraught with professional pressures and personalized protocol. The criticism from without wasn't half as destructive of morale as the self-aggrandizing skullduggery that sledge-hammered the revered Academy from within. All this plagued the Oscar awards like illness a sickly child beset with weakness of heritage. But, the Academy has grown to master its difficulties and weather its pains.

Not even its detractors will deny that it's a powerful force in the industry, today; that it has made definite and constructive contributions to the progress of the film business. Today's blue-printers of the destinies of the Academy, for all their dream-

## Freedom of Screen

(Continued from Front Page)

Another battle won does not say that the war is over against a censorship that is ever-threatening the films in many parts of the land. Johnston urged that there be no letup against the forces advocating censorship, which can come in many guises. He urged a pooling of the industry's strengths and energies, the better to meet the invaders of a free screen. The necessity of a bigger and wider public relations approach becomes urgent now so that movie-goers should know about the fine quality of films being produced.

### Publicity Seekers Attack Films

That the industry has its invidious detractors, there can be no doubt. That most of them are professionally trained publicity-seekers is also well known. Their implement of attack has been the claim of a gradual deterioration of the entertainment quality of the pictures being produced these days. The falsity of this underhanded nature of propaganda, is in the pictures themselves. Seldom in the history of the industry has there been a more steady flow of bigger and better films. This is the exhibitors' evaluation, not alone the distributors'.

These strong, defensive truths however mustn't lie hidden under a bushel of industrial inactivity. "Let the people know!" Meaning, bring them to the theatres in ever bigger numbers to see what the screens are offering. The product itself will be the greatest defense against the industry's determined detractors. It's a paradoxical kind of warfare against the enemy. By battling it, you help defeat the forces for censorship; curtailment of the freedom of the screen and other democracy endowed liberties that are the inalienable rights of the motion picture industry. The weapon being a stronger approach to the movie-goer, means a bigger response at the box offices of the nation's theatres. Verily, it's not too tough a job for the film business. But, as Johnston pointed out, these courses of action must be taken if the industry is to succeed in the many battles ahead.

drenched creativity in the studios, are hard-bitten, shrewdly calculating executives who know the plight (in all its reality) of the film business all over the country. Some of them are their own bosses, make their own product, arrange financing, go out on the road to help sell their films and bring to the box office increased revenue.

### Tradition, Prestige Keep Academy Going

When the Academy organized 35 years ago, it was for keeps. The motives of the founding fathers (the late Jean Hersholt, William deMille, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., et al) were powerfully sincere. Their ideologies left their enduring imprint on the history pages of Hollywood. Outside of Columbia University's Pulitzer Prizes, in the realm of letters, there is no other tribunal the world over that occupies such position of public respect, traditional prestige, and industrial importance as does the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

To repeat, there will be box office losses the theatres will sustain on the night of April 9. But, from it will accrue the intangible residue of the institutional-building good will for the film industry. That's the payoff of this economic sacrifice, say some of the dependable wise-men of the business.



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## Quarterly Release Digest

On the back page of this issue, is the quarterly listings (with lettered ratings) of the product released to the theatres of the nation by the majors, independents and importers since the first of this year. Whatever the moans and groans of those who go by the book of pessimism and a lackluster approach to operation in the motion picture business, the release list reads well. In fact, as you try to dissect the product quality and diagnose its box office values you find yourself writing this kind of summary of the quarter-year gone by:

Product-quality-wise, it was a good period. In many theatres, it evidenced itself by the revenues at the box office, according to reports from the exhibitors. Two-thirds of the quarter-stanza (January-February) harsh winter weather took its toll of lost revenue in spite of the better entertainment values of the product sent out in release. But, as the quarter evened out, it was a profitable one for many theatre operators. Where the "selling" was intensified, the results showed up at the box office. Which is another way of spelling out "showmanship."

Of the 53 releases reported on (we missed a limited few unimportant ones) five begot themselves a rating of "very good." Nearly all of these almost achieved the all-around perfect picture considered "excellent." This quarter period did not produce an "excellent" film according to the severe reviewing standards of *Harrison's Reports*. Twenty-two of the releases were rated "good," -- and, that is a pretty good indication of the near consistency of the product that paid off if the exhibitors gave it the right "selling" treatment.

### Quality of Product Stands Up

Twenty films just couldn't make the grade and came through as "fair." The remainder -- six films -- hit the depths with a rating of "poor." That's not quite 10% of the output since early January. The independents and the majors split this rating of low film on the release pole. Nearly 25% of the releases, this past quarter period, came from the independents and importers. Most of this latter product were fodder for the art houses. At this ratio, this year, there should be the expected 170-180 releases from the majors and the bigger independents, with about 60 films coming from the importers who are gaining strength and importance with every passing season of lesser releases from the majors.

The quarter-year gone by, has not been an altogether bad one as periods of productional adjustment go, and have been going this past decade, in this ever-changing, ever-challenging business of ours. No matter what the pessimistic outlook of some of our former

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## Showmen Salute Skouras

As we were going to press, the hour was at hand for the mammoth salute to Spyros P. Skouras, president of 20th Century-Fox Film Corp., by the showmen of America. Honoring this revered elder statesmen of the motion picture industry will be its leaders, pioneers, the time-tested wise-men. Other important people of the films will participate in this sincerely-felt gesture of man's testament to his faith in his fellowman.

Both the Allied States Association of Motion Picture Exhibitors and the Theatre Owners of America have combined their forces in the sponsorship of this testimonial to make it one of the greatest in the history of a business that pays homage to its big men via the ancient ritual of dining, wining and speaking from the heart.

To be held in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf Astoria, there is assured a turnout of several thousand. Already arriving in New York from all parts of the country are leading exhibitors who are taking valu-

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## Foreign Talent Dominates Oscars

Hollywood's cynics, and the industry's detractors got quite a setback from the way the four top talent awards went. Never before has the home-grown mainland (American) talent been left out of the final reckoning so completely as on the occasion of the 34th presentation of the coveted symbol of achievement. Reaching up to the heights of the dramaturgic art in its simplest medium of mass-understanding, -- the motion picture, the award becomes more than a door-stop . . . An Italian voluptuary, in native tongue (Sophia Loren) was hailed as best actress. Swiss-born Maximilian Schell, best actor; Rita Moreno, product of Puerto Rico, best supporting actress, and George Chakiris (Greek) won as best supporting actor. . . . You wonder what's happened to some of the losers in each nominating category who spent all that money in Hollywood's two trade dailies to push their candidacy. They, and the rest of the industry, know now what the 2,300 members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences can't be "sold" on who has the talent by politicking, at big cost, in the trade press. It's what's up front there, on the screen, that counts when the final talent count-down asserts itself on the ballot.

**"The Counterfeit Traitor" with  
William Holden, Lilli Palmer, Hugh Griffith**  
(Paramount, July; 140 mins.)

VERY GOOD. If truth is stranger than fiction, then it is stronger in its impact on the war-story weary listener. This plays itself out with penetrating power and emotional surge. Chief protagonist of the tale, Eric Erickson, master Allied spy (portrayed by William Holden) is alive, today. He lived this terror-stricken, dangerous story. Out of its pages charged with what may well be the granddaddy of the cloak-and-dagger school of espionage, sabotage, traitor-baiting, comes this superb piece of motion picture entertainment. There are all those heroics which marked the real-life operations of the men who carried on their warfare behind the lines. There are the dangers, the sacrifices, the torment and the beatings. But, you're always reminded of the fact that they are woven out of the texture of truth into a pattern of tautly exciting film entertainment.

There can be boring, overplayed, unexciting truth too! So, there are William Perlberg and George Seaton to think of as you sing the praises of this film, and think of the huge grosses this should run up. You can't see this thundering drama without talking about it after you've left the theatre. It will be all good talk, because this is all good stuff. Lending to the reality of the spy story is the fact that most of the filming took place in the actual locales of the drama, -- Germany, Denmark and Sweden. There is a chilling coldness to many of these scenes. Technicolor captured it with the power that is the medium. There is an unforgettable job of superb play-acting turned in by Holden and Lilli Palmer.

William Holden (as Eric Erickson) is a New Yorker. But now, 1942, with World War II in full blast, he's a prominent business man in Stockholm, having become a Swedish citizen. He's on the Allies' blacklist for trading oil with Nazi Germany. Hugh Griffith, a British agent, sort-of "blackmails" Holden into cooperating with the Allies about German oil. And so, Holden becomes a "counterfeit traitor." This calls for becoming friendly with the enemy, -- Germany. Holden takes on a series of visits to Germany. He meets Lilli Palmer who becomes his confederate. Some of his newly-made German friends mistrust him. He is placed under Nazi surveillance. Holden succeeds in recruiting important Germans, using threats, horse trading, and clever trickery.

Of course Holden's road is dangerous. But, as he follows the espionage blueprint of operation and works with Miss Palmer, the "not-for-real" intimacy with her is developing into impassioned reality. Being extremely religious, she confesses about the death and destruction she helped cause. But, an S.S. Officer slipped into the church cubicle. She is arrested, "tried" and condemned to death. Holden, himself held in the Berlin prison, is forced to watch the execution of the brave, lovely woman he had grown to love, very deeply. He is released from prison, hurries to the home of a trusted (and departed) friend to retrieve a very important paper. The suspicious young son of the friend snatches the briefcase (containing the document) and runs off with it. Holden catches up with the boy and persuades him to burn the incriminating letter. Holden seeks safety in the red-light district of

Hamburg where an Allied agent plies her trade. With the help of the underground operators he completes his dangerous (and long) flight to freedom. His work as a "counterfeit traitor" is over. His life-risking contributions have helped shorten the war.

Produced by William Perlberg; directed by George Seaton who also did the screenplay based on the novel by Alexander Klein.

General patronage.

**"Don't Knock the Twist" with  
Chubby Checker, Gene Chandler, Vic Dana**  
(Columbia, April; 87 mins.)

FAIR. The title lends itself to all sorts of twitting. But, in a sober, serious evaluation of the box office merits of this, in the latest of a series, (from the majors) of raucous, cacophonous exercises in the latest moan-beat excuse for music, we'd say that the teenagers have got it made. They've got the melodic (?) gyrater Chubby Checker who's responsible for all the twistin' that's been unleashing itself on the former hepcats. Checker picks up where Elvis (pelvis) Presley left off, except that Checker doesn't limit his gate-swing to the pelvis region. To be sure, Checker's a personable young man. Overnight, it got him up to near the seven figure class. So don't knock the craze. Checker is on for most of the running time and he does, what seems to come to him naturally, with breathless gusto, fast tempo and loose-leaf rhythm. He delivers a mess of songs as he twists, what there is of the alleged story, all out of shape. To repeat, this is just what the doctor ordered for the young folks, as the rot-'n'-roll craze is dying out slowly suffering from its own anemia. Photography, fair.

The bossman of one network hears that the opposition is ready to stage a big twist spectacular. He orders his program director to come in with one a month earlier. Lang Jeffries begins recruiting twist talent. Chubby Checker says he'll be on the early show, also he'll corral some of the proven twisters, -- Gene Chandler, Vic Dana, Linda Scott, the Carroll Bros., The Dovells, etc. Some of 'em sing. Out of these young pros comes a surprise. It's a rank amateur (Georgine Darcy) and a partner who make the biggest impression on the Tv programmer the week-end he spent with his fashion-designer fiancée (Mari Blanchard) up in the country. The little country girl takes over the spotlight. The kick-off Tv twist show is being fashioned around this amateur. She's taking everything (and everybody) by storm. Even the Tv titan. He's lost Miss Blanchard, by this time. She gets even by creating an all-revealing Salome costume (and how they kick the Salome mispronunciation around) for the Darcy doll. The bulb-and-shutter boys get a shot of it, the home town paper front-pages it thus helping its editorial battle against the violence and sex that have taken over Tv. The show is called off by the sponsor. A young group from the Orphans Summer Camp (benefactors of the Tv show) plead with the television tycoon, the show is back on the air, and there you have it.

Produced by Sam Katzman; directed by Oscar Rudolph; screenplay by James B. Gordon.

General patronage.



**"Samar" with  
George Montgomery, Gilbert Roland,  
Ziva Rodann, Joan O'Brien, Nico Minardos**  
(Warner Bros., May; 89 mins.)

FAIR. Hollywood has its triple-threat men, a few of which are talented enough to make a go of it these capital-gains days. But, in this one we have a quadrupler in the person of George Montgomery whose bigger occupation, these past few years, was with Tv via the western route. Montgomery produced, directed, helped write the screenplay and starred in this adventure drama that harks back to 1870 when Spain exiled people to Samar, a penal island. A lot of money was spent on this one. Armies of men are employed and herds of water buffalo. To feed the beasts must have eaten up a major portion of the budget. For all of Montgomery's high ambitions, he has failed to make a go of it, -- the film is low in its entertainment residue. While in its favor is its brevity (89-minutes) it doesn't hold your interest. Montgomery fails to turn in much of an acting job. He has been unable to make a script out of it that holds. The tortuous heroism comes through without impact. Armies of extras are used in the suffering exodus from the penal island to a Utopia-like interior. Some of the scenes of their march are exciting. But, these few interludes don't make a picture. Veteran Gilbert Roland, compassionate island leader, gives a convincing performance. Whatever the trials and tribulations of the penal people, the mud, sludge they wade through, the romantic interest, Ziva Rodann stands up to it with cleavage-cuts that grow lower with each succeeding mile forward. A good job of photography (Technicolor) is turned in.

George Montgomery is doing time on the isle of Samar. He's somewhat of a doctor. He comes in handy. Gilbert Roland runs the colony, but wants to take off for a more promising haven, deep in the jungle. He can't be discouraged for all the pleadings of the others. The trek begins, as does the suffering. The people however are ready to risk death. They soon meet up with all kinds of hazards. Their courage inspired by the leadership of Roland, gives them the strength to "mush" along almost foot by foot. After deaths, sickness, privation accompanied by typhoons, headhunters and hunger, the promised land, Sierra de Oro, is sighted. Known as the lost legend, it spreads itself before the Spanish refugees with the reality of a paradise. For those who survived, there is the promise of happiness in those unborn tomorrows. By this time there is a strong attachment between Montgomery and the alluring Miss Rodann. Roland, who has lost an arm during a skirmish with the jungle-infested headhunters, has won back the love of his timid (but extremely beautiful) wife, Joan O'Brien. Chapel bells peal as all the tortured souls look heavenward.

Produced and directed by George Montgomery; screenplay by Montgomery and Ferde Grofe, Jr.

General patronage.

**"Follow That Dream" with  
Elvis Presley, Arthur O'Connell, Anne Helm**  
(United Artists, May; 110 mins.)

GOOD. To whichever major Elvis Presley goes to make a film, these free-wheeling days, the producers know that the basic plot has to be of simple genre. Get the story too complicated, too heavy and you have to

diminish Presley's role in it. Keep it light, easy-to-grasp and you can give the crooner a goodly portion of the action. While he'll never be a threat to the contenders for an Academy Award, he remains box office. To the teenagers he's still a draw--and, when you're able to attract this major portion of a movie audience to your theatre these days, you won't wind up running out for a bottle of red ink. In this one, the subdued gyrater of the pelvis still leans on his guitar and divests himself of a number of tunes one or two of which may become quite popular since the disk-jockeys flip their tonsils when new Presley tunes come their turn-table way. It's not all light-hearted teenage fluff. Presley is given the assignment of playing fearless sheriff, lawyer. But, it's a smoothly-paced, warmth-giving attempt at story telling, which may even rub off on the adults thus giving the box office take a nice boost. At times it seemed that the film was just about getting a little overlong. Lensed in Panavision, tinted in color, with locales in lush Florida the film is eye-compelling, another plus for the release. To be sure, it will need selling,--the kind that makes its "want-to-see" impact on the young people,--followers of what can almost be called the legend of the Presley that stands up so strong at the box office.

Arthur O'Connell and his brood are sort-of grapes-of-wrath through Florida. They get stuck (no gas) and set up home on the beach. Soon, they're in the fishing business and more than getting by. The drifters and modern day homesteaders join up and the area begins to grow. Still no trouble from the local authorities. Geographical lines take the issue out of the hands of the police. Even drifters go for a bit of gambling, so the dice men move in. Things are beginning to get somewhat out of hand, so a sheriff is elected. Yes, it's Elvis. Before you shoot for four the hard way, Presley has shooed the gamblers out of shanty town. As this is going on, O'Connell suffers a loss,--his three adopted children are taken away from him by the law. This builds up to a tender interlude. The social worker responsible for this (Joanna Moore) is a woman with a yen for Presley who in turn has none for her. There's a court hearing, Presley takes to playing Blackstone, the case doesn't stand up in court, the family is re-united and has legal right to stay where they are. In the meantime, love has found its own way for lovely Anne Helm who was taking care of the youngsters. The crooner, no quick swooner, finally realizes that she's the one for him.

Produced by David Weisbart; directed by Gordon Douglas; screenplay by Charles Lederer, based on the novel "Pioneer, Go Home!" by Richard Powell.

General patronage.

**Signs of Box Office Recovery**

Recently, Milton H. London, executive director of the Allied States Association of Motion Picture Exhibitors said, "The theatre business has been through a depression, but is now on the verge of a new era of expansion. This expansion will begin in 1962, then accelerate in '63 and '64."

Another respected business and financial paper, Barron's, confirmed the prediction, a few days ago. The signs of box office recovery are almost everywhere. With expansion the keynote of the strong recovery that has come to the film business, exhibitors of vision will be able to cash in on the resurgence.

## Quarterly Summary...

(Continued from Front Page)

strong men of great courage it can augur well for the remainder of the year. It all depends on your outlook of the future and how much indestructible faith you put into the wise-men's philosophy that nothing worthwhile has ever been accomplished without implicit faith, deeply-felt confidence, and strong determination. This is especially applicable to those of us in creative fields.

As we review this quarter-year gone by, we're thinking of those of us who've trekked this movie beat for the quarter century gone by. It is hard to recall at any period of the glorious 25-year period that we can talk of with the authenticity of personal (journalistic) experience, when the going wasn't tough and the existence, in all phases of our industry, was of apple-pie order. But, the men in their various capacities met the challenges of their work-a-day life and helped keep the film business well into the multi-billion dollar enterprise.

### Films Meet Economic Challenges

There are economic weaknesses that exist in almost every major industry. It's when our own seems beset with it, that philosophical anemia sets in. If not blood-transfused by courage, challenge and faith the economic desperation can lapse into a coma. That's bad. There are some betroubled men (many of them leaders in our business) who feel themselves going down in the cinematic currents. They must not expect a never-ending residue of good fishing in troubled waters. Some are grasping at any piece of economic flotsam and catch-penny jetsam. These are not the life-savers of our peculiar business. Faith, dedication, devotion, sacrifice, and an abundance of hard work are.

To the old-timers (and may the Lord grant 'em many more years with us) this is an old, but proven philosophy. To the new school, whose force in leadership is felt more and more with each passing year, this is not a bad lesson to take to heart. Today is the tomorrow we were looking forward to yesterday--and, by any pessimist's gauge, it isn't so bad! Let's be thankful that we're continuing to weather some pretty relentless economic storms in an era when many an industrial Goliath, in other fields, is almost foundering.

## Skouras Saluted...

(Continued from Front Page)

able time out from their own busy schedules to be in attendance on this occasion, -- a renewed affirmation of the deep confidence exhibition has in this dedicated pioneer of the industry.

### Fate's Timing of Events, -- Ironic

Since the man from *Harrison's Reports* will be there, we'll tell you all about it in next week's issue. The proceedings should make for a newsworthy (if sentimental) story. -- and, speaking of stories, there is prophetic irony in the way fate times her events. On the eve of the happy occasion of the testimonial, we were saddened when serviced with the story that 20th Century-Fox had suffered an operational loss of \$22,000,000 for the year gone by, '61. The genuine regret was felt all over the business.

But, the company will rally if only because in back of its ramified operations is this stalwart of the business, -- Spyros P. Skouras. He has weathered many an

## Listing of Recent Reviews

The last quarterly listing of reviews was carried in the January 20, 1962 issue (No. 2.) We resume from there the product reviews that followed. The rating of the releases are: E, EXCELLENT; VG, VERY GOOD; G, GOOD; F, FAIR; P, POOR.

	Page
All Fall Down, M-G-M (111 mins.).....	G 50
Arms and the Man, Casino Films (96 mins.).....	G 26
A View From the Bridge, Continental (110 mins.).....	G 10
Bell' Antonio, Embassy (101 mins.).....	G 51
Bernadette of Lourdes, Janus Films (90 mins.).....	G 23
Black Tights, Magna Pictures (120 mins.).....	F 27
Brushfire, Paramount (80 mins.).....	F 18
Burn, Witch, Burn, American-Int'l (90 mins.).....	P 46
Cape Fear, Universal (105 mins.).....	VG 35
Doctor in Love, Governor Films (93 mins.).....	F 51
Experiment in Terror, Columbia (123 mins.).....	G 42
Forever My Love, Paramount (140 mins.).....	F 46
Gun Street, United Artists (67 mins.).....	P 23
Hitler, Allied Artists (106 mins.).....	F 42
Jessica, United Artists (112 mins.).....	F 42
Last Year at Marienbad, Astor (93 mins.).....	F 38
Light in the Piazza, M-G-M (105 mins.).....	G 14
Madison Avenue, 20th-Fox (94 mins.).....	G 18
Malaga, Warner Bros. (97 mins.).....	G 26
Moon Pilot, Buena Vista (98 mins.).....	F 7
Murder, She Said, M-G-M (87 mins.).....	G 3
My Geisha, Paramount (120 mins.).....	VG 50
Only Two Can Play, Kingsley-Int'l, (106 mins.)....	G 6
Premature Burial, Amer.-Int'l (82 mins.).....	G 39
Rome Adventure, Warner Bros. (119 mins.).....	G 39
Saintly Sinners, United Artists (78 mins.).....	P 10
Satan in High Heels, Cosmic Films (93 mins.).....	P 46
Satan Never Sleeps, 20th-Fox, (125 mins.).....	G 30
Sergeants 3, United Artists (112 mins.).....	G 11
Siege of Syracuse, Paramount (97 mins.).....	F 10
State Fair, 20th-Fox (118 mins.).....	VG 38
Sweet Bird of Youth, M-G-M (120 mins.).....	G 34
Tender Is the Night, 20th-Fox (146 mins.).....	G 6
The Couch, Warner Bros. (100 mins.).....	F 31
The Day the Earth Caught Fire, Universal (90 mins.)	G 2
The Errand Boy, Paramount (92 mins.).....	F 14
The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, M-G-M (153 mins.).....	VG 22
The Happy Thieves, United Artists (88 mins.).....	F 2
The Hellions, Columbia (87 mins.).....	F 34
The Night, Lopert (120 mins.).....	F 34
The Prisoner of the Iron Mask, Amer.-Int'l (80 mins.)	F 22
The Three Stooges Meet Hercules, Columbia (89 mins.).....	P 15
The Underwater City, Columbia (78 mins.).....	F 18
Through a Glass Darkly, Janus Films (91 mins.).....	F 43
Tomorrow Is My Turn, Showcorp. (117 mins.).....	G 14
Too Late Blues, Paramount (100 mins.).....	F 3
Veridiana, Kingsley-Int'l, (90 mins.).....	F 15
Victim, Pathe-America (100 mins.).....	G 19
Walk on the Wild Side, Columbia (114 mins.)....	VG 7
Wild for Kicks, Victoria Films (92 mins.).....	P 26
War Hunt, United Artists (81 mins.).....	F 47
Whistle Down the Wind, Pathe-America (98 mins.)..	G 30
World In My Pocket, M-G-M (93 mins.).....	G 31

economic storm in his 20 years as president of this powerful major (20th-Fox). Nor were the 28-years preceding that, from the time he acquired his first theatre (1914) easy ones. If ever he could count on the support of the exhibitor body of the nation, it is now. Whatever the speeches, by the very presence of so many exhibitor-members of the two sponsoring theatre owners organizations there is the heartwarming assurance that, "-- we're in back of you, Spyros!"



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Martin Starr, Editor

A REVIEWING SERVICE FREE FROM THE INFLUENCE OF FILM ADVERTISING

Vol. XLIV

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1962

No. 15

## Do Indies Weaken Majors? Skouras Fete Scores Big

With each passing year, the future of the independent movie-maker seems more promising and his position in the film-famished industry more secure. There are more of his kind today turning out the product so badly needed at the box offices, than ever before. His number, like the tribe of Abou Ben Adhem, will continue to increase. This is all to the credit of the enterprising executives (and the profit-participating talent in this end of the business) who play for keeps at being their own boss. On the side of the independent, and a strong economic ally, is Uncle Sam with his capital-gains setup.

Since an Academy Award is the symbol of achievement measurable in noticeable box office returns, then it could well be said that this year, in the realm of the Oscar, was the one which highlighted the remarkable progress made by the picture-packagers, -- the independent producers. They couldn't lose, considering that all five films nominated were from their workshops. The entries were all of big sature and had been proving their box office power, across the nation, long before the final judgement night, out at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium, had rolled around. What does this state of affairs augur for the major studios?

### Will Independents Rule the Roost?

Will we go along with Paul Lazaraus, Jr., for instance, who told us a few days ago, that the very future of the industry is in the hands of the independent? He made the statement on the occasion of Samuel Bronston's announcement that Lazarus, surprisingly and hurriedly resigned as vice president of Columbia Pictures, had joined the Bronston organization as executive vice-president. Lazarus said that the independent film-maker is in a position of turning out product cheaper and sometimes better. "The independent film-maker works better, faster because he has a free approach to his work," said Bronston's second top man.

Speak to the five independent producers whose films were nominated this year, -- Stanley Kramer, Robert Rossen, Carl Foreman, Joshua Logan and the Mirisch-Wise-Robbins combination responsible for the winning picture, -- "West Side Story." They'll tell you that all the freedom in the world was given them by the distributors and their studios. In several of these mammoth, million-dollar productions the major distributors had a hefty financial investment. While a studio man with a dollar investment in a property has a right to protect it, by knowing what the independent film-maker is doing most of the

(Continued on Back Page)

Seldom in the history of the motion picture industry, known for its fabulous operation of the "testimonial" when honoring the deserving and the worthy, has there been a celebration so replete with heartfelt interest and genuine adulation as the one which marked the salute to Spyros Plato Skouras on the occasion of the 20th anniversary of his presidency of 20th Century-Fox. Co-sponsored by the Allied States Association of Motion Picture Exhibitors and the Theatre Owners of America, it crowded the main ballroom of the Waldorf Astoria with the overflow taking to the mezzanine.

Topflight exhibitors, owners and operators of vast chains of theatres came from all parts of these United States to join in the sincere manifestation of the industry's profound respect for the great pioneer, and their abiding faith in his future achievements in an industry which he virtually picked up from the floor with his \$100,000,000 savior, -- CinemaScope. From men hardened, by the years, to the ever-challenging exigencies of a tough business, there poured forth plenty of deeply-felt sentiment.

### Nation's Exhibitor Leaders Present

S. H. Fabian, Irving Dollinger, Harry Brandt, Ben Marcus (chairman of the board of Allied States As-  
(Continued on Back Page)

### Maryland Exhibs Elect New Slate

Veteran, dedicated theatre men inherited the major offices of the Allied Motion Picture Theatre Owners of Maryland for the year ahead. The following were voted in with unanimous acclaim: C. Elmer Nolte, Jr., is the new president. He's managing director of the F. H. Durkee Enterprises. Nolte has been operating theatres since 1926 . . . The vice presidency went to Harry C. Bondurant. A time-tested, knowledgeable showman of many years experience, Bondurant has been connected with the E. M. Loew's Theatres for a long time. Leon Back is the new treasurer. Graduate lawyer, engineer Back's greater love is the theatre business. He's general manager of the Rome Theatres . . . Both Nolte and Back have been Allied leaders of long standing. The new board of directors consist of the following: Meyer Leventhal, H. Vernon Nolte, Jacob Levin, J. Stanley Baker, Louis Gaertner, Walter Getfinger, J. Robert Gruver and Victor H. Savadow.

**"The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance" with James Stewart, John Wayne, Vera Miles, Lee Marvin, Edmond O'Brien, Andy Devine**  
(Paramount, April; 122 mins.)

VERY GOOD. For the third time, in as many issues, we find ourselves applying the rating of "very good" to a Paramount release. If this nature of entertainment-guaranteed product continues to come out of the Paramount workshop for the remainder of the season at this rate, the company may well wind up away up on top of the release schedule with the most consistent money-makers. The fool-proof combination of John Ford and John Wayne is in evidence again in this one. But, it's the first time that James Stewart was linked up with that enduring stalwart at the turnstiles, Wayne. There's a lot of time-tested talent in this western steeped in a forthright kind of action, a straight-forward approach to the bold, cold courage that constituted a means of survival, and the willingness to shed blood and endure untold hardships so that statehood could be won in a lawless territory.

Ford rides the plot-structure across the screen with the smoothness of a Wayne on horseback. It's the kind of a western that is part of our history, for its tale was cleaved out of the hard bedrock of so-called fiction and legend that could well have been draped in truths that are beyond disproof. Again Stewart turns in a shyish, reticent-like performance. Yet, as an idealistic lawyer, he stands strong in courage. Wayne finds a chore like this one, made to order for him. Vera Miles, grows in dramatic stature with each succeeding picture. In this film her charm and loveliness come through wistfully. Lee Marvin (as Valance) gives the brutal gunman powerful stature. His Tv build-up should be of help at the box office. There are other notably impressive performances of the support, especially that of Edmond O'Brien as a fearless editor of a western newspaper. When a producer rolls his cameras out to some of our western locations, the results must needs have their eye-appeal as this one has.

On his way to practice law in a small western town, James Stewart is robbed and beaten badly by Liberty Valance (Lee Marvin) and his henchmen. Marvin is employed by nefarious cattlemen who are against statehood. John Wayne comes to the help of Stewart. The young lawyer is given refuge in a small cafe. Vera Miles waits on table, there. Stewart begins trying to bring law and order to the town. He is told that his life is in danger. Valance will do him in. With the newspaper editor, (Edmond O'Brien) they're elected to the Territorial Convention. Stewart meets Marvin in the street one night and Marvin is shot dead. In the meantime Miss Miles has fallen in love with Stewart. Wayne had hoped to make her his wife. Stewart continues to rise ever higher politically, on the strength of being the man who shot Liberty Valance. Actually, it was John Wayne who killed off the badman. Years pass and Wayne dies. Stewart and his wife (Miss Miles) return to the small town to pay their respects to the memory of Wayne. The new editor wants a story from the Senator. Stewart tells it (via the flashback route), with the editor reminding Stewart that in the west, when legend becomes fact, you print the legend. It bothers Stewart that it

will never be known that he wasn't the man who shot Liberty Valance.

Produced by Willis Goldbeck; directed by John Ford; screenplay by James Warner Bellah and Goldbeck.

General patronage.

**"House of Women" with Shirley Knight, Andrew Duggan, Constance Ford, Barbara Nichols, Jeanne Cooper**  
(Warner Bros., May; 85 mins.)

FAIR. The distributors are sending this one out with "Samar" (reviewed last week) as the companion piece. The combination isn't going to set the box office afire. In some neighborhoods the double feature may get by. This story of what happens to some of our wayward women, when the law metes out its punishment and incarcerates them in the big house, held up rather convincingly until the overplayed and heavy melodramatics took over. Then, you're back to the plot-structure of most prison stories. The fact that this is from the women's side of penal peonage, how they're allowed to be with their children (legitimate, or otherwise) until they're three, the semi-sympathetic approach to the treatment of the women who've committed crimes, against society, make for a different approach to the hard, cold grimness of prison life. But, the plot-structure is imprisoned by its own weakness. The chief protagonist, Shirley Knight (currently being seen in "Sweet Bird of Youth") handles her role with an appeal that begets your sympathy. Constance Ford, one of the more so-called hardened criminals, delivers with emotional impact when she leads a prison-break. There are no outstanding performances because of the limitations of the script. Barbara Nichols, a strip-teaser, goes through her part with wriggly sincerity. Photography, good.

Shirley Knight arrives at the state penitentiary about to give birth. Near hysteria, she finally calms down with the help of the prison physician. She makes friends with Constance Ford and Barbara Nichols. Andrew Duggan runs the prison with an iron hand, but he begins to melt a little when he assigns the lovely Miss Knight to be a maid in his house. A birthday party is about to be staged for her little girl who is three. However, a welfare worker takes the little girl away. When Miss Knight learns of this she becomes frantic. Miss Ford decides to take things in her own hands by staging a riot. Miss Knight, sure that she'll be paroled, finds out that Duggan has blocked it. Already in love with her he was unwilling to see her move away miles from where he can be with her (when paroled). In the meantime, Miss Ford's little boy is killed when he falls from the prison roof. This time the riot is for real. Using a woman keeper and another woman (member of the parole board) as hostages, the fierce battle is on. But, the riot is brought under control, the warden is relieved of his job, Miss Knight is paroled and reunited with her child.

Produced by Bryan Foy; directed by Walter Doniger; screenplay by Crane Wilbur.

Adults and young adults.



**"Safe At Home" with  
Mickey Mantle, Roger Maris, William Frawley,  
Bryan Russell, Ralph Houk, Whitey Ford**  
(Columbia, Current; 83 mins.)

POOR. For years, the wiser producers have been saying that baseball pictures are poison at the box office, -- even if they're well made. Proof of this contention evidenced itself on world premiere night. With the stars themselves (Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris) in person, along with the whole New York Yankee team on the stage, the big theatre was less than half-full. Outside, in the street, it took an extra detail of policemen to keep the huge crowds in order. It was evident that they didn't come to see the picture. Of course, this is one of those deceptive quickies, rushed through to be ready for the opening of the baseball season. Neither of the two baseball favorites (Mantle and Maris) pull off any plays in the film. There's a few shots of them while in training in Fort Lauderdale with the rest of the Yankee team. Being baseball greats they're not supposed to mouth a line of dialogue that registers. In fact, both Mantle and Maris seem to garble their delivery. Little Bryan Russell gets the bigger play in the film. The director was wise in following the primer when handling a child performer. Don't make him act, just let him be himself and the performance will come off alright. Photography, fair.

The story, -- what there is of it, -- finds ten-year old Bryan Russell telling his Little League team-mates that he knows both Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris. One kid refuses to believe it. Soon, the rest want proof. The Russell youngster starts going through all sorts of torture to get to the ballplayers and come up with some proof. Finally, he gets to meet Mantle and Maris. Young Russell would like the two to come to a dinner (in Palms, Fla.) and thus make the kid's lie stand up. The players philosophise on the wrongs of making untruths stand up. The kid goes home broken-hearted. His father, (Don Collier) makes his son go to the dinner. In fact, he goes along with the youngster. Little Russell confesses to his gang that he really never knew Mantle and Maris. But he springs a surprise on the Little Leaguers by reading a telegram from the two players. The whole team is invited to come to the training camp of the Yankees, meet all the players and use the big field for practice.

Produced by Tom Naud; directed by Walter Doninger; screenplay by Robert Dillon.

General patronage.

**"The Horizontal Lieutenant" with  
Jim Hutton, Paula Prentiss, Jack Carter**  
(M-G-M, April; 90 mins.)

FAIR. We're back in the war again with this one (1944) and it's all aimed at comedy, farce and the laughs that you're supposed to get out of the adventures and the innocent mis-adventures of our brave boys when meeting up with the enemy, -- the Japanese. While there's been many an entertaining spoof pulled at the expense of a well-meaning, mis-directed, nice goof in uniform, this keeps bogged down, for most of its telling, by a weightless story that prevents the characters from going places. Since comedy means laughs, and laughs are not easy to come by, unless the boys concocting the tale are good at it, you can't

hold the acting folk responsible for what takes place on the screen. Considering that this was fashioned by that old hand at movie entertainment, Joe Pasternak, it becomes more obvious that the story wasn't there to begin with. It seems like only a few, short yesterdays ago when film fans became conscious of a Paula Prentiss up there on the screen running off with many of the scenes. Yet, this is the fourth time out with co-star Jim Hutton. To bolster the comedy, Tv and night club comedian Jack Carter was hurried into the tired comicalities. We don't think he's ever been in a film before. Miyoshi Umeki and Jim Backus head up the principals. This was lensed in CinemaScope and MetroColor. As always, with such devices you get eye-compelling exteriors. This is not destined for the big take at the box office.

To repeat, it's during World War II. Somewhere on a remote island in the far-flung South Pacific is an uncaptured Japanese looter. It's Jim Hutton's job to go out there and find him. This isn't to Hutton's taste. Nor is it to Jack Carter's good fortune that Hutton, who is supposed to relieve him, doesn't measure up to the rigid requirements. Where there are GI's and officers, there are nurses. Pretty ones, considering that Paula Prentiss is one of these ministering girls in white. In spite of their spats Miss Prentiss and Hutton know that each is meant for the other. There's spy stuff too! That's supplied by Miyoshi Umeki, Japanese beauty. Oh yes, the Japanese-at-large is finally rounded up. No more looting for him. But, it wasn't an easy job. While Carter was in good company, in his film debut, he too may have done better if the story allowed it. To be sure, there are some high spots of comedy in the film. But, in the main it fails to deliver.

Produced by Joe Pasternak; directed by Richard Thorpe; screenplay by George Wells, based on the novel, "The Bottletop Affair" by Gordon Cotler.

General patronage.

## **M-G-M, Loew's Revenues**

There are men in our business whose trade-mark of operation is the crying-towel. All they can see is a one-time industry slowly, but surely, going to pot. While we're not upon the halcyon days of yesteryear, things aren't as bad as these weeping-Willies would have us believe. Most of the financial reports from the film and theatre companies spell it out quite differently.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, for instance, made its financial statement the other day through its president, Joseph R. Vogel. The Casey at the bat, the Horatius at the bridge who stemmed the tide of adversity with such remarkable skill and brought new life to the desperately ailing Leo, gave out these figures: For the 28-weeks ending March 15, 1962, M-G-M's earnings amounted to \$2,553,000. Looking ahead, Vogel indicated that the company had great confidence in favorable earnings for the remainder of the fiscal year, as well as for the next year. All this, in spite of the fact that this year's figures showed a decrease from earnings of nearly seven million dollars compared to the same period last year.

### **Loew's Revenues Show Increase**

For Loew's Theatres, the 26-weeks gone by (ending February 28, 1962) gross revenues reached \$20,-  
(Continued on Following Page)

## **Indies and Majors...**

(Continued from Front Page)

time, none of these producers found his productional operations interfered with either by the studios or the distributors.

### **Role of the Major Still Powerful**

Whatever the creative power of the independent to package and turn out the muchly needed product, the role of the major in the film industry cannot be underestimated nor its importance discounted. The major with his physical properties, his manpower, his market know-how is still the pivotal stable around which revolves this business of ours, -- after the product has been completed and is made ready to reach out to the millions of movie-goers. The majors' long decades of selling experience, advertising, publicity, the servicing of the exhibitors are not to be dismissed too lightly by the brilliant independents who make the prize winning product. Just as much as the distributor with all his facilities needs product, so much more does the independent movie-maker need, badly, the better distributor.

Other than the well-established independents, there are the Johnny-Come-Latelys who are like migratory farm-hands going from distributor to distributor with their package of film. It will take many of them years to become the solid, dependable staples of our business. Too few of the newcomers evidence the knowledgeable basics of good, profitable picture-making. This healthy percentage is not so much concerned with that freedom of expression in the making of films, as the ease with which they can get off the tax-hook, via capital-gains, by being their own boss. Too many of them turn out product that fails miserably to make it worthwhile for the exhibitor to run.

### **Independent Here to Stay**

To be sure, -- and to repeat, -- the independent is not only with us, but he's here to stay for a long time to come, -- taxation, economics, industrial trade-winds being what they are. But, no matter how great the product of the upper echelon producers, they should be thankful that the majors can do the kind of job for their films that the results (gross-wise) evidence. Even for the studios, it's easier and safer for an independent producer to keep an ever watchful eye on his multi-million dollar brain child, than one mother-hen (studio boss) trying to be everywhere and be everything to everybody all at one and the same time.

But, all this nature of *modus operandi* would not have been what it is, -- untrammelled freedom of creative expression notwithstanding -- were it not for Washington's stature of economic benevolence as expressed by its capital-gains setup. -- and that too, every now and then, in the halls of Congress, gets its echo of disturbance from the talk that the statute is due for a committee going-over some day.

## **M-G-M, Loew's...**

(Continued from Preceding Page)

205,000. Deducting income taxes and depreciation, the net income amounts to \$1,168,600. For the corresponding period, last year, gross revenues were \$17,553,000. After the usual depreciation and income tax deductions, the net income for the theatre chain amounted to \$953,700. The financial statement

## **Skouras Fete...**

(Continued from Front Page)

sociation), Mitchell Wolfson spoke. The showmen were held down to brief tributes. The greater portion of the evening belonged to the industrial giant they were honoring, -- the bossman of 20th-Fox, Skouras. A documentary-type celluloidic scrapbook pictured the career of Skouras. His start, his progress, the good days, the bad ones, his family (of which he is so proud) all passed in review high up on the screen. Narrated by Henry Fonda, the shots segued into Fonda's introduction of the humble guest.

Skouras paid tribute to those who came out to honor him. But, he soon cut away from himself and plunged into industrial matters. "I am very proud to be a part of this great American industry, which has become such an effective cultural influence throughout the world," he said. He grew extremely sentimental when he dealt with the fraternal spirit that exists within the industry. "I have felt it at a time when I needed it most; when I needed, as never before, friendship and understanding," he recalled. Skouras didn't underplay the fact that in the last few years he had experienced reverses.

Then came one of the dramatic highlights of the evening. Said Skouras, "I hope very soon to be able to announce something of great importance to the theatres, something on which we have been working for a long time. When I am able to make this announcement, I assure you (looking to the exhibitor-leaders seated on the four dais-tiers on the stage) that some of the theatres in every community, in every section of the world, will be revitalized and draw new and greater audiences." This portion of the Skouras talk drew the loudest and most prolonged applause from the assemblage in the huge ballroom.

### **American Films Preeminently Universal**

He pointed out that through the Motion Picture Production Code, influenced by the high standards of the Legion of Decency and the various other religious and educational organizations, "Our films are preeminently universal. People everywhere in the world are eager to see them. Therefore, it is our duty and responsibility to make every effort to convince the Government that this channel of communication must be preserved. It is our duty and responsibility to preserve it." Skouras concluded by speaking of his faith of what the future holds for the industry. He will greet it (the unborn tomorrow) -- with tremendous enthusiasm."

He paid his respects to the clergy present, His Eminence, Francis Cardinal Spellman; His Eminence, Archbishop Iakovos; Rabbi Moshay Mann. Skouras thanked, especially, co-toastmasters Marshall H. Fine, president of Allied States Association of Motion Picture Exhibitors, and John H. Stembler, president of the Theatre Owners of America.

was released by Laurence A. Tisch, chairman of the board of Loew's Theatres.

The theatre chain was treated to some editorial (trade) accolades for its job of institutional goodwill building in the lay-press the day of the Oscar-cast. Spending a pretty penny, and departing from anything of its kind ever done before by a theatre chain, the costly spreads urged the readers to tune in to the big show that night.



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Vol. XLIV

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1962

No. 16

## Tv and the Week-End B.O. N.J. Probes D.J. Action

For nearly a month, the week-ends have belonged to television no matter what spring's inviting weather outside. Unable to horn in on the Saturday night stay-at-home habit which the National Broadcasting Company has been promoting for a goodly number of months, through the simple (if costly) process of showing post '48 films, the American Broadcasting Company had to content itself with taking over Sunday night. The implement, once again, is some of the better films not many of which are more than a decade old.

The N.B.C. "stay-at-home, and see-a-movie" campaign was backed by a buy of about 50 films from the vaults of 20th Century-Fox. The Spyros P. Skouras company had many urgent needs for the millions this brought in. The features were enough for a year's supply, not counting the re-runs, for which provision is usually made. If some of the network's programming shows weakness on certain weekday nights, then the time slots will give way to movies, leaving room for a re-run on Saturday night of the better product which constituted the film package. The N.B.C. tallies were in long ago, and the network was quite happy with the results. Meaning, the huge number of movie-goers who stayed home to see the not-so-old films instead of getting more out of life by going out to see a movie.

### Network's Campaign of Mesmerism

N.B.C.'s entry into the Saturday night movie sweepstakes had the mesmerism of a Delilah in its campaign. Full page advertisements teased the movie-goer into staying home and seeing it all from a soft seat within the comforts of one's living room. The first few Saturday nights were frightening at the box offices of the nation. With each passing week, the fears of the exhibitors were dispelled a little more. The enterprising showmen rolled up their sleeves and, many of them, went back to the business of creating business on this threatening night. Today, we're told, if the picture is there, the audiences will be there, too! That is, if they know what's going on in their favorite theatre. Which means a job of stronger, harder selling than ever before. But, that's show business, these days.

It is yet too soon to say what A.B.C. has done to the box office on the few Sunday nights the network has come up with the "movies-in-your-home" inducement. The Tv people are using United Artists product, post '48, with some of the releases nearer to circa sixtees in vintage. ABC-Tv begot itself 30 fea-

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There will be no hasty, half-cocked journey to the nation's capitol to see Attorney General Robert Kennedy and his assistant, Lee Loevinger, who is in charge of the Anti-Trust Division of the department, according to the latest blueprint of operation of the Allied Theatre Owners of New Jersey. The unit will move only if its legal ground is sound.

Explained its battling president, William Infald, the other day to *Harrison's Reports*: "We will exhaust every peaceful approach to the majors, possible. If there is an understanding, give-and-take way of resolving many of the irregular trade practices that are costing us the loss of big money in the operation of our theatres, we will seek that road. But, if we fail to find that peaceful way, then we will be compelled to take every legal step open to us to deal with the matter of availabilities even if it means going to the Department of Justice."

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## Immoral Films Attacked By DAR

Concerning itself with motion pictures as never before in its distinguished history, the Daughters of the American Revolution have sounded the war drums that the product of Hollywood, as well as the imports, will be watched with an ever-increasing care for the smoothly camouflaged indecencies and immoralities in film stories. . . . Making its stand known from the nation's capitol, where the DAR met, mothers and grandmothers were prevailed upon to go into action as a measure of safeguarding the morality of motion pictures. It is in the protection of the young that members of the DAR are concerned with. . . . Through its published film reviews the ladies' patriotic organization has begun to reach out to better film councils, public health hospitals, Consumer Research Bureaus, schools, public libraries, etc. All this vast circulation in addition to the members of the DAR. . . . That many newspapers carry the film reviews of this elite society, was attested by its national chairwoman of the all-embracing film committee. Many radio stations have voiced the DAR film reviews, it was reported. The DAR is dedicating itself to an all-out fight on films leaning toward immoralities that would wreak its harm on the young of the nation.

**"Geronimo" with**

**Chuck Connors, Pat Conway, Ross Martin,  
Kamala Devi, Adam West, Enid Jaynes**  
(United Artists, May; 101 mins.)

GOOD. Down through the years, one of the basics of the film industry has been the western. Whatever the fictional approach to a horse-opera, the story can always be traced to some segment of the glorious history of our great country that grows from the roots of truth. In this one, if you're not a historian steeped in the knowledge of the subject, you don't know where the screen-writers digressed from fact to dress up the yarn with fiction. Fashioning a piece of entertainment like this gives them the right to take such so-called poetic liberties.

In any event, this is a thrilling and exciting piece of entertainment. It is a western of the better genre. Meaning, it's box office. It is told with a simplicity that stands up in spite of all the blood and thunder. Chuck Connors as Geronimo is believable, dangerously stoic, fearlessly bold. His bronzed face, jutting jaw-bones, steel-cold blue eyes make for features hunted by the sculptors of historic statues. Connors turns in a solidly impressive performance. His close follower, Ross Martin plays his role with hero-worshipping conviction though he's the tribe's hereditary chief. Kamela Devi, making her screen debut, is a breathtakingly gorgeous Apache. In for only a few scenes, John Anderson, a scriptures-quoting reverend shakes the sound-track with his stentorian, clear-cut enunciatory delivery. In fact, nearly all the characters are well cast. In a western, an unbilled protagonist can be the scenic investiture. Here through the process of Panavision and Technicolor, it spreads before you with a breath-taking beauty that leaves a reviewer's vocabulary almost wordless. Producer-director Arnold Laven leaned toward endless long-shots, with a clarity that made movement, miles away, stand out with the nearness of imaginary imagery only yards ahead.

It is 1883. The Mexican and United States military forces have compelled Geronimo (Chuck Connors) and his small group of Apache warriors to surrender. They're taken to a reservation in Arizona. Everybody must work the land. There is suffering among the Apaches. Connors tears up the treaty and plots to escape. As the crops are about to come up, the government Indian agent (John Anderson) agrees to sell the yielding land to the head of a large cattle corporation. When Connors and his tribe hear of this, they flee to Mexico. Lonely for a mate, he rides back to the reservation and forces the beautiful Apache teacher (Kamela Devi) to become his wife. The fighting between the Apaches and the U. S. Army continues. Two Senators arrive in the danger zone to talk to, perhaps arbitrate with Connors. Amidst the roar of the heavy U. S. Army artillery Connors' wife bears him a son. The Washington emissaries tell Geronimo (Connors) that the United States is ready to sign a new treaty respecting the inalienable rights of the Apaches. Connors surrenders, feeling that Washington recognizes the fact that a man's dignity is more important than life itself.

Produced and directed by Arnold Laven; screenplay by Pat Fielder from a story by Fielder and Laven. General patronage.

**"Big Red" with**

**Walter Pidgeon, Gilles Payant**  
(Buena Vista, June; 93 mins.)

FAIR. Walt Disney approaches an animal story with the protective tenderness of a mother hen caring for her chicks. Here, again, we have a dog tale. -- and, of course, a boy. He's 14. We have the Disney fetish for authenticity, thus the locales are in the lush region of La Malbaie, Quebec, Canada. You have a newcomer to films, Gilles Payant, of French-Canadian parentage who plays the boy. The dog-and-boy story shapes up pleasingly enough, but with too much of a similarity of plot-structural makeup when you think of all those other dog-and-boy stories. There's not enough variation to prevent you from knowing what's ahead.

But, that's from an adult's viewpoint. To the youngsters, it will be a different dog-and-boy world that will unfold itself. That's where the basic appeal of this one lies, -- the young trade. Gilles Payant (the boy) did a creditable job, although his delivery is a little hard to follow at times. The only recognizable name to American movie-goers, is Walter Pidgeon. The smooth, modulated-voiced actor lends dignity and stature to the film. The canine protagonist, a dog-show beribboned Irish setter goes through his paces understandingly. Close-ups don't bother him, thus he's treated to many of them the better to project the keenly intelligent face. Disney's camera-crew captured (via Technicolor) the grandeur of the virgin pine country surrounding La Malbaie.

-- and so, as Big Red wins another ribbon at a major dog show, Walter Pidgeon buys him for \$5,000. A young boy (Gilles Payant) with no family, is given a home on the Pidgeon estate. His main chore is to care for the dog. On the eve of another dog show, the ribbon-winner jumps through a window trying to get to the boy who was told, by Pidgeon, to stay away from the dog. The animal sustains deep cuts. Young Gilles carries him out to his shack in the woods. He is soon better and ready to be sold. However, Big Red jumps from the train and makes for the woods. With him is his mate, Mollie. The boy hears about this and sets out to find the dogs. Mollie gives birth to a litter of red pups. In the meantime, a mountain lion has stalked the dogs. The boy gets to the dogs just in time to scare away the big cat. Pidgeon, trying to find the boy, is thrown from his horse and is pinned down by big rocks. The boy finds Pidgeon, kills the lion as it is about to jump on Pidgeon. Dogs, pups, boy, man return home. Pidgeon wants the boy to live and work at his place. He also wants the youngster to go to school, all of which is okay with the lad.

General patronage, -- the youngsters especially.

**"Five Finger Exercise" with**

**Rosalind Russell, Jack Hawkins, Maximilian  
Schell, Richard Beymer, Annette Gorman**  
(Columbia, Current; 108 mins.)

FAIR. Film producers have been doing rather well this year with successful stage plays in their transmission to the screen. But, not with this one. Though it begot itself drama critics awards both in New York and London, it fails to come off as a movie. This play of family conflicts and clashing personalities lost some of its meatier ingredients when transformed into a



screenplay. The fact that it emerges as a mixed-up family living its life in California and not in England (as it did in the original) shouldn't matter much. The weakness of the production lies in the inability of the adapters to clarify the discontent; to rationalize the emotional disturbances; and to make the goings-on believable. Hardly any of the protagonists begot your sympathy. The exception is Maximilian Schell. Rosalind Russell can't seem to shake the "Auntie Mame" aura that stubbornly persists to cling to her histrionics. It also evidenced itself in "A Majority of One." For all his success as a businessman, Jack Hawkins takes quite a beating from his wife, trying to climb the so-called intellectual ladder. Richard Beymer has a long distance to go yet, before he emerges as an actor with conviction. The film adaptation failed the players. The loose direction helped to compound the weaknesses of the release. Photography, fair.

The head of the family doesn't wear pants. The mother, Rosalind Russell, rules the roost. There's even a refugee tutor (Maximilian Schell) who lends a continental touch of culture to the household which includes a mess of hand-kissing. Later, this subservient respect he has for the domineering woman (Miss Russell) leads to a lot of innocent misunderstanding on the part of the lady. She was quite sure this was adulation that stemmed from romantic impulses. All the time Schell meant it as a gesture his mother would have got had she lived. Richard Beymer shows no great love for his parents, although his mother (Miss Russell) showers him with a mother's boy possessiveness. Beymer would like to see tutor Schell a bit more restrained in his feelings for the family. The continual clashes among the brood grow more bitter as time goes on. Finally, in fear that an innocently misunderstood cheek-kissing incident of Miss Russell may prevent him from becoming a citizen of the United States (because there was so much of a to-do made about it) Schell tries to commit suicide. He is saved. This near-tragedy seems to cement the broken-up family within the household and a stronger-sensed togetherness takes over.

Produced by Frederick Brisson; directed by Daniel Mann; screenplay by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett from the play by Peter Shaffer.

General patronage.

#### "Reprieve" with

**Ben Gazzara, Stuart Whitman, Ray Walston, Vincent Price, Rod Steiger, Broderick Crawford**  
(Allied Artists, Current; 105 mins.)

GOOD. This prison drama is cleaved out of the cruel bedrock of truth. Even some of the scenes were shot at one of our penal institutions. If truth is stranger than fiction, then the biographical prison-story, put into book form by John Resko should add to the box office potential of this film. A thing in its favor is the talented players it is peopled with. Because of their performances the story breaks away from the cold, hard grimness of prison dramas and we have believability without submissive credulity. Ben Gazzara, as the lead, is a captivating character. As the film progresses he continues to capture and hold your sympathy. He turns in a convincing portrayal.

The stature of Stuart Whitman, as a performer of solid conviction is well established here. As a keeper

he is a departure from the accepted make-up of these Simon Legrees within prison gates. But wardens are supposed to be mean, almost sadistic. After all, they're dealing with the human mistakes of our modern society. The more lethal perpetrators wind up paying for their crimes with their life. Rod Steiger acquits himself admirably in this role. In fact, the acting throughout this real-life tale, processed into motion picture entertainment, is strong, solid and easily understandable. The new production team, in the realm of the independents (Millard Kaufman - A. Ronald Lubin) has fortified this initial entry with a capable cast of actors. It adds to the acceptability of an offering that will hardly be welcomed by the women-folk. But, this is of the meatiness that men prefer once in a while.

A few minutes before Ben Gazzara is to be taken to the electric chair for a killing, he gets a commutation to life behind prison walls. No sooner at Dannemora, when he tries to make a break. He is sent to solitary, but that doesn't stop him from making another attempt. He begins to make a series of sketches on the walls of his cell. Having neither paint nor brushes, he uses the heel of his shoe. This comes to the attention of the prison officials. They soften up and allow him to develop his art, see if it sells and, if so, give the proceeds to his daughter. Vincent Price, an expert in the arts, is so impressed that he starts things rolling for the parole of the talented prisoner. In between, we're treated to the life that goes on within these prison walls. Trimmed up with interludes of fiction, no doubt, we see Ray Walston as a cell-mate with a sense of humor, Sammy Davis, Jr., negro-symbol of implications; Broderick Crawford

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#### New York Allied Very Active

One of the stronger links in the Allied States Association chain of exhibitor organizations, is the New York State unit. Presided over by Sidney J. Cohen, its latest move to improve relations and better business is the Film Buyers' Clinic. Its motives and format of operation will be gone into and will constitute the greater part of the Spring Meeting to be held by New York Allied on April 30. . . . The industrious Cohen announced that many leaders of national Allied will be in attendance; -- Milton London, Irving Dollinger, Wilbur Snaper, Alden Smith, George Stern. All exhibitors were invited to attend the important session to be held at the Variety Club, in Buffalo. "It doesn't matter if you're not a member of Allied," said Cohen. "If you're running a theatre, you belong with us when the Spring Meeting and Film Buyers' Clinic is called to order," said the New York Allied president. . . . More evidence of the ever-wider expansion of the New York unit was seen when an Albany area branch of the state organization was set up with Leonard Rosenthal, of Albany, heading up that phase of Allied territorial operation. Rosenthal (a lawyer) distinguished himself on the floor of the recent Allied States Association convention down Miami Beach way.

## Week-End B.O. . . .

(Continued from Front Page)

tures in its UA wrap-up for a sum reported to be about \$200,000 a film. American Broadcasting didn't make anywhere near a launching splash as did National Broadcasting. The movie program was almost sneaked in apologetically. The ABC emirs figured that the idea of staying home on a week-end night to see a movie on one's Tv set had already been explored thoroughly by its richer rival (NBC). So, why go over the same sell at big cost?

Where does all this leave the exhibitor? Should he take seriously the talk that the Columbia Broadcasting System is watching closely these other two Tv networks? If CBS's programming falters, will the network close one of its major company film deals that's been in the process of negotiation? In many cities, it is well known, independent Tv stations have grown rich playing one feature a whole week. To be sure, there's big money in Tv-ing a Hollywood movie, especially if it doesn't happen to be of ancient make. The exhibitor must face a series of prophetic realities that make our business, in these times, what it is.

### Majors Need Tv's Big Money

Majors in need of money, and able to garner it in the millions, will make deals with television for most of its product. Paramount's and Universal's Tv stand is pretty well known in the industry. The networks will be needing ever more films if they can lay their hands on them. Cost-wise, for all the millions they're spending, it's still a cheap buy. After the initial cost, there are few others. The engineer threads his projector and the show is on the air.

Night by night, the Tv operators sneaked up on the week-ends. Now, both Saturday and Sunday nights have been invaded by the networks. It can almost be said that the worst is over. The last stronghold has been bombarded by the television tycoons, the valuable week-end upon which the exhibitor counts so much. Have the casualties been irretrievably tragic? In some sections of the country, the invasion at the box office was felt, keenly. In most other places, the onslaught was short-lived and the rallying was not too long delayed. Today, even before the ABC Sunday night tallies are totaled up, the picture is not so depressing for the average exhibitor.

For that, the film producers should take some measure of credit. They too were frightened by the week-end Goliath who wanted to keep people chained to their little screen at home by keeping them away from the big screen at the theatre. But, the run of product, held in reserve for the juicier box office take over the week-ends helped bail out many a desperate theatre operator. It is good to get a good scare, once in a while. It brings everyone to his toes. Today, there's feverish action in all phases of motion picture operation and the fat-cat complacency dies its nine lives in quick order.

### Exhibitors Have Much to Expect

Looking at what's coming up from the majors and the independents, you're ready to walk into the coming months with a more assured step of confidence. You don't find yourself running terribly scared. If the nation's economy continues at its present accelerated tempo, the theatres of the land will be getting their portion of the people's margin of free spending money.

## N.J.-D.J. Action...

(Continued from Front Page)

The impasse has been a hotly contested one reaching its height of bitter indignation during the recent annual convention of the Allied States Association, in Miami Beach. Irving Dollinger, chairman of the board and national director of New Jersey Allied, and Wilbur Snaper (also of New Jersey) speaking heatedly from the floor, demanded that the whole matter of availabilities (and alleged sharp practices of some of the majors) be brought to the immediate attention of the Department of Justice. Instead, it was decided (at the convention) that Marshall H. Fine, president of national Allied, should try to see if the situation can be resolved by taking it up, personally, with the distribution heads of the majors before an approach is made to the D.J.

The talks were held recently. Accompanying Fine to the home offices were Dollinger and Snaper. Fine stated that the conferences emphasized strongly the disadvantages to the exhibitor of over-extending the playing time of reserved seat releases. Fine reported that the distributors promised the exhibitors that they would speed along hard ticket playdates thus making the releases available for general play-off much sooner than in the past.

What has transpired since the Fine-Dollinger-Snaper talks with the distribution heads is not to the liking of the New Jersey exhibitors. Thus, this special committee to explore the legalities involved in an approach to the D.J. On the committee Snaper finds himself as chairman. Also serving are Dollinger, Infald, Richard Turtletaub and Sidney Stern.

"We are forced to move on our own," said Infald, "because there are evidences of home office complacency and the action is far too slow." The committee is still conducting a series of exploratory talks with a big lawyer respected in the industry as an expert in such legalities. "When he will have given full study to our cause of complaint, which takes in some of the phases of the consent decree, and he tells us that we have sufficient legal ground to take the issue to the Department of Justice, then we will proceed immediately. Not until we are sure of our legal rights, will we go to Washington," said Infald.

He pointed out, without any intention of criticism, that "El Cid" had not, as yet, set any policy. Infald, and his New Jersey exhibitor-members felt that the gains along the road of availabilities made by any one unit of Allied, would be to the benefit of all exhibitors who are suffering losses via the route of delayed releases of the blockbusters. He wanted it known that, "We, the exhibitors of New Jersey, should be considered as friends of our industry."

### "Reprieve"

(Continued from Preceding Page)

ford, whacking away at prison discipline as if he had a bull-whip in his big hands. After nearly a score of years of prison life, the parole for Gazzara arrives. By this time the lifer has gained some measure of fame on the outside through his brilliantly executed canvases. He goes out into a free way of life to live with what few members are left of his family.

Produced by Millard Kaufman and A. Ronald Lubin; directed by Kaufman; screenplay by Kaufman from the book by John Resko of the same name.

Adults and young adults.



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## Letter to Lancaster:

What you did, a few nights ago by walking out on that nocturnal Tv interview winking, will be applauded by most of us in the industry for a long time to come. Especially do those of us, like the man from *Harrison's Reports* who's had a close association with both Tv and radio, appreciate that you did the right and professional thing. We wonder why more of the acting folk long ago didn't do the same on either this or so many of the other so-called interview shows where the high-priced Hollywood interviewee, guesting for nothing, came off a beaten-up second best.

The reason why these interviewers have been able to feed fat on your gratuitous appearances, is that you, the high priced names of Hollywood have been the victims of bad public relations advice. The Burt Lancasters are too valuable a property to be "thrown" willy-nilly at these Tv operators merely because in return you may be able to get a plug for your latest release. At that time of the night, and at the prevailing rates for such late-hour airing you could have bought the whole Tv show to use how you pleased if you pro-rated your dollar-and-cents value to the program by the gauge of your name-appeal to the listeners.

Perhaps your walking out on the Tv show may have started something. Something like re-evaluating your worth and that of the other big names to these chatter stanzas that are commercial springboards for a mass of interlaced announcements running from detergents to dirt-chasers, to skin creams, to kitchen soaps, to hair sprays, etc. If the interview is a long one reaching heights of "sensationalism" as you said, there may well be 15 of these participating sponsors who'll cut in on you.

### Film Stars Innocent Skills

In short, without the Burt Lancasters on these shows, most of the sponsors would not be on them. You, and your brother stars, are the lucrative meal tickets of these interviewers. You are the bait for the listener. You become the victim of pointed, "unkind, cutting, unfair, unreasonable, sensational, scurrilous-tempoed, little man" questioning, to use your reaction. For what? A possible rapidly-delivered, brush-off type of mention of your latest release. In your case, it's "Birdman of Alcatraz." It's not worth it, Burt Lancaster!

By the time you're ready for the tape job, you've already got two strikes against you. You can't possibly come out ahead, though you're the high-priced guest. The Tv interviewer knows all the questions he's going to throw at you like sharp curves. But, you don't

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## Attack on Sex in Films

There is a strong, vindictive cry, these days, against too much bold sex in films. It is heard throughout the land in the loud tones of important people, organizations, civic groups who are in a position to do something about their plaint. It would hardly take the profundity of a sage to appreciate that that "something" can be another way of spelling out censorship.

Listen to some of these complainants, -- the clergy, educators, Legion of Decency, the Daughters of the American Revolution, politicians, etc., -- and you realize that as individual forces they mean business, this time. When these separate forces succeed in combining their agitation, as they will some day soon according to the blueprint of indignation, then it can be a mighty sad day indeed for the whole motion picture industry. Nor should we forget the provocation of Congressional committees.

Yet, is motion picture production so much to blame for the story trend that has developed these days in the realm of the stage play, the novel, television and the other arts? From these sources the motion picture has been deriving much of its story content for production. Producers, with any regard for their huge

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## Maryland Allied Salutes Douglas

Because Kirk Douglas voiced a "courageous exaltation of the motion picture industry" the Allied Motion Picture Theatre Owners of Maryland, through its executive secretary, James L. Whittle, expressed their sincere appreciation in a letter to the actor. . . . The exhibitors were motivated to salute Douglas because of a recent television appearance. The expression of gratitude said in part: "It is seldom, nowadays, that you find the top echelon performers of the screen having the courage and gratitude to extol the industry." The Maryland (Allied) theatre owners were deeply impressed with the Douglas stand. It brought forth their profound wishes for the continued success of the actor. Considering the "biting-the-hand" attitude of some of the big names in films, the Maryland salute to Douglas should have its impact on those who think that the exhibitor is not without his sense of deep appreciation when a good deed is done for the good of the industry, especially by the acting profession.

**"The Music Man" with  
Robert Preston, Shirley Jones, Buddy Hackett,  
Hermione Gingold, Paul Ford  
(Warner Bros., May; 151 mins.)**

VERY GOOD. This has been a good year for producers who bought costly Broadway plays and made movies out of them. Most of the legitimate vehicles came through successfully in their transition to the screen. This musical reaches enthrallingly exciting, heartwarming heights in the realm of melody entertainment. For all its proof of charm, gaiety, colorful stretches of sheer joy and plenty of dashes of old-fashioned sentimentality on the stage, as a film entry it emerges with all these endowments in greater measure, deeper feeling and more pleasurable residue. How prophetic it is, when you think back to the time when it seemed as if the stage symbol of the music man, Robert Preston, would be supplanted by a "big marquee name" when the celluloid version got rolling. Where would this superb piece of entertainment have been without the real Robert Preston playing the reel one.

Melodic Americana has its own ear-caressed idea of what is good music, set to a good story with its echo of unforgettable beauty. Inter-woven into such a pattern are the skeins of corn, hokum, old-fashioned "schmaltz," provincial nostalgia, endearing tenderness. But, how beautiful it all comes out. How lovely to behold. How wonderful to listen to. If there be cynics who don't go along with us, let them be, for redemption is beyond their sensitivities, to say nothing of their souls. There are drum-rolls and bugle-calls for so many people and factors in this, that space would hardly allow for their full listing. But, away up on top is the performance of the man who had melody in his heart and just a wee bit of innocent larceny in his pocketbook. That's Robert Preston. The actor, with nearly nine-hundred stage performances as the music man, in back of him, achieves new, histrionic triumphs perhaps not imagined by some of us. Charming rogue, innocent hustler of the fast-buck, he is finally trapped by the heart-strings of love. No matter what the emotion, his is an outstanding performance. He delivers a tune and executes dancing steps with a smoothness denoting big talent. Shirley Jones gives a great account of herself. There is sometimes a slight hint of overacting along the long road of the melody play, 151 minutes, -- quite a stretch. Accolades and salutes go to Buddy Hackett with his lighter moments; Hermione Gingold with her touch of humor, Pert Kelton's solid performance, Paul Ford and the rest. Special mention should be made of a little, shy boy who stammers and lisps his way into your heart, Ronny Howard. Technirama and Technicolor make their contributions to the entertainment goodness that is to be found in this release. This is an assured bell-ringer for the exhibitors.

We're in Iowa (River City). It is 1912. The con game, everywhere, is at its height. Robert Preston uses the route of melody to gain his fast-buck objectives. In this small town he gets to work on the citizenry to make melody men out of the kids, dress them up in uniforms. He makes all sorts of promises and gives all kinds of guarantees. By the time he's collected his loot he'd be on his way. But, not this trip. He's in love with the librarian, Shirley Jones. He stays on and works with the little music men. The townsfolk

feel, for a while, that they've been taken. But, soon they come to the decision that he has brought some of the missing melodic culture to River City. In between the narrative (which sometimes gets a little weak) there are the melodies. The Meredith Willson score is the metronome of Americana pulsing through the tale. The heights of throbbing melody, of course, is reached when the "76 Trombones" let loose. It sweeps the populace like so much laughter, love and tears. -- and when the end is reached, you're almost prompted to come back and see it all over again.

Produced and directed by Morton DaCosta; screenplay by Marion Hargrove, based on the Meredith Willson-Franklin Lacey stage libretto; music and lyrics by Willson.

General patronage.

**"Lonely Are the Brave" with  
Kirk Douglas, Gena Rowlands,  
Walter Matthau, Michael Kane  
(Universal-Int'l), June; 107 mins.)**

GOOD. This is a motion picture based on truth. It is almost bitter in its concept. Raw, bloody-and-gutty, rough and homicidal it whips into the harder side of life with the fierce brutality that can be man's hatred for his fellowman when seeking his own, free way of life. Something that may still lie beyond the reaches of the fences of modernity. Within his own conscience, he may have felt himself as right as the rains that ultimately figured in his death. But he broke the laws of the society aborning around him. He had to pay the price for his strange transgressions. Thus we find Kirk Douglas in a dramatic portraiture vastly different from what he has done before. He is before the camera for most of the running time of the film. A less capable actor would have lost his hold on your emotions long before the final fade out. While we see here a western criminal, his mixed-up philosophy of what constitutes one's free way of life stamps him more as a "crazy cowboy."

To be sure, the women won't find this their dish of cinematic tea. Yet, Douglas has a feminine following. Some of it may respond to this raw, meaty offering. It is for the men who are in search of tales that deal with the brave, the fearless, the fighter, the lonely roamer. Whatever the box office returns of this one, they will have to depend on the Douglas name and its appeal to the movie-goer. It is a picture that will create some talk, which in turn may create some additional revenue. In some sections this will score. Verily, it is a challenge to Universal's ability to do a strong "sell" job on this one. Walter Matthau, a stalwart Kirk Douglas stand-by, does well with the chore of sheriff of Duke City, which is Albuquerque. The sharp-bitten delivery of Matthau makes the sheriff more than a man-hunter. His small-town sense of coated humor is big time. Gena Rowlands, Michael Kane and the others are in for short roles but do well. Douglas' horse with silver-tinted mane and tail, is a well-trained beautiful animal. The rugged, dangerous Sandia mountains form the picturesque background of most of the exteriors. Panavision in black-and-white can be mighty eye-compelling as this is.

Kirk Douglas gets himself thrown in jail so that he could help a friend (Michael Kane) escape. The friend will have none of it. Douglas gets out, and



the posse, under the leadership of the sheriff (Walter Matthau) is after him. Douglas and his brilliant horse elude his pursuers. Only a short, few yards from freedom (the Mexican border) Douglas and his horse are struck down by a giant truck. The horse is shot, the sheriff refuses to identify the "crazy cowboy" and as the ambulance clangs its way back to the hospital, you know that the bone-crushed passenger -- Douglas -- will be dead on arrival.

Produced by Edward Lewis; directed by David Miller; screenplay by Dalton Trumbo based on the novel "Brave Cowboy" by Edward Abbey.

General patronage.

**"Six Black Horses" with  
Audie Murphy, Dan Duryea, Joan O'Brien**  
(Universal-Int'l, Current; 80 mins.)

POOR. A western can still be eerie, morbid, ornery and otherwise possessed of the depressives of story-structure and yet come out of it as good movie entertainment. Not this one. It is scarred with all of these emotional repellents and it doesn't make for a pretty picture on the screen. It's mostly because the story suffers from the malady of plot-structural weakness. While the trio of stars are equipped to do a fairly good job with a half-way decent script, they fail to deliver because of the loosely-woven tale and the inadequate direction which too may be traceable to the little the director had to work with. The strange title comes out of the even stranger wishes of Dan Duryea. Bad critter, a bitter man of vengeance and meanness, his dream of riding out of town, when he dies, is in -- a real, fancy rig being pulled by six black horses, tricked out with tall plumes." He gets his wish, when he's done in by Audie Murphy, who in turn at one time owed his life to Duryea. For all the blackness into which this tale is plunged, the scenic investiture (in Eastman color) is of the stuff that is Utah in all its shimmering brilliance and outdoor grandeur. To be sure, this poorly made western is not an altogether lost cause. There are many who follow the trail of the horse opera no matter if it by-passes the outposts of pleasing entertainment.

-- and so, Audie Murphy is caught stealing a mare. Six riders are for hanging him, but Dan Duryea saves his life. Riding into town Joan O'Brien spots these two men. They kill three of their assailants. Even pay for their funerals. They accompany Miss O'Brien to a distant town to meet her husband. On their way a band of Coyotero Indians demand the girl. Later, the girl wants to kill Duryea because he killed her husband. Duryea abducts the girl, Murphy gives chase and kills him. He takes the girl to start a new life.

Produced by Gordon Kay; directed by Harry Keller; screenplay by Burt Kennedy.

Adults and young adults.

**"Cash on Demand" with  
Peter Cushing, Andre Morell**  
(Columbia, May; 77 mins.)

GOOD. Our British brethren of the cinema are good at holding excitement, tension and pressure under control. Their emotions don't show too broadly. A bogus army officer can make a bank robbery come off with the aplomb of ordering crumpets and tea in a quiet little tea-room. There are clever touches of

suavity, simplicity, subtlety as the fake insurance investigator goes about his work, and yet he's a scoundrel in his heart. This story of a well-planned robbery of a provincial bank is woven together so tightly and smoothly that before you know it, the 77 minutes have run their course and the thieving smoothie is on his way to prison. It's the adroitness of the acting and the skillful job of directing that make this an interesting entry from that tight little, bright little isle across the pond. There are no names of any consequence with which the exhibitor can make any noise about. To be sure, it isn't likely to set the box office ablaze. But, it is different in its approach to the cops-and-robbers theme. For all its smooth-paced tempo and played-down dramatics, it has its element of quiet excitement. There is no love, no heroism, no chase down toward the end where the culprit usually goes careening in his get-away car in and out of crowded streets, only to be caught in the end. It is just a smoothly told, carefully concocted tale of a huge bank haul, which fails to come off. Peter Cushing, Andre Morell and the rest of the cast do well. Photography, good.

He enters the bank and wants to see the head man. Andre Morell says he is the investigator for the insurance company. He's ushered into the head man's office (Peter Cushing) and some small talk takes place. Pretty soon, Morell tells Cushing what he's there for, to loot the provincial bank. Cushing, a hard man on his fellow employees, is told that his wife and son would be in quite a mess if he fails to cooperate with the thief. The helpless bank official has no alternative. He has to go along with the job. In the meantime, a clerk in the outer office taking the route of a routine check on the identity of the insurance investigator finds out that he's an imposter. He informs the police. Cushing, still in fear that his family would be in danger if the suave thief would be taken into custody by the police, pleads with the officers to free Morell. Of course, the police must do their duty. They've got the evidence -- the money, as well as the confession of the crook. For a while it seems as if Cushing also would be drawn in, innocently, as an accomplice. But, the bank official is freed. He also breathes easier when he calls his wife to learn that she was never in any danger. That too, was a clever ruse employed by the insurance faker who is hauled

(Continued on Following Page)

**Kramer Attacks Exhibitor %**

That independent producer Stanley Kramer is one of the more brilliant minds of the motion picture industry, none of us who has covered him (news-wise) can deny. His latest achievement, "Judgment at Nuremberg" with its Academy Awards, attests to an outstanding creative ability. There's his challenging, but successful "The Defiant Ones" also a winner of many distinguished prizes . . . But, when Kramer takes almost sharp issue with the percentage an exhibitor gets, as compared to the producer's return, in the presentation of a film, then he gives himself away as not having too much basic knowledge of the theatre man's staggering cost of operation, these days.

## Lancaster...

(Continued from Front Page)

know what will be coming out of the Tv pitcher's box. The oracle of the megacycles is all prepared via research, newspaper and magazine clips to question you along lines that make for exciting listening to his rating-conscious way of thinking. It's best done through the route of "sensational" questions. The Tv man on the other side of the microphone isn't going to play drum-beater for your film if he can help it much. You're at his mercy right from the start, and the best you could do to assert your position is either play "fall-guy" for the tricked-up questions, or walk out on the interview session, which, bravo for you, you did!

But, is this the end of the abuse you Hollywood stars are going to suffer at the hands of most of these program conductors? Was there much of a noticeable improvement in the treatment of guest stars since the unfortunate Ross Hunter incident on the same Tv outlet, same program? Hunter suffered abuse and downright poor professionalism that was shameful. He didn't take the walk of courage you did. But, he did take a beating when a woman interviewer (on the show) threw a mess of egg right in his face because he dared ask her about his "Back Street."

### Home Offices Must Curb Tv Abuses

We're afraid that the fault lies with the home offices. The ambitious Tv-radio contact in trying to place you all over the dial should insist on these "musts." A careful briefing before air time. You're to know what tricky or touchy questions are to be curved at you. You're to be given the right of objecting to such questions you don't like, you don't think are fair, or you feel are "sensational". To repeat, all this before air time. Your value to the program is to be given every consideration and the mention of your current release is to be made at several judicious intervals. You and the other big names just draw up this nature of reciprocal procedure, insist that the home office contact sees that this be carried out when on the air, and you may get some of the values out of these free appearances that perhaps will show up at the box office. Or else, make outright spot buys on such programs you think will help sell your film, and you'll come out far ahead of the game where the Hollywood star is the bait for the bigger ratings on badly handled interview shows.

We of *Harrison's Reports* with practical experience in these lines of electronic communications, have written so often of these abuses (such as practiced on the Burt Lancasters) that we wonder whether this latest piece will do any more good for the protective good of our Hollywood names, than the pleas preceding this!

(Editor's Note: As we were going to press, it was learned that the Tv show on which Burt Lancaster suffered the indignities of poor professionalism, would be going off the air. By the time summer sets in it will no longer be seen. In scurrying around for the basic reasons for the discontinuance of the interview session, no direct answers could be obtained as to whether the Lancaster situation had anything to do with the show going off the air. Neither Westinghouse nor station officials said there was any relationship.)

## Sex in Films...

(Continued from Preceding Page)

investments, know that standing as guardians of the moralities involved in some of this originally objectionable material are their own Production Code Administration, the Legion of Decency and other well-meaning, vigilant groups whose only interest is to see that the decencies of clean, motion picture entertainment are upheld especially for the protection of the young.

### Deceptive Advertising Harmful

It is not alone the content of these films with alleged immoral implications that are under attack. The manner in which they are advertised is being criticised sharply. This latter method of "sell" operation is something that definitely can be avoided. In many respects, it is fraudulent, deceptive and crudely misrepresentative. Stronger measures should be taken to clean that mess up. Efforts to create advertising copy that doesn't violate the basics of good taste and honest content would at least lessen the double-trouble the industry is headed for. True, desperation can cause many an ad campaign to reach out beyond the boundaries of nice-nellyism, -- which is hardly box office for some of the product. But, promising biological impacts and emotional excitements that are not (and cannot) be there in the picture itself, is using an archaic method of asking for more woe than the industry can cope with the fragility of our moral structure in the public eye being what it is, these days.

We should be grown-up enough to know that a sex-themed film is dynamite in itself. There's no need to blow it up into an explosion right in our face with the match-sticks of impassioned mis-truths, love-lollipopping promises, tantalizing "come-on" in much of the advertising copy and art work.

## A Death in the Family

This issue will be late, a day or two, in reaching you. It's because there's been a death in the family of your editor. A younger, dearly-beloved brother passed away.

Because we come from a family steeped in the religious observance of traditional rituals, we sat out a week of deep mourning at home. It's a sacred interlude of "time out" from the hustle-and-bustle of the work-a-day life.

Verily, it's one of the ways in paying respect to a departed soul whose righteous way of life was a religion unto itself almost beyond the piety of prayer.

So long, Jack!

### "Cash on Demand"

(Continued from Preceding Page)

off to begin paying his time premiums at the local hoosegow for his financial transgressions. He walks into the final fade-out with the calm imperturbability of a bank president on his way to a board of directors meeting.

Produced by Michael Carreras; directed by Quentin Lawrence; screenplay by David T. Chantler and Lewis Greifer based on a play by Jacques Gillies.

General patronage.



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Martin Starr, Editor

A REVIEWING SERVICE FREE FROM THE INFLUENCE OF FILM ADVERTISING

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No. 18

## When the Strikes Come

Ours is a strike-stricken economy which provides for an ever adjustable wage-line geared to the rise or fall of the unpredictable economy. The country is always in danger of major strikes. When the strikes come, after the cooling-off periods, official sessions with the government arbiters and other Solomonic agencies have failed to halt them, whole communities are affected.

Standing in the middle of this betroubled situation is the theatre. For, strikes mean an ever-lessening outgo of the spending dollar. Only the bare necessities are bought in most families. Surely, buying an admission ticket to a movie is not included in the pinched spending that descends upon a people during those terrible periods of workless days and payless weeks for the bread-winner.

But, there are some nature of strikes that don't affect too severely most of the other wage-earners of a community. These may take their pro-rata toll on the local economy, to be sure, but they do not cut in too heavily on the spending dollar that may be put away for movie entertainment. Throughout the land, there are many such situations right now. To be sure, theatres even in these strike-bound communities can't do all the business they'd like to.

### Michigan Allied Meets Newspaper Strike

Take the newspaper strike in Detroit. Allied of Michigan looked upon this strike as one with "potentially disastrous effects" on the movie business. The Detroit dailies ceased publication. For all the communicative power of radio, and its young brother living in his "vast wasteland," television, the daily newspaper is still the most powerful of these media of communication with the public. The doings of a community make their journey through the stepping-stones of type reaching objectives more tellingly impressive than its other competitive forces of communication. The doings in the theatres of the Detroit area could have very nearly been dangerously blacked out were it not for the fervent, frenzied, feverish manner in which the Metropolitan Exhibitors of Detroit set its massive machinery to work in reaching out to the movie-goers of that vast area.

In detailing the Detroit format of emergency operation, we do so because strikes of this (Detroit) nature, and others, can break out in your own community with little warning. To repeat, in these strike-ridden days that go into force within and beyond your area of operation, it is best to be prepared with a plan of emergency action. The revenue lost during a strike period, in which the exhibitor becomes one

(Continued on Back Page)

## Hollywood, Whipping-Boy

There was a time when the exhibitor fought the distributor, and vice versa, tooth and nail. While most of the inter-industrial battling took to the fonts of the trade press, some of it poured over into the lay press columns fronting the entertainment section of the newspapers. Verily, there were times when the interchange of upper-echelon denunciatory epithets was grist for the mills of the syndicated Hollywood columnist thus exposing the so-called dirty family linen to the movie-going public.

Fortunately, there is a more peaceful atmosphere mantling the relationship between exhibitor and distributor these days. To be sure, here and there there rises an exhibitor cry of "on to Washington and the Justice Department." In many instances, that march is staved off as cooler heads and more conciliatory minds prevail. Right now, we're upon an era when the third leg of the motion picture tripod (produc-

(Continued on Back Page)

## Fine Complains to Majors

The diplomatic, cool-headed approach to troublesome, territorial matters was again evidenced by Marshall H. Fine, young president of the Allied States Association of Motion Picture Exhibitors. This time, it concerns Pittsburgh. Fine wrote to each of the general sales managers of the major film companies regarding what he felt was "a potentially serious threat to Pittsburgh area theatres from tax-exempt, non-theatrical competition". . . It seems that a legitimate theatre, operating on a non-profit, tax-exempt basis plans to show 35mm feature releases. This would be in direct and unfair competition with regular motion picture theatres in the Pittsburgh area. Admission, of course, is to be charged . . . Fine, speaking for not only Allied members, but all exhibitors, pointed out how detrimental such a move would be to the majors' regular theatre accounts. Also, it would be contrary to the best interests of the film companies. The Allied leader hopes that there will be no 35mm releases booked into this non-profit theatre operating under civic association exemptions. He made urgent request that distributors of the companies' 16mm releases do not serve the playhouse in question . . . Once again, the honest, forthright outcry against the abuse of one situation, can be the safeguarding of fair-practices in all territories.

**"Lisa" with****Stephen Boyd, Dolores Hart, Hugh Griffith***(20th Century-Fox, June; 112 mins.)*

VERY GOOD. This film does something to your emotions. Its flow of subdued romance and pounding drama build up within you as if some hidden dam of humanity was about to be dynamited. These days of a big phalanx of star names heading up the casts for their high box office potential, you didn't expect too much in that department. None of the stars has powerhouse value for the marquee. But, they have enough of the basic talents to lend strength, believability, and sympathetic appeal to a story that stands strong against the many encroachments that can bedevil such nature of plot-structure. It refused to allow its drama to turn into melodrama; the wistful touches of pathos into hokey bathos; its obvious sincerity segueing into insincerity. The fictional structure of the tale can well rise from the foundation of truth.

The romantic leads, Stephen Boyd and Dolores Hart gave warmth, sympathy, intense meaning to their roles. Boyd is superb. From Hugh Griffith down to the lesser support, the performances held like the dikes of Holland through which the tale glides in its scenic reality. To be sure, in addition to the brooding vistas of the Dutch country in which is set part of the Jan De Hartog novel, locale work found the cameras, the crews, the players in Wales and Tangiers. The process of CinemaScope and the lush tints of DeLuxe picked up the scenic beauties of these places with eye-compelling effect. It all added to the majestic emotional power that propelled the smooth movement of the story. It was a background that helped give meaning to the warm dialogue, the compassionate feeling, the crystal-clear delineation of character, especially when the two leads (Boyd-Hart) reached some of the more tender interludes of a victim of conscience and a girl of heartbreaking punishment realizing how much they needed each other. Of course, this will have its special appeal to the women. It should be a welcome arrival at most of the box offices of the nation.

Stephen Boyd is an inspector in the Dutch police. His fiancée was slaughtered in a Nazi concentration camp during the war. He did nothing about it. He became a victim of conscience. With the war over, he is assigned to watch an ex-Nazi white-slaver whose current victim is Lisa (Dolores Hart). To Boyd the girl is his dead love reincarnated. He rescues the girl from the white-slaver in a struggle that results in the latter's accidental death. Miss Hart wants only one thing in life, to emigrate to Palestine. Boyd guarantees to deliver her to the promised land, making them both fugitives of justice. The route to Palestine is a long, hard, hazardous one. Via smugglers' barges, border nets they finally reach the beaches of Palestine and the safety of a Haganah patrol. In the course of the flight, Boyd had fallen in love with Miss Hart; it was decided that she veto the advice of American friends who felt that she belonged at the Nuremberg trials as a witness. The Nazis used her as a living cadaver for surgical demonstrations almost making her incapable of being a real wife to any man. Wounded in a gun-battle, when on one of the smuggling barges, she is taken to a hospital in her new homeland. She is conveyed in the lone tank British-controlled Israel gave to the Allied forces during the war. Identified by

its blue Star of David, it rolls off the beach as Boyd, knowing that each is in love with the other, waits for the British authorities to pick him up and take him back to pay the penalties of a law-breaker.

Produced by Mark Robson; directed by Philip Dunne; screenplay by Nelson Gidding based on the novel by Jan De Hartog. General patronage.

**"A Taste of Honey" with****Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens***(Continental, Current; 100 mins.)*

FAIR. Our British brethren of the cinema have begun to compete with their French, Italian, Danish neighbors over there in the pursuit of off-beat, sex-ridden, depravity-tempoed themes. Turned out by the more successful practitioners of the so-called new school of neo-realism, it is, of course, for that graduate school of movie-viewing, the art house. When the exhibitors in this phase of showbusiness book the film, they'll no doubt cash in on such reminders to the public that this tale, which leans heavily on miscegenation and homosexuality, is for "the emotionally mature," the adult.

As a London and Broadway stage play it gained its measure of success. As a cinema, it has already garnered, over there, four "Oscars" in the British Academy sweepstakes and is a British entry in the Cannes Film Festival which is already under way. Also, for many of our contemporaries covering movies for newspapers, it may well be "a critic's picture" which too often has been a box office kiss-of-death when playing the regular theatres. While the theme is repulsive, and in many places throughout the nation should be considered with extra precaution before booking, it is well done. Production-wise, acting-wise it does not falter. Photography, good.

This plays itself out in the Blackpool slums begrimed by the smelly pubs, the smoky factories. A mother (Dora Bryan) imprisoned by that strange alchemy of animal-like lust isn't too concerned with the plight of her daughter (Rita Tushingham). The youngster gives herself to a Negro sailor. Soon the 17-year old is with child. The man of the sea is off on his rounds. A sympathetic homosexual befriends the young mother-to-be. There is a strange warmth to this friendship, each seeming to need the other. They sort-of set up house. The youngster is not easy to live with. She seems to have little room in her life for him. But, he (Murray Melvin) takes it. In the meantime, the mother (Dora Bryan) returns to her daughter, herself fed up with her latest "husband" (Robert Stephens) who, to be sure, is a symbol of degrading humanity wallowing in its own muck and mire. This means the end of the strange relationship between the girl and the homosexual. To repeat, for all the sordid, repelling, off-beat nature of story, the acting of the leads is to be commended. Rita Tushingham as the daughter, a newcomer, is beautifully appealing though no beauty herself. Her mother, Miss Bryan comes through with conviction. The other portrayals are of high stature. The basic theme will find its dissenters. Maybe, it's because we've had so very much of this nature of sex-ridden filth of late.

Produced and directed by Tony Richardson; screenplay by Shelagh Delaney and Richardson from the play of the same name, by Miss Delaney.

For the emotionally mature.



**"Lad: A Dog" with  
Peter Breck, Peggy McCay, Carroll O'Connor,  
Angela Cartwright**

(Warner Bros., May; 98 mins.)

**FAIR.** This is in the dog tradition of "Lassie" the movie from which came the Tv program of the same title, which finds reason (because of the number of viewers) to run on and on with little variation of story structure. This is for the kids, of course! Yes, it may find its adult audience, too, for there are dog lovers everywhere. Also, there are those oldsters who may remember the Albert Payson Terhune dog story which goes back a couple of decades. There is to be found the expected ingredients of sentiment, the interludes of suspense and the passages of excitement, for these are the basics of a dog story. The animal has to be beautiful, intelligent and faithful. That, the canine protagonist of this one is. It's a beautiful collie, naturally, thus holding to the breed the author dealt with all those years ago. There are no important film names to exploit in this one, giving it less chance of extricating itself from ordinary program status. This nature of picture is a field-day for the photographer. A dog story must move, and an animal hasn't got much acreage to move in indoors. Thus, when the action takes to the outdoors, the lush scenery, Mother Nature's opulent settings make for an attractive background as the collie performs his feats with human-like adroitness. Of course, this kind of story is best told in the tints of say, -- Technicolor. To repeat, this is for the youngsters. Properly exploited, it should beget its response.

The prize-winning collie is owned by a writer (Peter Breck). His neighbor (Carroll O'Connor) is a wealthy widower with a disposition far from sunny. His eight-year-old daughter, an invalid, is the bright spot in the household. She and the dog take to each other. O'Connor becomes a dog-lover himself. In fact, he purchases one of dog-show prestige to compete against the Breck collie. There follow a series of incidents which make for excitement. Lad saves the youngster from a poisonous snake; one of Breck's enemies sets his barn ablaze destroying several small canines; the same scoundrel tries to rob the Breck household, but he's no match for Lad. The young girl takes the surviving puppy, as the older folk know that she will make another Lad out of it. Young Miss Cartwright proves with what ease children can turn in simple, honest performances.

Produced by Max J. Rosenberg; directed by Aram Avakian and Leslie H. Martinson; screenplay by Lillie Hayward and Roberta O. Hodes from the novel by Albert Payson Terhune. Adults, -- and children.

**"Bon Voyage" with  
Fred MacMurray, Jane Wyman**  
(Buena Vista, June; 133 mins.)

**GOOD.** Walt Disney, exponent of plot-structural simplicity, once again -- with the aid of the creators, technicians, skilled movie-makers employed in his workshop of a million cardboard memories, -- have given us a nice little tale. It is entertaining to a degree hardly beyond our above-rated salutation. It is for the family, to be sure, as are all of the Disney output. It is quite humorous, if not shriekingly funny. Verily, the plain title itself could have allowed for a

subtitle like "Five Americans Abroad." There is a timeliness to the Disney vehicle, for who isn't being tempted these days, with endless systems of credit, to go for the bon voyage business. Here we have a combination that makes for this family; -- honest fun, assorted sadness, the inevitable frustrations and the bright-eyed delights of the youngsters as the experiences engulf them.

Dad (Fred MacMurray) however must put up with more complications than he may have bargained for. Add to all these emotionalities the wondrous scenes and settings of Paris and the Riviera and you get an idea of the Cook's Tour that this Disney entry conjures up. But, there is a drag-tendency to the goings-on, especially for the first half of the rather lengthy feature. The pace tends to pick up down toward the latter end of the proceedings. While the performances of the adults, MacMurray, Jane Wyman are not outstanding, they are pleasing. The younger members of the cast do well. Direction and production are efficient. Technicolor dresses the story in its proper tints. The cameramen took advantage of the physical beauties that lay before their irises.

After many years of planning and saving for a trip abroad, Fred MacMurray and wife, Jane Wyman, are able to take an ocean liner to France together with their three youngsters, Deborah Walley, Tommy Kirk and Kevin Corcoran. Wally meets young playboy Michael Callan and becomes romantically involved. Kirk makes a play for all kinds of girls and almost gets into trouble with the mother of one. Corcoran just has fun, sub-teen style. MacMurray gets lost in the Paris sewer system; is flattered by a Parisian streetwalker and takes on a French wolf who makes a play for Miss Wyman, when she is outfitted in a new hairdo and gown. After all has been tried and tested, the family is ready to return to Terre Haute.

Produced by Bill Walsh and Ron Miller; directed by James Neilson. Bill Walsh wrote the screenplay based on the book by Marrijane and Joseph Hayes.

Family.

**Sinatra on World Tour for Kids**

You wonder where is the lineage in the syndicated columns on Frank Sinatra's latest occupation, -- touring the world in behalf of Children's Charities. Right now, he's in Tel Aviv. He will visit several other cities in Israel, spending more than a fortnight in that state. All in behalf of the unfortunate youngsters throughout this betroubled world who need help . . . The charitable crooner from Hoboken, N. J., has already been in Japan, Hong Kong, Athens. He gives endless charity performances, wherever he goes, on behalf of the children and youth organizations. Too often the victim of unfair barbs from the men who man the gossip column typewriters, aiming them, especially, at the so-called "rat pack" of which Sinatra is supposed to be the leader, you don't see much, if any, lineage about this long, arduous journey he's making in behalf of such a worthy cause as the Children's Charities of the world.

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No. 19

## Majors Face \$ \$ Trouble

Financial trouble was one of the cohesives that was mixed with the brick and mortar that built this powerful motion picture industry of ours into a multi-billion dollar enterprise. From its swaddling days of the jumping tintype to today's ingenious development, financial trouble hounded much of the business like colic an ever growing child. But, out of this economic anemia has come an industry the enduring strength of which has been put to the test times without number down through the years.

Today, as the majors are ready to give their accounting to their stockholders, we find two companies beset with financial difficulties. While no one, who is part of the industry via his occupation and sympathy, takes these money plights lightly, there is no necessity to plunge oneself into the sackcloth and ashes of resignation. The wise men of Wall Street will have us believe that no great financial empire was ever built without its periods of heavy debt. The greatness of our industry came out of mammoth financial gambles which pushed the companies into the debtors corner and kept them there for a long time. Eventually, the majors emerged triumphantly only, on the morrow, to find themselves occupying the dreaded corner again.

### Debts Hold No Fear for Majors

The instances of the film's debt-ridden method of operation are too innumerable to mention. But, the biggest and most challenging of them all will always constitute part of our glorious history. -- and, that is, of course, Spyros Plato Skouras' one-hundred-million-dollar investment-gamble in his faith in CinemaScope. That it became the savior of a gradually declining industry, no one will doubt. That this kind of money had to be mostly borrowed money, no one will deny. Thus, the debt and the debtor are united far too many times in the daily occupation of the men in whose hands lie the destinies of our majors to become too alarmed about it, now. These men won their success stripes by skyrocketing their companies from the murky shadows of the red-inked depths to the starry pinnacles of black-figured fame. But, no matter how secure their financial positions today, none is Nostradamus enough to know what the unknown tomorrow holds.

-- and so, whatever the financial instability of two of the majors, today, they will meet the unborn tomorrow with the courage, ingenious planning and faith in the future that have characterized the film industry since its birth. If the present may be a little discouraging, the future looms highly inspiring.

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## ITOA Unleashes Protests

The alleged irregularities of practice on the part of the major film companies "are subject to legal question," was one of the contentions of the Independent Theatre Owners Association of New York, the other day, as the organization met to go on record (unanimously) with a series of resolutions that are aimed at the dangers that are besetting the business life of member theatres of the ITOA.

The highlights of the protest meeting, were the prevalent distribution practices which encourage competitive bidding and the employment of special releasing patterns creating extra runs. By this means member theatres are deprived of their normal and regular availabilities, contended the ITOA.

Supporting the stand of the theatre men were strongly-worded resolutions that were drawn up and despatched to both the presidents and the sales managers of the major film companies. It is reported, that none of the distributing companies has as yet made any reply or given any official reaction to the resolutions. That this is not a new battle between the buyer (exhibitor) of product and the seller (distributor) is attested by the vigorous stands taken by the Allied States Association of Motion Picture Exhibitors on a national basis and the battle being waged, on its own, by the Allied Theatres of New Jersey.

The latter unit is in hopes that, if the legalities are there, the alleged ill-practices concerning availabilities will be brought to the attention of the Department of Justice. To be sure, there are other exhibitor units, throughout the country, that are seeking relief from the costly situation that is created, especially, in the manner in which the majors are treating the exhibitors re the practices that have aroused the ITOA to its latest plan of attack, resolve and probable legal redress.

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### Exhibitor Units Being Organized

This may well be the year when unallied exhibitor bodies will be joining or organizing state units in greater number than ever before. The Allied States Association of Motion Picture Exhibitors sees great progress ahead of bringing into the fold new units. To be sure, the unorganized theatre operator has begun to realize that running a complex business like his, needs every bit of experience, trouble-shooting help he can get from a national association like Allied States whose only interest is the exhibitor's.



**"Mr. Hobbs Takes a Vacation" with  
James Stewart, Maureen O'Hara, Fabian,  
John Saxon, Reginald Gardiner, Lauri Peters  
(20th Century-Fox, July; 116 mins.)**

VERY GOOD. It is good that a comedy is pre-screened (for the trade press) within the confines of a theatre with its several thousand paid customers. This one played itself out to a packed theatre crowd with such pleasurable charm, sparkling hilarity that some of the laughter is still echoing in our ears. In these days of off-beat sex in our films, depravity-ridden themes, the spasms of laughter unleashed via this entry can be the harbinger of the Midas-like splashes of heavy coinage that will gladden the box office. Yes, this serious, solemn, sullen little old world of ours, right now hath much need for the kind of mirth this delivers.

Mostly, of course, it's because of James Stewart. With what dexterity he can go from the grim, to the grin, to the groan! His is a superb performance all the way through. Even when he finds reason to unleash a derisive line to his grandfather-hating offspring, your feelings go out to Stewart. Comedy can overstay its time-limit. But, not this one for all its 116 minutes of jabberwocky, rollicking, hilarious running-time. That a tightened-up, smoothly-paced script made all this possible, is the big plus the acting folk must have been most grateful for. That the direction was delivered in such great style is another one for the credit side. That Maureen O'Hara, in all that retiringly radiant beauty stood as strong support is another big plus in that column. That the rest of the principal-support did exceedingly well is more reason why this emerges as an entry with all the potentials of the strength theatres need now at their box office. Newcomer Lauri Peters makes an impressive film entry. CinemaScope and DeLuxe color make their eye-compelling contribution to the offering.

-- and so, banker, father, devoted husband, James Stewart, is looking forward to a vacation. He wants quiet, serenity, aloneness with his wife, Maureen O'Hara. Other than the latter, he sees none of this dream come true. Instead, he gets his two married daughters, their families and a cavernous old derelict of a "loaned" beach house that is a haven for bats. Roger Hobbs (Stewart) is unhappy, but is cheered up by his wife who thinks the whole mess is "enchanting." There are all sorts of mechanical contrivances that go wrong, fail to function or else blow up in your face. Stewart finally gets a smidgen of serenity on the beach. But, that too gives way to a blonde voluptuary in a bathing suit that revealed a full-blown bosom that could blow any good man's serenity to smithereens as he mashes through Tolstoy's "War and Peace." But, not devoted, loyal Stewart.

The clan has arrived by now, and grandpa Stewart tries for that long dream of togetherness. That too begins to fall apart at the seams. He gets one good break, however. The ever-blaring television set conks out leaving his son in desperate straits. Stewart is given the loan of a sailboat. His son joins him in a marine meander out on the deep. It turns out to be near-tragic. In the meantime, one unemployed son-in-law left abruptly, -- to get a job. Stewart is to entertain his prospective employer (John McGiver) and his wife (Marie Wilson). That too very nearly turned out to be quite a mess. The vacation soon ends.

Tired, not a little disillusioned, wondering if it was worth it, Stewart finds himself reserving the broken-down shack on the beach for next year.

Produced by Jerry Wald; directed by Henry Koster; screenplay by Nunnally Johnson based on a novel by Edward Streeter.

General patronage.

**"The Cabinet of Caligara" with  
Dan O'Herlihy, Glynis Johns, Dick Davalos,  
Constance Ford, J. Pat O'Malley  
(20th Century-Fox, May; 104 mins.)**

POOR. Unlike its neighboring review (to the left) also a 20th-Fox release, this is quite a different offering in the realm of film entertainment that wants to beget itself a dollar at the box office. When German film making was in its creative glory (1921) "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" came out of its workshops. It was an unusual tale of eerie, gory, weird goings-on and left its imprint on the pages of brilliantly conceived motion picture entertainment. The swing of time's pendulum has orbited the suspense thriller into a new setup, fitting the times (calendar-wise) into the present which still shouldn't have faulted its telling of the traumatic terrors that can grip a woman. But, it is hopelessly bogged down in incongruity, implausibility and straying inconsequentials. They sap the new telling of its dramatic mysteries, the chill-thrill who-done-ities. Some of the dialogue is rather hackneyed, as are many of the situations that should have built up to a powerful, emotional impact. The viewer finds himself unnecessarily baffled, unpleasantly confused and quite bored, to say the least. While it may not be sporting to report so, but the tittering of the special audience, -- the so-called "opinion makers" was too obvious and at the wrong places, not to feel the embarrassment. As to performances, Glynis Johns won't count this as one of her more cherished cinematic assignments. Photography, good.

A young lady (Glynis Johns) finds that her car had broken down. She walks endless miles, arrives at a strange house seeking help and is immediately plunged into a frightening series dealing in bestiality, perversion, sadism. Like many of the others in the house, she is held prisoner by the demon Caligari (Dan O'Herlihy). She is befriended by a so-called doctor in whose hands lie many of the secrets that make the vile Caligari what he is. There is even a romantic symbol who enters Miss John's life. He sees her only at night. Caligari doesn't want to seem to want to possess her. She puts him to a test, slinking into his room in low-cut gown, derriere swinging, giving out with boldly open sexual invitation talk. This carried more corn than the fall crop of an Iowa farmer. She accuses the big man (O'Herlihy) of not wanting because of not being able to, -- impotent, you know. And so it goes for an overlong stretch of nothingness (story-wise) coming up with an ending which we won't reveal because the producers asked us not to. Which should cue the exhibitors in the handling of this: Don't seat anyone during the last 12 minutes of the film, the better to enjoy it from the very beginning.

Produced and directed by Roger Kay; screenplay by Robert Bloch.

Adults.

**"That Touch of Mink" with  
Cary Grant, Doris Day, Gig Young  
(Universal-Int'l, July; 99 mins.)**

GOOD. The smoothie-pie comedy pattern seems to stand up for Universal-International. It will be said by those who've seen, and done well with it at the box office, that this reminds them somewhat of "Pillow Talk" and "Operation Petticoat." A well-made, slick, tantalizing comedy is like so much money in the bank. This, very nearly, could have reached greater heights in the realm of comicalities but for a few weaknesses. While they're not too obvious, they're there, just the same. But, they hardly matter when you consider that teamed up are Cary Grant and Doris Day. The combination delivers, each in his or her own way trying, perhaps, to best the other but delivering a smooth job of co-ordinated work that makes the entry enjoyable. While we can't call them productional faults that reduce somewhat the entertainment qualities of this you-chase-me, I'll-chase-you game of romantic tiddlywinks, it is regrettable that they, -- some of the comedy frailties, -- seem to show up. But, no matter. This should make money for the exhibitors who play it. Considering the "sell" manner in which Universal has brought in its comedies, this will come in with a "waiting-to-see" audience at the theatres. Another advantage to the smooth pacing of the film is the fact that the goings-on are wrapped up in 99 minutes of running time.

There are other touches that make this a pretty picture to behold. A fashion show in which Miss Day will make the ladies in the audience sort-of drool, shall we say! There is the scenic investiture of Bermuda which looms far more enticing than the travel folders when spread across the screen via Panavision and dipped in Eastman color. Gig Young turns in an admirable performance, while Audrey Meadows is putting ever more slowly mounting talent into her roles. Already having made quite a flop out of their film-starring debut ("Safe at Home") Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris, pride of the New York Yankees whose prowess has not yet shown up this year, are in for a short bit. Also seen is Yogi Berra.

It's this way: Cary Grant, on his way to his office finds that Doris Day gets a splashing when his car bounces into a mud-puddle. He dismisses the incident. But, not for long. Looking out of the window he spies the young lady entering an Automat. The pangs of conscience compel him to chase his financial advisor (Gig Young) to catch up with Miss Day and offer her some money for the damages she sustained. The upshot of it is, that the rebellious Miss Day has scurried to the office of Grant to throw the money right in his face although she is on unemployment relief. The sight of Grant took Day like you know what during the Civil War. The romance gets under way, right there and then. But, a little of the platonic stuff plays itself out first via a trip to Bermuda. Further destinations will come later. In the meantime, what comes are a series of embarrassing and hilarious circumstances, untimely nervous rashes, the inevitable and expected marriage bit. The laughter all around was ringing proof that that made everybody happy.

Produced by Stanley Shapiro and Martin Melcher; directed by Delbert Mann; screenplay by Shapiro and Nate Monaster.

General patronage.

**"The Intruder" with  
William Shatner, Frank Maxwell,  
Beverly Lunsford  
(Pathe-America, May 80 mins.)**

FAIR. This betroubled entry finally got its three-"m" go-ahead from the Eric Johnston Office, -- the movies' morals monitors. The Seal still doesn't improve the entertainment quality of the release. Timely, though the subject may be, it is also highly explosive and needed the most expert and delicate texture of handling, which the film failed to get by a long shot. Some of the oldest riot-inciting passages are woven into the feeble tale with the result that they sounded more dramatic when carried as news-despatches on the front pages of the nation's newspapers. Also, -- and in these days of star-studded player-rosters, -- there are no names that have enough box office pull to offset the crudity and hopelessness of the production. It fails on many of its fronts. In the proper hands, even themes that have their explosive impact can emerge as suitable, acceptable entertainment. This, to repeat, fails to reach out even remotely to the terrain of movie enjoyment. To be sure, these spools of cinematic dynamite are not for the theatres of the south. However, it is not a case of all minuses. There is the performance of the heartless rabble-rouser William Shatner which, though handicapped by the spiteful hatefulness of the role, makes you want to pummle the living daylights out of him. Most of the rest, do well. Photography, fair. The film was shot in a small Missouri town.

We're in a broken-down section of the south. A hateronger from the west takes to heating up the white folk on the subject of integration in the high school. Thus far, it's been only for the whites. The storm has now engulfed the Negroes and there is a march on the school. There are all sorts of cooked-up accusations thrown at the Negroes. White vengeance and merciless punishment must now be the answer. Negro families are terrorized; mob hysteria mounts, a colored youth is accused of attacking a young, white girl though the accusation is false; the frenzied rabble-rouser is not without a bit of seduction; there's a near-lynching as the end finds emotional sobriety taking over.

Produced by Roger and Gene Corman; directed by Roger Corman; screenplay by Charles Beaumont taken from his novel.

Adults.

**"13 West Street" with  
Alan Ladd, Rod Steiger, Michael Callan,  
Dolores Dorn  
(Columbia, May; 80 mins.)**

FAIR. The juvenile delinquency cancer that's been eating away at the innerds of our modern society continues to be the dramatic hook upon which many of our producers are hanging their movie tales. This one deals with the problem in a way that is not overly exciting or impressive. When a theme is repeated, with not too many ingenious variations, then there is the obvious presence of familiar sameness and much of the kick is gone, for the element of surprise has been reduced to a low quotient. What else, then, makes such a story compelling movie fare, -- allowing for this element of plot-structural sameness, -- is the

(Continued on Following Page)



## Money Trouble . . .

(Continued from Front Page)

Heading for that half-year mark when the companies again reveal their figures and facts to those who have faith in their future via the stocks they hold, the reports will be highlighted by developments that should bring its measure of cheer not only to those who have financial stakes in film companies, but to all of us who find ourselves working in the vineyards of the movies. To be sure, tomorrow's world in the film business won't seem like a series of running brooks out of which the general fishing for the box office dollar will be as easy as, -- shall we say, -- a Gloucesterman's haul off the Grand Banks. Every earned dollar will have to be fought for every penny of the way. But, it will be done because it's when hard times ahead face our industry that the very best in us comes into play. Maybe, that's one of the ironic paradoxes of man.

### Year Ahead Full of Big Promise

Stockholders will be told, and all of us will have full reason to believe that these will be truths we'll behold in the year to come: Some of the difficulties in the year gone by are already being met. As the fiscal year progresses so will financial victory over the difficulties. There are film companies, with an abiding faith in the box office potential of most of their product to be released, which predict that they will reach revenue-heights not within the grasp of releases in these past few years gone by. That strange bogeyman who made a fortune by living in a "vast wasteland" into which millions moved their living rooms via their idiot boxes (television sets) no longer frightens the leaders of our industry. They are planning the future of their own medium of entertainment to be enjoyed away from home, in the confines of the movie goer's favorite theatre, on an entertainment scale never envisioned before. The inducement will be, of course, the unusually high quality of the product to come.

It is agreed by the probers, the poll-takers, the practical statisticians that Tv had reached its highest point of development and the only place it can continue to go, is down. For, that downward retreat to everlessening interest for the viewer has been going on for the past five years. The unimpeachable figures the film industry goes by, for all its faith in the fact-gatherers going from door-to-door, are the figures that show up at the box office as they go from theatre to theatre. -- and, these revenues have been climbing year by year for nearly a half-decade, now. There are two strong reasons for that: Millions of Tv viewers have abandoned their sets more often for a trip to their neighborhood movie theatre. As the entertainment values of Tv kept on descending, the quality of the motion pictures exhibited continued their ascent.

### Threat of Next Year, -- Toll-Tv

In most of these reports, full of their justifiable optimism, there is one disturbingly discordant note, -- the ever-increasing operations on the toll-Tv front. Several major company heads seem quite sure that the year ahead will see greater progress and deeper, general interest in the medium. They offer as proof, recent court decisions upholding the legality of the Federal Communications Commission's green light in utilizing over-the-air tests; the courts compelling

## ITOA Protests...

(Continued from Front Page)

The ITOA moved these resolutions of protest -- in deference to its long-established custom of intra-industry amity and conciliation." Via its series of unanimous protest, the ITOA has put distribution on notice that, --the Association will take all necessary protective measures to vigorously oppose the continuation of such destructive practices."

### "13 West Street"

(Continued from Preceding Page)

acting. If that is powerful and outstandingly compelling, you have something that will hold your interest. But, Alan Ladd as a victim of a pack of free-wheeling, vicious hoodlums doesn't turn in an overly meritorious job of acting. He fails to make his impact on you and never quite puts himself over. On the other hand, his co-star Rod Steiger, as a detective sergeant, does well with a role that finds the hard-bitten make-up of Steiger moving in with the histrionic fit of a square peg into a square hole. Dolores Dorn, as Ladd's wife, provides the few ingredients necessary for her role, -- loveliness, sympathy over the plight of her husband, faith. The leader of the hoodlum tribe makes an attractive appearance, Michael Callan. The realism in the photography, good.

Alan Ladd, a space engineer, is on his way home one night, when he runs out of gas. Before he knows it, he's beaten up (for no reason, at all) by a gang of hoodlums tooling their way through the streets looking for trouble. Ladd thinks he recognized one of the boys. Rod Steiger, a dedicated detective takes over and the search begins for the gang. The homicidal leader is Michael Callan who, this time, doesn't come from an underprivileged family. The other bad ones come from good families, also. Ladd isn't satisfied with the slow progress Steiger is making in tracking down the culprits. He begins taking things into his own hands. Soon, he is victimized again. In fact, his very life is in danger. In back of this counter-fighting is Callan. If killing or vicious violence are in his way, he won't be stopped. One of Callan's own boys isn't able to take it and commits suicide. Ladd finally catches up with Callan and his (Ladd's) vengeful bitterness almost drives him to do away with this young, handsome punk. The law takes over, of course. This will have its limited appeal. And, that has to be drummed up by a lot of intensive campaigning. While Steiger has his following, this may well be a test whether Ladd can still draw them in. He's on his own in this one, -- the Ladd Enterprises having turned it out.

Produced by William Bloom; directed by Philip Leacock; screenplay by Bernard C. Schoenfeld and Robert Presnell, Jr., from the novel by Leigh Brackett "The Tiger Among Us." Adults.

telephone companies to provide wire services to toll-Tv experimenters and other breakthroughs on exhibitor-blocked avenues of expansion.

In this latter phase of progress, toll-Tv, lies the big threat of the year. There are too many powerful, exhibitor forces too hard at work to meet this invasion of the box office not to appreciate that this issue too will be met with the fighting spirit that is characteristic of the nation's exhibitors. For, this challenging year ahead can well be one of most serious decisions.

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## Movie Morals Stand Test

Whatever the ailments of the motion picture industry, and never in its turbulent history has it been beset by so many as in these days, it never had to face up to the scathing nature of Washington probing that the television industry has just gone through. The Senators were investigating the abundance of crime, violence and sex that were riding a great deal of the Tv programming -- via all the three networks -- like a mesmerized child an ever-revolving merry-go-round. The hearings, to be sure, were part of the overall investigation of the state of juvenile delinquency in which our nation finds itself.

That Hollywood had reason to follow these Senatorial hearings, -- which (on and off) was in progress for nearly a year, -- is easy to perceive. Crime, violence and sex are also some of the stronger skeins out of which many a motion picture pattern is woven. But, the difference in the use, of the two media, if you followed the proceedings, are like day and night. And, that's because Hollywood picture making is not dependent, as is Tv, on just a handful of decision-makers who have the unbelievable power to rule as to what goes into the homes of the nation's viewers or what goes into the wastebasket because it lacks the explosives of rating-risings.

### Sex, Violence, Crime Ride Tv Waves

Under sworn testimony, the Senate investigation brought out that the writers, the directors, the actors are just coolies who don't have to put on a clean shirt of morals everytime they take on a Tv chore in their respective ends of the creative business. Just how much sex, violence and hair-raising crime is to be put into a script is decided by the commercial sponsor (or his agency representative) perhaps the program director, and in the final analysis, when the viewing audiences don't seem to respond, the president of the network takes matters in hand to hypo the ratings. The injection of "broads, bosoms and fun" into sexless, innocently nice shows was as common as a narcotic-craving victim caught in the convulsive throes of a lift via a shot-in-the-arm.

In fact, one Tv major-domo built his reputation on this nature of audience-hypoing prescription, "broads, bosoms, etc." As soon as it caught on, the other networks adapted the formulae. It had a listener lollipopping alchemy in it that made the films' morals-controlled pabulum taste like the baby-bottling weanings of grandma's days by comparison. To be sure, all the three Tv networks had to give quite an accounting to the Senatorial investigating committee.

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## 20th-Fox, AB-PT Report

In some quarters of Wall Street Nostradamusing, it is felt that the first quarter of a year can be considered as a reasonable barometer for the remainder of the year. Weather, the national economy, industrial operations throughout the nation can set the sights ahead. Thus, the annual stockholders meetings of 20th Century-Fox Film Corp., and American Broadcasting-Paramount Theatres, held recently (and in the same hours by some odd timing) proved that some of the economic storm that has engulfed the industry may have begun to spend itself.

The first quarter in film rental revenues (1962) showed a slight improvement as compared to the same period a year ago, something like seven-hundred-thou-

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## Old Unit Rejoins Allied States

Another link has been added to the ever-growing strong chain of the Allied States Association of Motion Picture Exhibitors with the return to the national body of the Allied Independent Theatre Owners of Iowa, Nebraska and South Dakota. The move to reaffiliate was made at a meeting of the full board presided over by Neal Houtz, president of the tri-state unit. Another strong force in back of the move to join up again with the Allied States Association, is Harrison Wolcott, unit secretary-treasurer . . . The exhibitors of Iowa, Nebraska and South Dakota seceded from the national organization last year. Since then, as Houtz pointed out, Allied States Association has done "--a really good job." The invitation to become allied with national Allied came from Milton London, executive secretary of Allied States Association . . . The unit directors acted upon the official invite worthwith and with unanimous consent rejoined . . . There will be a concentrated drive for membership in the territories embraced by the tri-state unit. It was also announced that regional Allied officers will be established in Des Moines and Omaha. Thus, it is becoming more evident that the exhibitors of the nation appreciate that in organizational unity there is strength.--and, the more who are enrolled in state units that are linked up with the national organization, the stronger can be the overall operations of an exhibitor association like Allied States.



**"Belle Sommers" with**

**David Janssen, Polly Bergen, Warren Stevens**  
(Columbia, May; 62 mins.)

FAIR. The writer of this one must have had a knowledge of the inner workings of the press agent in showbusiness. He also had an author's contempt for the craft by pointing out that a drum beater is nothing but a beggar with a typewriter. But, this chief protagonist (the press agent) is also willing to battle the hoodlums, the racketeers, all those no-good-nicks who have been horning in on the seemingly sleasier, seamier part of so-called showbusiness. It's a run-of-the-ginmill yarn of noble intentions, knavishly planned skullduggery, hidden truths, smouldering passions and where the hero (in the end) doesn't get, or want, the stellar, female protagonist. Television's melodic Polly Bergen is being seen a lot on the big screen these days, but the lovely lady has a long distance to go before she can be considered a good actress. At least in judging her work in this one. She's treated to more direct closeups in the brief run of this one's 62 minutes than seen in many a big-name picture for a long time. David Janssen sticks to his style, -- straight matter-of-factness, almost a cold approach to some emotional passages, a tight-clipped delivery with lips hardly moving. There are no outstanding performances, which may well result from the weakness of the script, the premise of the plot, the programmer results of the direction. Photography, fair.

Polly Bergen can't go places in the recording field because she's gone along too much with the racketeers in the business. She wants to stage a comeback. An old friend, David Janssen will help her through the route of clever, attention-compelling press agency. This doesn't take well with the hatchet-man for the hoodlums, Warren Stevens. Intimidation, cold-blooded warnings, strong-arm stuff don't help. Janssen is going ahead with his plans to get Miss Bergen a showcase date at one of the better night clubs. Even a vicious beating administered to Janssen doesn't stop the irrepressible press agent. He intends to use the publicity to blast right out in the open the activities of the underworld. In between are woven the help and operations of the gossip columnists (which has a phony ring) and Miss Bergen is set to sing at the club. With all this accomplished the trusting drum-beater meets up with disappointments in Miss Bergen and the serious truths she has hidden from him. Each goes his or her separate way.

Produced by William Sackheim; directed by Elliot Silverstein; written by Richard Alan Simmons.  
Adults.

**"Hell is for Heroes" with**

**Steve McQueen, Bobby Darin, Fess Parker, Nick Adams, Bob Newhart**  
(Paramount, June; 90 mins.)

FAIR. This is another chapter out of war's primer, "kill or be killed." It goes overboard with television talent, -- Steve McQueen, Bobby Darin, Fess Parker, Nick Adams, Bob Newhart. Darin has been getting around the big screen, of late, cutting himself in on the wise-cracking, smart-aleck, humor-kid kind of stuff. Like in most of the recent war films, every outfit has its "loner." Brave, knowledgeable of the tac-

tics of maneuvering, recalcitrant. Here too, we have one of these, embittered with war's tragic philosophy, who sort-of plays it lone hand. Steve McQueen portrays that role. Newhart's film debut is cornily weak. Next to westerns, war stories have become staple articles for production. Film makers figure that if those in the recent war alone (to say nothing of their families) find reason to be interested, the release already starts out with a fair box office potential. All the rest is that much additional gravy which may help a fair release get good returns. This is a programmer not destined to big revenues. The war stuff seems real, the dialogue true to the rule-book, the acting heroic enough to appreciate that it was quite an ordeal for those who were up there on the front never knowing when their number would be up. Photography good in its realism. In this one, there is no love, no romance, hardly any girls.

It is late summer, 1944, and war-weary GI's are in hopes of a long furlough. There is even talk that the war was nearing its end. Steve McQueen returns to the outfit. Man of courage, DSC valor, he comes back busted. Court martial, you know. Bobby Darin's big worry is to ship home enough ill-begotten loot to start a department store. Nick Adams, a likeable Polish refugee has attached himself to the company. McQueen continues to drink as the outfit moves into dangerous territory. Sergeant Fess Parker rules his men with an iron, but understanding, hand. The squad is now menaced by German guns hidden behind a pillbox. This all takes place at the edge of Germany's Siegfried Line. Outnumbered, the Americans employ several ruses to fool the enemy. To save a strong attack from the Germans, the pillbox has to be knocked off. McQueen volunteers to do it. There is a battle between McQueen and his superiors for usurping authority. The German's attack, the American casualties mount and McQueen unleashes his one-man onslaught on the dangerous pillbox. As he throws himself into it to make sure it blazes into an explosion, the impenetrable Siegfried Line is breached. Less than a handful of men are left, after this victory. As they lick their wounds and think sadly of their departed buddies, reinforcements pull up for the endless battles that still must be won before the Allies' overall victory.

Produced by Henry Blanke; directed by Don Siegel; screenplay by Richard Carr from an original story by Robert Pirosh.

General patronage.

**"I Like Money" with**

**Peter Sellers, Nadia Gray, Herbert Lom, Leo McKern, Martita Hunt**  
(20th-Fox, Current; 97 mins.)

FAIR. That clever feller Sellers (Peter) is with us again. He's British, you know, and has made quite a reputation for himself over here. But, not in this one where he goes from teacher, to tycoon in ten tediously outstretched lessons. The ponderous piece is of British make and gives us a broad-A approach to the not-quite-forgotten French Topaze which was a Marcel Pagnol play that stood the test of time. Given a thick crop of chin-whiskers, a serious mien and a solemnly subdued interpretation of the role, Sellers has sunk himself away in an extricable mess

of confusion and the promise of hilarity and riotous tomfoolery fail to come off. For that, to a great degree, Sellers has himself to blame since he took on the arduous chore of double-threat man. Besides starring in the cinema, he also directed it. The fun doesn't ripple along with any smooth sense of cohesive continuity. There is a stodginess to it that robs this favorite actor of his struggle to turn it into a charade of Sellers' joyously clever entertainment that has catapulted him to box office heights envied by many of our own brand of funsters. To be sure, though the other billed stars are somewhat known to movie-goers, they are not box office magnets. The piece is well dressed in CinemaScope and De Luxe color, giving the photography a little extra plus to an otherwise unavailing entry. It's misaimed profundity makes it fodder for the art house clientele.

This deals with a rather backward school teacher in a small French town. Mr. Topaze (Peter Sellers) is honest to a fault. He brooks no coercion even giving a bad report card to the grandson of a titled benefactress. This angers the headmaster and Sellers loses his job. Sellers is forthwith hired to pull off a piece of business skulduggery. It is all engineered by Nadia Gray a sex-ridden lady who knew her way around. Sellers thinks this is a great break for him not knowing that he's being used as a "front man." He soon becomes a rapacious financier. Whatever his former honesty, it has been sold down the river and sacrificed on the altar of success. It's not how much you know, it's how much you've got that matters in the new pedantic philosophy that has engulfed him. Sellers even fires his benefactor (Herbert Lom) which gives him visiting rights to the voluptuary, Miss Gray. Sellers, for all his former moralities and unassuming righteousness realizes that the new world he's living in is hardly inhabited by a superfluity of honest men. The former school teacher finds no reason to disagree.

Produced by Pierre Rouver; directed by Peter Sellers; screenplay by Rouver from a play by Marcel Pagnol.

General patronage.

**"The Road to Hong Kong" with  
Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Joan Collins,  
Dorothy Lamour, Robert Morley  
(Paramount, June-July; 91 mins.)**

GOOD. This is a potpourri of cinematic sukiyaki cooked up in England that would have passed muster in the early days of Dorothy Lamour and her sarong. Today, the pattern plays itself out with the weary reminder of having been there many times before only the address may have changed and the clothes may have been given a different cut. But, most of the running gags still are of the same Bing Crosby-Bob Hope cut of good natured fun, hilarious situations, fast-paced buffoonery that runs from the low of banality to the high of newness. Stitching all this together with the self-surprising (but well-practiced) naivette of a Bob Hope on the loose, is the comedian with a string of old jokes made to sound like new material that must keep Joe Miller tossing in his Valhallaian joke book. But, it holds things together. What matters is that it's a lot of fun you're treated to in this one even though the fast-wheeling Hope finds his former crooner-partner more than a little out of breath when he (Crosby) catches up to the irrepressible Hope.

The Norman Panama-Melvin Frank duo are in productional evidence behind the creative scenes adding no small contribution to this overall pleasing entry. Joan Collins helps to dress up the proceedings there being no great love interest to be bothered with in this one. Dorothy Lamour is in for a fast scene or two. We even get a landing from those outer spaces of Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin who soon are lifted out of the focus of the cameras. Photography, good.

The story, -- what there is of it, -- finds Bing Crosby and Bob Hope giving out with an American song which makes them suspect by a squadron of cornily dressed "scientists" who are tied up with a Third Echelon. What Russia or America can't do in conquering space, this adult boy scout group are sure they can pull off. They use as bait the lovely Joan Collins. Finally, Hope becomes the dupe of these nightmare merchants. They guinea-pig him into a memory test, which if successful will solve science's vexing problems. But, there are complexities. Crosby and Hope find themselves in a Tibetan Lamasery, Hope is given a drug potion, they escape and carry on their shenanigans, with the inevitable chase taking over. The Russians shoot for the moon, Crosby and Hope shoot for a safe place, they are in danger, walls close in on them, their lives are at stake, Dorothy Lamour gives them a hand, they ride a rocket to a distant planet, Sinatra and Martin drop in dressed as space-men, the girl (Miss Collins) is there, to be shared it seems by the two aloners. Now you try to make sense out of all this. If you don't, don't worry! It makes for a mess of fun.

Produced by Melvin Frank; directed by Norman Panama; screenplay by Panama and Frank.

General patronage.

**Memo to Samuel Goldwyn:**

When you speak, the newspapermen write, the public reads and the industry ponders. The other day, you dealt with the astronomical salaries the acting end of our business is demanding, -- and getting. You, as one of the most successful independent producers, were on the actors' side. Considering the millions you've spent on acting talent, you have reason for your stand . . . But, that is not the real reason for this memo. This is the thought that struck us as we agreed with you that, "-- we do not have many picturemakers in Hollywood any more." Meaning, that we do not have enough pictures being made by the men who know how to make them so that they, the films (in turn) will make money for the exhibitor . . . Which all leads to this thought, and hope: You are still a man of surging energy; a picture-maker possessed of the vast knowledge of good picturemaking which results in big returns at the box office. You told us, yours was the hope of always being active. We wish you good health and continued vitality. We also wish, that soon you'll reactivate your famous workshop and give the theatres another "Samuel Goldwyn presents" entry into a terribly depleted film market.



## Movie Morals . . .

(Continued from Front Page)

Nor did the Washington probers want to settle for the second man in command of the networks. The bossmen themselves had to respond, take the witness stand and give their respective accountings of the manner in which they were protecting the public interests. It didn't make for inspiring listening nor good public relations.

-- and so, we get back to the Hollywood position in the unstable state of morals which Tv has failed to build with any great solidarity through its programming of so many shows that lived or died by the amount of sex, crime and violence that played themselves out on the little idiot boxes in the living rooms of the nation. It's by this kind of an investigation that the film industry can measure its own position in the field of decent, inspiring, morally inoffensive entertainment. Not that some of the foreign films don't lean heavily on this nature of movie fare. But, that is not Hollywood. Meaning, they're not of the motion picture industry, with its majors, as we know it.

### Industry Can Be Proud

It is at a time like this when the motion picture industry can take its measure of pride that it has not come under the nature of official attack and criticism that have characterized the recent experiences of the Tv industry at the nation's capitol. It is a pity that so many of the loud-mouthed detractors of Hollywood, with access to the public prints, did not see due reason to compare Tv's state of moral decay to the cleaner kind of house in which Hollywood operates especially when you consider the many millions more that may look at a Tv show as compared with a film. To repeat, we're dealing solely with the entertainment output.

Yes, within the industry there is cause for a goodly measure of unselfish pride. We know we have good reason to feel proud of our industry in these days of open probing of entertainment's recourse to moral irregularities to gain an audience. Or else, why this kind of piece? We've said it before, and it's the kind of a thought we don't mind repeating once in a while:

We still feel that Hollywood, -- that bright little, tight little colony of motion picture blueprinting, -- has an abundance of creative genius. With the help of their executive associates they're in tune with the tempo of our times, in step with the moral tone of these days, and in deep sympathy with the more elevating demands of an ever-growing youth that is willing to follow if shown the proper way. Many of our picture makers lean their story telling on the enduring tripod of inspiring sentiment, honest heart-interest, the kind of romance out of which poetic beauty wove its own nature of pattern. Like the careful setup of the camera, supported by its own tripod, these picture makers are conscious of this responsibility: The range of their product does not allow the ever-present haze of catch-penny mawkishness, quick-buck pandering, the bold, cold play for the juvenile's emotional response to the baiting of sex, crime and violence in their output to infiltrate the film plot structures, nor blur the entertainment per-

## 20th-Fox, AB-PT . . .

(Continued from Front Page)

sand dollars Spyros Plato Skouras, president of 20th-Fox pointed out. The climb will continue, said Skouras as he addressed an overflow stockholder audience which at times looked as if it would be getting out of hand as some of the people tossed some pretty strong questions at the jovial, easily controlled elder statesman of the industry. He placated them with the "revolutionary new approach" to studio operation and management that will be going into effect soon. When Skouras detailed what big productions will be going into release this year, the stockholders grew more ruly, many at times even breaking out with applause.

### "AB-PT Earnings Will Be Off," Goldenson

The president of American Broadcasting-Paramount Theatres, Leonard Goldenson, also dealt in figures that weren't well received by the stockholders in attendance. By the time the halfway mark of this year will be reached it will show no substantial gain over the same stanza last year, he said. Theatre operations will be off considerably from the 1961 quarter, said Goldenson. Poor weather, distributors pulling some of their strong attractions out of the blueprinted second-quarter release period and making the attractions stand-by until the third quarter were some of the reasons for the poor showings advanced by Goldenson.

At both sessions, the stockholders seemed to be in more of a fighting mood than in the past. While the steady (professional) voices of question and protest are expected to be heard from, judging by their past, this time new recalcitrants took to the floor with vexed feelings and pointedly challenging questions.

spective of the motion pictures making their appointed rounds of the theatres of the nation.

### Films Rise to Grave Responsibilities

As the grave responsibilities confront our nation, Hollywood will continue to hold its position to meet her share of these obligations. The moral stand of the movies is the result of the film capitol's widening of its sense of responsibility, its own broad vision and sage-like wisdom. With each passing year and new generation this is in evidence more and more. While Hollywood's objectives (in order to survive) are, besides industrial progress and technical achievement, financial profit also, the motion picture industry however has never been called upon to give the kind of public accounting regarding its vast output, as has Tv. The films' greater danger lies in the manner in which it advertises some of its product.

Nor will Hollywood, if the past is to serve as a guide for the future, ever find it necessary to flaunt the simple ideologies of moral discretion so that the viewer-ratings, no matter how ill-begotten, will find the megacycle mahatmas riding their blown-up heights because they inflated their Tv shows with strong potions of the three B's, -- "broads and bosoms" bait. Verily, it's not that even a good movie show has no need for lovely ladies sumptuously endowed. It's the flagrant, almost crude manner in which Tv's biologically volcanic device was put to use that didn't take well with the gentry sitting in Senatorial committee session.

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## Big Films; Big Problems

The presidents of the major film companies, in giving their accounting to the stockholders in annual session, did not underplay or deemphasize the troubles that beset them in making the truly big multi-million dollar blockbuster-spectacles. The bigger the undertaking, the greater the risk. The costlier the investment, the more hazardous the chance of assured return. The bolder the venture, the greater the courage. These are the mathematical, economical, emotional and physical denominators by which the triangle squares the base and the apex equals the root.

To the Zukors, Warners, Skourases, Goldwyns and some of the other Old Guard of production and company operation, this is the enduring bedrock out of which they cleaved their mighty empires now vested, to a great degree, in the hands of younger people. Some of this newer generation, to be sure, are not yet quite seasoned to the dangers of big-monied operation, gigantic productional undertakings, the seasoned blueprinting of overpowering, challenging blockbusters that can well destroy the industrial power and financial position of a whole studio if one of these big films fails to come through.

### *The More Things Change —*

The more things change in the motion picture industry, the more the basic reasons for the films' existence will insist, with calculating stubbornness, to remain the same. Each new generation in whose hands lie the destiny of big undertakings in this business, must learn this lesson taught by man's way of life itself. Today, for instance, the biggest of them all is expected to be "Cleopatra." Not only in investment dollars (well over twenty-million) but in productional scope, star value, entertainment investiture. It is not only to the good of the trouble-hounded film itself, but to the general welfare of the whole motion picture industry, that standing over its every film-foot of progress is that stalwart of big ones, Spyros Plato Skouras.

To hear seasoned exhibitors tell it, "'Cleopatra' can't but help be about the biggest of them all with Skouras godfathering it every inch of the way." What a tribute to the confidence of the potential buyer in the seller! "The Longest Day" has weathered the storms that are always laying in threat of a long, drawn-out production schedule. This too is one of the Goliaths on the 20th-Fox schedule. But, for all of Darryl F. Zanuck's outward glee and final sigh of happiness, speak to those associated with him on this thunder-

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## The Return of an Evil

A serious problem that the exhibitor thought was removed from the trouble-zone of theatre operation, like a bad penny, has turned up again. -- and, that is the returning of bids on features for which prints have not been made available for screening. Or, at best, it is asserted by Marshall H. Fine, president of Allied States Association of Motion Picture Exhibitors, the theatre operator is offered a single screening at both an inconvenient time and place. This all, of course, is another way of spelling out blind bidding.

Fine pointed out, in a letter to the distribution heads of all major companies, that the complaints from theatre owners have been mounting and it becomes urgent that the alleged irregularity of practice be brought to the attention of the sales heads. The young president of Allied reminded the home office executives that, "In the past you have indicated that blind bidding was not to be the policy or desire of your company in any instance." Fine is of the opinion that the companies don't seem to feel that way any more. To be sure, and for the protection of his exhibitor-members, he asked each of the boss salesmen of the companies to let him know how he feels about

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### "Premiere Showcase" Launched

In a move to bring the red-carpeted, kleig-lit Broadway and Hollywood premiere of first-run top-quality films to Westchester, Long Island and the boroughs of New York at the same time the releases open their Broadway run, United Artists is getting ready to launch its "Premiere Showcase" on June 27 . . . Already contracted for simultaneous participation in this Broadway-to-the-community type of star-studded premiere are 13 theatres, it was announced at a press breakfast, the other day. The vehicle which will get this campaign launched is "The Road to Hong Kong." United Artists promised these theatres in outlying districts, stars of stage and screen to be in attendance . . . The popular civic, business and social leaders in their respective communities will also participate in these "Premiere Showcase" festivities. Following the Bob Hope-Bing Crosby starrer will come such UA releases as "Follow That Dream," "Bird Man of Alcatraz" and other features worthy of the red-carpeted, kleig-lit treatment that will be given the theatres participating in this move to "showcase" the films day-and-date with Broadway.



**"The Miracle Worker" with  
Anne Bancroft, Patty Duke, Victor Jory,  
Inga Swenson, Andrew Prine**  
(United Artists, Current; 107 mins.)

GOOD. This harsh, turbulent, violently emotional story made its transition to the screen, from the stage, with all of the upper-echelon talent of the latter coming along as a sort-of safeguard that what made it into a Broadway hit, will make of it an even bigger success as a movie talent-wise. Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke (who played the leads) and playwright William Gibson, producer Fred Coe and director Arthur Penn were there when the cameras got rolling in New York and in a little town in New Jersey. The latter for locales. But, it failed to come off as one of the better pictures of the year because of the vast difference between story telling on a stage, and the same principles of delineation as applied to the cameras. The harshness, furious action, animal-like ferocity that played itself out quite movingly on the stage, making it devoid of an audience's emotional upset rose to heights of rigorous, uncompromising severity that left one as tired out as the protagonists and almost as spent when the film was over. This tortuous battling between the self-sacrificial teacher (Anne Bancroft) and her young, lost charge (Patty Duke) consumes a greater portion of the running time of the movie.

The plight of this speechless, sightless, hearless child is a pitiful one to behold. Upon it was the suffering, the strange bewilderment that she herself (Patty Duke) within the regions of her own mind couldn't understand. It brought on a physical rebellion almost beyond control. There was little laughter in her young life. The cameras didn't seem to find it necessary to stop for a fleeting moment to look at this strange world she found herself in with soulful eyes, though screened from the sights that stretched beyond, as big as young robins awakening to the wonders of compassion, tenderness and physical help that were flowing from her elders. Director Penn in his onslaught on the emolument of sledge-hammer harshness didn't stop for a brief interlude or two to allow the audience to warm up to the basic tenderness of the lost girl; or to develop the kind of sympathy for the youngster that you would have liked to. This all, however, shouldn't discount the fact that both Miss Bancroft and the Duke child don't come through with powerful performances. So does the assertive, czaristic Victor Jory. Inga Swenson lends a poignantly touching kind of portrayal to the role of the mother. Photography, good.

Anne Bancroft, trained in a school for the blind, takes on the arduous job of caring for little Helen Keller (Patty Duke). For all the family's resignation to hopelessness, Miss Bancroft refuses to give up and allow the youngster to be shunted off to a school for retarded children. The work of bringing new meaning of life and hope to the inwardly tortured and outwardly violent young girl is a most difficult one. Beset by beatings, battles and other manifestations of innocent hatreds and the rebellions of the confused young, Miss Bancroft, little by little, begins to gain control of her charge. The youngster is beginning to see life through the medium of communication (with word-transmission by finger). There is hope that things are going to be easier for everybody, especially

for the blind, deaf and dumb little girl. The miracle, like a blessing from God, is beginning to work, and on that spiritually uplifting note the film ends.

Produced by Fred Coe; directed by Arthur Penn; screenplay by William Gibson from Gibson's play of the same name. General patronage.

**"Zotz!" with  
Tom Poston, Julia Meade, Jim  
Backus, Fred Clark, Cecil Kellaway**  
(Columbia, June; 87 mins.)

POOR. As you enter the projection room, you're "paid off" with a half-dollar size wooden amulet that is not yet acceptable as the coin of the realm. It's out of this worthless piece of hieroglyphical "what's-zotz" that William Castle, whose forte is this kind of off-beat plunderings into the unknown, has tried to make a case of motion picture entertainment. The results add up to the sum total of his story symbol, the worthless coin. It's a sad case of poor story structure; uneven, almost amateurish direction; and the kind of "what's-zot" acting that you may expect from Thespians (Tom Poston-Julia Meade) who rose to their strange prominence (??) via the route of television. Transmitted to the screen the Tv talent has been found wanting as has been noted in several recent film releases. In any event, for all the professional stuff, deep knowledge of coins, their archaeological significance and expeditionary pilgrimages the whole mess is supposed to come out as a comedy. But, at the expense of a corny (and old) deduction, this comedy is nothing to laugh about. The whole undertaking is a little on the sad side, -- and you know the synonym for "sad" in this case. Photography, fair.

So, Tom Poston, a professor, in a small California college receives a coin from a far-away expedition in progress. The hieroglyphics add up to one word, "Zotz!" All kinds of unbelievable things happen at the mention of the word. Verily, its mention gets Poston, and those who possess the valued coin into all sorts of trouble, many of it bordering on downright danger. Poston goes to Washington to demonstrate the power of the coin. In the middle of a dinner Poston is whisked off in a plane. Yes, he's been taken over by the commies. With his niece and Julia Meade already in commie captivity, Poston tries to fast-talk himself out of the dangerous predicament. But, one strong, dependable ally stands ready to help him. "Zotz!" He shouts the word, the tables turn, everybody makes a break for freedom, the Reds are arrested, -- and there you have it. After the Washington fête, all Poston wants is to go back to his little college in California. Also going back, is another professor of the same college. -- now his wife, -- Miss Meade.

Produced and directed by William Castle; screenplay by Ray Russell from the novel by Walter Karig. General patronage.

**"Escape from Zahrain" with  
Yul Brynner, Sal Mineo, Madlyn Rhue**  
(Paramount, June; 93 mins.)

FAIR. This is a cops-and-robbers tale cleaved out of the shifting sands of the Arabian deserts; the lonely outposts; the brooding dunes along the oil routes of a land that is a strong pawn in the bargaining with the western democracies. The cops are the

rulers' henchmen; the robbers are those from whom freedom has been stolen. The political implications are wiped away with the first sandstorm and from then on it's the chased (Yul Brynner, Sal Mineo, Madlyn Rhue, Jack Warden, et al.) In pursuit are the watchdogs of the territorial rulers. Brynner seems to fit the role of the nationalist leader, in looks, acting, demeanor. Sal Mineo, as a university student with ideologies of man's free way of life is believable. The kidnapped nurse, Madlyn Rhue is attractive and gives a good account of herself. But, the weight of the story falls on its chase element. -- and that, can be stretched a little too thin especially when there is faint presence of surprise and each succeeding development lays waiting for you without any stretch of the imagination. In between the acting requirements of the stellar protagonists is, of course, such a menacing character as a sadistic murder-bent brute. He's offset by a gentle soul who will do all sorts of dangerous things because of the torment brought on by a faithless wife. The story has its hindrances. Its plot-structural delineation is not much of a departure from much of what has been done along these lines. There are splashes of eye-compelling beauty caught by Panavision's power and Technicolor's transcendancy proving that the Arabian peninsulas haven't got much more to offer a camera crew than our own Mojave desert near Barstow, California where this was shot.

-- and so, Yul Brynner leads his nationalist followers in a strifetorn Arab state. About to be executed, he makes his escape. Joining him are some of his more daring followers. Sal Mineo is a university student. They also take (by force) an Arabian nurse, Madlyn Rhue. The long desert stretches must be negotiated before they make the border. The police jeeps are soon waylaying them. One of the men is killed. Out in the open desert, the escapees are strafed by a government plane, killing another and destroying their own means of locomotion, the stolen ambulance. Mineo is killed. They steal a truck, and are attacked by two army halftracks. They lose another man in this battle. Soon they are approaching a port city in the Persian Gulf. Brynner, of course, dedicated to the nationalist cause as he is, will be returning to his country. Miss Rhue, by this time, quite deeply in love with Brynner, intends to be at his side. The only other survivor (Jack Warden) will head back for Cairo to reclaim a lot of ill-begotten money. James Mason appears briefly.

Produced and directed by Ronald Neame; screenplay by Robin Estridge. General patronage.

**"The Spiral Road" with  
Rock Hudson, Burl Ives  
Gena Rowlands, Geoffrey Keen**  
(Universal-Int'l, August; 145 mins.)

GOOD. This is jungle stuff. Raw. Treacherous. Voodoo-ridden. Dangerously challenging. The basic story is from one of the better novelists of our time. The trio of stars is headed by one of the big money men at the box office, Rock Hudson. The invasion of the East Indies' (Netherlands) superstitions make for excitement. The battle against the taboos of the voodoo vandals' way of life are won by the invader (white man). The dangerous camerawork deep in the heart of the disease-carrying jungle lying only four degrees north of the equator, all add up to a story that has the dramatic impact of high adventure, thrill and

even a smidgen of spiritual sustenance. That big hunk of romantic man (Hudson) one of no religious belief, comes through with compelling force as the young doctor who knows the nature of grueling work that's upon him as he faces the scourges of leprosy, infectious fevers and the other jungle ailments that are upon the people. In due time, he comes through as a man who too has his belief in that Great Healer above.

Almost stealing the picture, scene by scene (that he's in) is burly, behemoth-built Burl Ives. Considered as the top authority on leprosy, all the young doctors want to study under Ives. Brusk, but not bitter; strong at taskmastering, but weak in his sympathy for those without some faith in the godly motivations that make the jungle what it is, a man who likes a swig or two, Ives rises to his usual acting heights of great professional stature. The other star (and principal) performers portray their roles with conviction. Again, the costly pilgrimages to far-away locales paid off. The land and seascapes painted on the screen by the Eastman Color process make their enthralling impact on the sense of sight.

The young doctor (Rock Hudson) takes up his post in the Netherlands East Indies. He's in for a five-year stretch. The one thing he wants, is to pursue the study of leprosy under its topflight authority, Burl Ives. Hudson takes up residence in a jungle village plagued by the disease. The jungle has played havoc with the senses, emotions, mentalities of former doctor-assistants. Villages are burned to the ground to stamp out rats, roaches and other disease-carrying animal-insects. In the meantime, Gena Rowlands (Hudson's betrothed) arrives from the Netherlands and they get married. He takes off on a dangerous journey to a part of the jungle ruled over by a vicious voodoo vagrant. His mission is a success, but Hudson gets lost in the jungle. The wait for help seems endless, as do the tortures. Finally, a searching party finds Hudson. By this time he has found the way to the kingdom of prayer and the profoundly-felt belief in God. Hudson is being nursed back to health as he faces a new way of life with his wife.

Produced by Robert Arthur; directed by Robert Mulligan; screenplay by John Lee Mahin and Neil Paterson from the novel by Jan De Hartog.

General patronage.

**Exhibs "No Comment" re Showcase**

Since the mid-week Holiday pushed press-time deadlines up a bit, we couldn't make our usual overall survey for a representative cross-section reaction to UA's "Premiere Showcase." Several of the exhibitors contacted asked for "time out" while they study the setup. The major chains in New York,--RKO Theatres and Loew's--will break away from playing UA product while "--Showcase" plays itself out. Loew's is going to meet the new setup "--with advertising, publicity, exploitation campaigns never before witnessed in these parts," said a spokesman. He doubted that Loew's will hoist its admission prices even on the big ones. Some of the participating exhibitors on the UA tieup are expected to tilt admissions 30% upwards. . . From RKO Theatres came an informational blackout to phone calls on the whole matter.



## Big Films...

(Continued from Front Page)

ingly inspiring story, and they'll tell you plenty of the endless troubles that beset Zanuck and his dedicated production forces. Yes, the big ones are those with the big troubles!

Over at Metro-Goldwyn Mayer the decision makers are tossing in their sleep as their "Mutiny on the Bounty" is tossed around by over-ridden production budgets and over-lapping shooting schedules. The original nine-million dollar cost has already more than doubled itself. Meaning, that the date of completion is 'way beyond a year overtime. There are other big ones before the cameras that aren't sailing along according to schedule of shooting time or budgeting of production. You've got to be completely unconcerned about the destinies of our great motion picture industry not to feel some sense of sympathy for those responsible for the blockbusters who in finally delivering them have not also delivered of themselves some portion of their life-span to the fates and their allotted swing of time's pendulum considering the strains, the stresses, the tensions they had to endure in the making of the big ones.

### Picture Speaks International Tongue

No matter what may be some of the ailments of the ordinary motion picture, its language of outstanding greatness is never so loud, and never reaches such outer terrains into which is vortexed millions more movie-goers as when it speaks through the medium of a truly big blockbuster. In terms that make their appeal to the young and the old, the big films are the powerful trumpeters that proclaim the almost unscalable heights to which motion picture entertainment can climb. A big one achieves a grandeur that plumbs the emotions of people in all walks of life. Though box office achievement is the paramount objective, let us not dismiss the spasms of worry, the pressures of grief, the jittery waves of alarm that are upon the bossmen until the hopeful signs of encouraging return are upon the horizon. Before that comes along they must endure the endless tortures that is part of this business: A strangely vindictive press; harpooning syndicated columnists; malicious gossipers; the biting bleating of those ivory-towered idealogists who always seem to get a hearing in the public prints or a Susskind ride on the far-reaching megacycles.

That such treacherous travail should be upon our film makers, as is to be witnessed every time a big blockbuster falls behind in schedule or runs ahead of its budget, is proof that Hollywood continues to be one of the more dramatic kind of whipping-boys when a grandstander,--especially in the fields of mass communication,--wants to whip up for himself a tasty dish of character destruction. But, all this frightening kind of reaction is proof that we too, are looking in the wrong direction for proper guidance, sustenance, courage. We should set our sights on the screen itself. From that will come our bearings, our satisfaction, our justification.

We say this, because nearly all of our multi-million dollar block-busters are salutes in themselves to the greatness of the motion picture. There is no other story-telling medium that means so much to the masses. There is no greater force in moulding better public relations than that which the public sees on the

## Blind Bidding Evil...

(Continued from Front Page)

the troublesome matter. Fine expects the companies to make, "-- every effort to eliminate this problem completely once and for all."

### Blind Bidding Evil Not Everywhere

Fine did say that this irregularity of practice, -- the evil of blind bidding, may not hold in all territories. But, he did seek the full cooperation of all the sales heads, so that, "I can assure exhibition that in the future no bids will be due on any of your company's product until prints for screenings have been made available and thus help solve this costly headache overnight."

Razz Goldstein of Allied Artists Corp., Robert Mochrie, M-G-M; Rube Jackter, Columbia Pictures; Irving Ludwig, Buena Vista; Jerome Pickman, Paramount; Glenn Norris of 20th-Fox; James R. Velde, United Artists; Henry H. Martin, Universal; and Charles Boasberg of Warner Bros. were the recipients of the Fine letter of protest and complaint.

The first distributor to make reply to Fine, was Allied Artists. Said M. H. Goldstein: "I have always been opposed to a policy of blind bidding and, to the best of my knowledge, Allied Artists has never instituted or pursued such a policy."

screen. There is no more hopeful way upon welcoming the unborn tomorrow, especially in these trying times, than what we put on the screen.--and, the big releases are the bigger, better, stronger moulders of these life-giving forces of the motion picture.

### Big Films Big Prestige Builders

Right now, it's the Academy Award winning "West Side Story," "Judgment at Nuremberg," "El Cid," "King of Kings." Soon these will be joined by "Cleopatra," "Mutiny on the Bounty," "The Longest Day" and others. These are the big ones. If we've spoken of them only, at this time, it's because the bigger they are, the bigger the trouble they make for their producers, creators, backers, mothering-hens. These men have been taken plenty to task of late because of budgets running over, production completion falling behind. In a way, these pictorial Parnassians are still pioneering.

When next time we seek reason for derision,--even in an innocent sort-of way, let's give their plight, their courage, their dedication and faith some conscience-plumbed consideration. Let's give these men themselves a compassionately sympathetic thought or two. As for their own philosophies and their outlook upon the unborn tomorrow, they well know how carefully they must watch their every step. For ours is a prophetically heartless business that draws a very narrow, almost unseen, line of undecipherable demarcation between the big success of yesterday and the unavoidable failure of tomorrow. The inundation of the applause and praise that came with the last release can turn out to be like so much small spray compared to the great waves of critical onslaught that thunders over a man of courage who sets sail on a new, big blockbuster voyage but fails to reach port all the way.

That is one of the bitter ironies of our business.--and, it will ever be thus! But, not for the men of courage.

# HARRISON'S REPORTS

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Martin Starr, Editor

## A REVIEWING SERVICE FREE FROM THE INFLUENCE OF FILM ADVERTISING

Vol. XLIV

SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1962

No. 22

### Tv's Film Fraudulence

No trade organ, in our business, has dealt more often and with greater concern about the uses to which the television interests will put their costly buys of post '48 product, than *Harrison's Reports*. Maybe it's so, because we can't think of a trade pillar which is edited by men with wider, more practical experiences in the medium (television-radio) than we who get out your favorite weekly.

With this self-sponsored commercial delivered, let us tune in to the goings-on right now between John H. Stembler, the sleeves-rolled-up fighting president of the Theatre Owners of America and the television interests, -- the National Association of Broadcasters and the networks. It was a losing fight right from the salutation of Stembler's first letter to the NAB, because the TOA head asked for the surrender of "hard sell" gimcracks with their blue sky promises, without which Tv would lose most of its audience. It's by clever deception that the little screen can inveigle the movie-goer into staying away from the big one.

#### Theatre Loses Week-End Nights to Tv

The very choice of the week-ends (NBC on Saturday night and ABC on Sunday night) should have showed the exhibitors that these post '48's weren't going to pre-empt some little, meaningless game of Tv tiddlywinks. This was of the solid, preferred time on the selling schedule, because of its big listener potential. -- and, the film would do the trick of making the costly buys from the distributors accomplish its objective two ways. Get the inveterate movie audience to stay away from its favorite theatre on week-end nights. Also, get the kind of ratings that can beget the kind of time rates that these shows bring in on a participating basis. In some instances the film story is broken into no less than 15 times per hour (meaning one-minute spots, 20-seconders and so-called station breaks). The film fare is pretty well chopped up into endless commercials with shreds of the story thrown in piece-meal.

*Harrison's Reports* has pointed out that the nature of the massive Tv advertisements themselves could be compelling forces to which millions of movie-goers throughout the nation will respond. In these many-lined ads (some full pages) there was the lure of seeing films that sounded as if they had never played the neighborhood theatres before. In their layout, the advertisements dealt with "premieres" "firsts" and other clever "come-on" copy. Now that the open ad campaigns have been used over and over again, the Tv forces are playing up something that it can't deliver that's so important to the theatre goer, -- CinemaScope, stereophonic sound, etc. The Tv-ers

(Continued on Back Page)

### Salute to a Stalwart, U-I

It was a Rooseveltian kind of philosophy that reminded those bemoaning the ever-present now, that what may have made the old days great was the fact that the men who lived in them (the old days) had mighty qualities.

No matter to what great heights our major motion picture companies rise these days, the Old Guard thinks that they are not to be compared to the old days, that these days are like little valleys trying to ascend the peaks that lie 'way beyond their reach, -- the old days.

It is not so when you think of Universal Pictures Company, Inc. This, above all days of this year, is the day when a new milestone is measured against the relentless swing of time's pendulum. It is June 8th, (strange that it should be our press day). A half-century ago this chick was hatched in what was really a barnyard. Down through the years, the decades, the thunderous, threatening cleavage of time this motion picture company grew little by little. Today, whatever its comparative financial strength and industrial power, it can make the proud statement that no other motion picture company can lay claim to, -- the first of the industry's producing majors that has reached the half-century mark. It's a goal that is venerated by time itself and revered by man (especially by those in our business) because 50-years in the motion picture industry is a dozen life times in any other calling.

From that unforgettable June 8, 1912, the thought of ever-onward progress never stopped at Universal. For all of the reverence and sentimentality of the glorious past, those in whose hands rested the destinies, with each passing and controlling regime there was the dedication that makes for progress, strength, success: Good business operation demands that you can't take time out to depend on "one of these days." In our business we may well find that it will turn out to be "none of these days."

-- but, this is one of these days, the happiness, the high hopes, the heartfelt congratulations of which could have come in none of those 18,262 days gone by as on this one, -- June 8, 1962. Who more than all of you at Universal deserve so much the good wishes that are upon you who continue to guide the company's destinies today not forgetting the heritage, the tradition of all those yesterdays with their human sacrifices to be able to meet the unborn tomorrow.

It is not only we of *Harrison's Reports* who wish you the very best on this almost sacred day, June 8. We like to feel that our exhibitor-subscribers of the nation also give echo to the spiritually sincere "mazeltov" being tendered you in warm handclasp via these lines.



**"Advise & Consent" with  
Henry Fonda, Charles Laughton, Don  
Murray, Walter Pidgeon, Gene Tierney,  
Peter Lawford, Franchot Tone, Lew Ayres  
(Columbia, June; 139 mins.)**

VERY GOOD. Producer-director Otto Preminger had his reasons for making this film about political life in Washington, D. C., and the endless crises that play themselves out in the Senate. As we see it, -- having covered the fearless, outspoken movie-maker for a long time, one of Preminger's prime reasons of getting this character-destroying and life-distorting saga before the cameras, was that it would act like a controversial laxative loosening the constricted bowels of both those for or against the theme of the film, the liberties taken to make it explosively emotional and the insistence that within the portals of our Senate chamber at our nation's capitol democracy plays its ironically prophetic role in a mighty strange way. When shown to the Senators, in Washington, Preminger got some mixed reactions. His distributor relayed to us the better ones. The harsher ones reached us from other sources. At the recent Cannes Film Festival there was strong denunciation when the entry was shown. Europeans (in the film business) were the more severe critics. But, Preminger got what he wanted. When the Cannes caperings were all over and he emplaned for the Soviet Union, there followed the valuable cable dispatches that reached the American movie-goers on the eve of the film's premiere via the nation's press.

Public office, whether it's at the nation's capitol, the state seat or even a small wardheeler's precincts can become a dirty and terrible thing when held by the wrong man -- or, even by the so-called right one. Most offices are begotten through the route of deceit, chicanery, cleverly conceived skullduggery. While those whom we put into high office may be the symbols of honor, decency, righteousness it is so, behind the scenes, only to a small degree. The knee-bending begins from the smallest and continues almost all the way up to the highest. Few in office are without something in their past that they'd like to forget and stop being haunted with. All this is dealt with powerfully in the film. There are times of political crisis and election embattlements that bring these nightmares out into the open with embellishments that can drive a former homosexual (now a Senator) to suicide, weaken the failing health of the President, destroy families and otherwise inflict pain and torment and anguish that are beyond imagination. These are some of the terrible threads of vengeance, vindictiveness and political venom out of which the tale's pattern is woven.

This is not one of the outstanding pictures of the season. It is one of the most challenging and boldly daring undertakings for which Preminger should be given credit. He didn't pinch the pennies on production cost, the most important item of which is a cast (of seasoned people) that delivers all the way down the line. What's more, they look their fictional parts: Henry Fonda as the man chosen for Secretary of State by the ailing President, Franchot Tone; Charles Laughton as a Southern solon whose whiplashes are so smoothly contrived; Don Murray, tagged as chairman of the Committee sitting in on the character inquisition of Fonda. Liked and respected by his col-

leagues, some of Murray's biological deviations of the past, come to the surface and he takes his life. Walter Pidgeon, strong, respected, distinguished majority leader turns in a satin-smooth job. Peter Lawford and Lew Ayres come through nicely. What a pleasure it was to see lovely Gene Tierney come back to the screen. She's a Washington hostess. There's Burgess Meredith, Paul Ford, George Grizzard, Inga Swenson, all stalwarts, all making their seasoned contribution to the effectiveness of the screen story. There's the feel of shameful history, the sense of brutal reality, the echo of enduring political heritage pounding, thundering throughout the telling of this highly controversial film. But, it all must be viewed through the iris of movie entertainment, purely and solely. -- and, that it delivers (exciting, breath-taking entertainment) throughout most of its 139 minutes of running time, some of which could have been clipped. On the plus side also, are Panavision and the stark authenticity of its photography. You've got to go out and "sell" this one to get your share of the votes (revenue).

Produced and directed by Otto Preminger; screenplay by Wendell Mayes; based on the novel by Allen Drury.

General patronage.

**"The Interns" with  
Michael Callan, Cliff Robertson, James  
MacArthur, Nick Adams, Suzy Parker  
(Columbia, August; 120 mins.)**

VERY GOOD. There are no big cast-name value in this one. The producer-director had to depend on the dramatic strength of the plot; the tightness and fluidity of direction that make for smooth story telling. And, in the final analysis hang their hope on these nice acting folk (with no outstanding box office value) to carry things along for its two-hours of running time with sustaining impact and compelling force. In all departments, the component parts fit in superbly with the result that you find yourself quite surprised that at film's end you've had yourself a mighty enjoyable time of it. These are the ones, -- the young interns, -- who watch the weak, the sick, the spent lie down on their couch, in some factory-fashioned hospital and go off into their everlasting sleep (death) to paraphrase the poet Shelley. These young hopefuls of getting out into the world and helping alleviate the pain of the people, the wretchedness of the poor are the night-wardens who stand by, sometimes helpless and watch the little circles of life grow smaller and dimmer as some soul's final pulsing moments ebb out there into the beyond. There are the interns who intend to rise or fall by their Hippocratic oath; there are those who over-ride its meanings when emotions move them; there are the hell-raisers and the dedicated life-savers. All the way through the proceedings, to be sure, there is the clear, bell-toned ring of truth that flows through the bloodstream of the plot-structure like some alchemy that reaches out to touch your own emotions deeply, impressively, sympathetically.

At no time are you led to believe that this is something that will leave you with its strange impact of dramatic seriousness. But, it does. That's because this has been put together with such tight, dramatic craftsmanship. We all have our ideas of hospitals, interns, nurses, the massive, almost coldly calculating

human machinery that make these institutions perform their endless tasks concerned with the greatest dedication of them all, -- the saving of life. But, there is death too. -- and, that part of the story plays itself out with a cold-blooded honesty that strips away the tears and heartbreak and anguish that may be the only things left when an operation fails to come through; a series of treatments don't respond. There is one romance-smitten intern (Cliff Robertson) who ruins his career because he wants to help a pregnant girl he has fallen in love with (Suzy Parker). It is his life-long friend (James MacArthur) who reveals Robertson's pilfering of the highly valuable pills. There is Michael Callan struggling to go places in psychosomatic medicine. He falls in love with a much older woman (nurse Katherine Bard). There are interns with their sexual affairs on the outside, most of them never thinking of marriage. There is Nick Adams (from Brooklyn) who believes in that great god, -- money. To him, nothing else matters until he meets, and falls in love with an Eurasian girl. Incurably ill, she soon dies. Hoping to find his medical fortune in the big metropolis, he finds himself heading for the homeland of his dead love to help suffering mankind.

These are some of the delicate, rough; tender, harsh; dream-drenched, starkly real skeins that make up the pattern of this finely woven film. It is well told. It swings from sobriety to gaiety; from the coldly felt Hippocratican, to the loosely-knit whackian; from interns in the service of their helpless charges to their teachers and over-seers who rule over them, while in training, with an iron hand. There is a refreshing, exhilarating, almost inspiring tone to it. There is superb acting all the way down the line. -- and, to repeat, there is a different kind of entertainment residue you get out of a film like this. We found it a most satisfying piece of work. Somehow, though it be of fictional concept, it winds up having a rather strong impact on your emotions. It even trickles its way into your heart and leaves its warmish feeling. It is tender, sympathetic and gladsomely acceptable as a worthy entry on the release schedule that should beget for itself a handsome return at the box office. Photography, excellent.

Produced by Robert Cohn; directed by David Swift; screenplay by Walter Newman and Swift based on the novel by Richard Frede.

General patronage.

**"What a Carve Up!" with  
Donald Pleasence, Dennis Price, Shirley  
Eaton, Kenneth Connor, Sidney James**  
(Embassy, June; 87 mins.)

POOR. Our British brethren are rather busy, to say the least, in turning out their cinemas varying from their smoothly perfected manner of straight mystery to allegedly hilarious comedy. In this where they try to marry the one to the other (comedy-mystery) the quilting-bee plays itself like a shotgun wedding. They've divorced the proceedings from any relationship to enjoyable entertainment with the result that you can't make heads or tails out of this tired session of old crumpets and stale tea. To compound the onslaught on your patience, the banal dialogue is delivered in that broad "A" British manner and you're really lost! The producers of this one

would like us to know that what they really wanted to come out with, when it was all over and done with, was a real "what, ho!" spoof de luxe of ghosts, ghouls, gore and what have you. None of the starred people are known to us. To be sure, this may bring its measure of response over there. Here, it's even more boring than cricket without mallets. Photography, fair.

Kenneth Connor a proof-reader of horror stories and sex novels is told to take a trip out to the country where his uncle's will will be read. Sidney James, a bookie, accompanies his little friend. Within the portals of the mystery-shrouded house things are going on, -- killings, strange disappearances, the lovely nurse of the deceased willing to spend the frightful night in the same room with the shivering Connor. The wild night blanketed with mystery, murder and carnage finally comes to an end. The dead even comes back to life. The young proof-reader wants to show his 100%-proof feelings for the blonde lady. She wants to show her boy friend, who makes a surprising appearance, proof of her love, by going off with him and thus the cinema ends with more loose ends than a barber school student after his first free haircut.

Produced by Robert S. Baker and Monty Berman; directed by Pat Jackson; screenplay by Ray Cooney and Tony Hilton from Frank King's novel, "The Ghoul."  
Adults.

**"The Story of the Count of  
Monte Cristo" with  
Louis Jourdan, Yvonne Furneaux**  
(Warner Bros., June; 132 mins.)

FAIR. This Alexandre Dumas tale of vengeance, deathly hatreds and despotism is the kind of classical story-telling that will be done over and over again, especially by the French film makers. This newest version is rigged up in costly style. Whatever its appeal in its native country, here the movie-goers are acquainted only with Louis Jourdan. He's Dumas' Dantes, of course, a weak one, lacking the fire of the image the printed word conjures up; hardly a man who has suffered his pain and wrongdoing who begets your sympathy. Even in ragged, tattered, torn and bearded make-up M. Jourdan looks so right and proper that when he's a free man again, there isn't too much of a laundering job to be done to make him the properly attired dandy doing the speckless things with such studied propriety.

The acting throughout is of the costumed-picture era where the elegances of the men and the haughty aloofness of the women find it a little flat in its respectivity. It is stiff-boomed melodrama, nose-tilted class-distinctiveness and shows weakness of the strong, philosophical passages (out of the Dumas novel) delivered with little feel for their basic meanings. To repeat, -- the only one who comes through somewhat impressively is Jourdan, and there too, is room for a lot of reservations. It is to be expected, what with the French-made vehicle benefiting by some of the transcendently beautiful scenery within easy reach of the cameras, the Dyaliscope process and the Technicolor tints would take full advantage of the lushness of the layout.

It is 1814 with Napoleon in exile. Edmond Dantes (Louis Jourdan) is home from the seas. He celebrates his engagement to Yvonne Furneaux. The joys soon

(Continued on Following Page)



## Tv's Fraudulence . . .

(Continued from Front Page)

can't deliver these processes to the little idiot boxes because they were fashioned for the theatre screen only.

### **Tv Unimpressed by Stembler Letter**

But, letter writing isn't going to plumb the conscience of the Tv copywriters, nor will it curb these out-and-out abuses of promising a public something big which it (the public) won't be getting. By this time, Stembler knows that the Tv interests aren't going to give up this fraudulent hold on an innocent people who must be awakened to the real thing; that what they're promised by their local Tv station and what they're getting because of the limitations of their set is a big wide difference with the Tv viewer coming out on the losing end.

The best Stembler got from LeRoy Collins, president of the National Association of Broadcasters was, that its Tv Code Board is looking into the matter. Even less encouraging is the reply from the National Broadcasting Company. To NBC there seems to be no reason for the TOA complaint and it forthwith rejected it with the contention that, "no element of deception is involved." NBC seems quite sure that though its audience was promised seeing the not-so-old films in CinemaScope or hearing the sound track play itself out in stereophonic tone on the set's loud speaker, the people tuned in realize that they're getting neither. NBC almost makes it sound as if the public doesn't mind being hoodwinked. Perhaps this pattern of cleverly-conceived fraudulence may become standard practice since you can tell a Tv audience you're going to get one thing and then deliver to them something far different from the inducements promised, -- a big nothing on the little screen.

While letter writing is one of the diplomatic approaches to controversies in the conduct of business, it isn't going to work with the Tv tycoons. Not when you're asking them to give up something that is giving them a handsome return. That the letter-writing route isn't going to give Stembler what he wants for exhibitors all over the country, the TOA prexy must have realized the prophetic truth of it by this time. There is a lot of strong writing to be done, to be sure. But, of a different nature, and in a different media, if results helpful to the exhibitor are to be fought for,--and perhaps won.

It's the writing of advertisements with the exhibitor the copy writer. It's the writing of strong, two-fisted institutional-tempoed material that will reach the Tv tuners-inners of the nation. It's to offstand the NBC slap-in-the-face that the public doesn't care much if it is being fooled into getting something from Tv that Tv never intended, nor was ever capable of delivering. These ads, these exhibitor contentions, this defensive stand of the theatre is to be made known in the big metropolitan dailies. There is no necessity of big-lineaged splashes. But, there is an urgency to "let the people know."

This is to be followed by trailers on the screen, the exhibitor's greatest and most direct communicational force to reach out to his public and impress it. Lobby announcements and program copy are to augment this campaign to fight back the enemy. In all these avenues of approach to the public the theatre's devastating artillery is truth,--a truth that is being dis-

## "Monte Cristo" (Con't from Preceding Page)

give way to the sorrows of false arrest. Jourdan spends 17 years at the Chateau d'If. With the help of another prisoner, he escapes by substituting himself for his dead friend whose body is thrown into the surging sea. Jourdan is rescued. With his rescuer he finds the fabulous treasure on the Island of Monte Cristo. He is now the Count of Monte Cristo, and a new world opens up for him. Vengeance on his enemies; favors to his friends, the hope of retrieving a lost love now married to his bitter enemy. He befriends the son of the woman he was to marry, and sees to it the secrets of the past are hidden from the young man. It is not long before The Count of Monte Cristo has taken full vengeance on his three enemies. With that accomplished he goes off toward his own destiny. There is the Dumas feeling that a new Edmond Dantes will return some day, as there is the assurance that another film version of the classic will return some day.

Produced by Jean-Jacques Vital and Rene Modiano; directed by Claude Autant-Lara; screenplay by Jean Halain from the novel by Alexandre Dumas. General patronage.

torted by the Tv trailers the opposition is using. Yes, let your people know that a big fraud is being perpetrated on them. Make your message simple, sincere, to the point. To repeat,--"let your people know." They'll believe you. They'll respond. They'll know they've been bilked. Another thought: At the end of your feature film follow it up if it was in CinemaScope, stereophonic sound or the other film processes that are beyond the reach of Tv, with a trailer explaining that,--only at the movie-goer's favorite theatre can he (or she) see stories projected in that process (CinemaScope, stereophonic, etc.) and nowhere else for all the promises of any other medium. The public enjoys a good fight, especially when it's awakened to the fact that their theatre owner's fight against the fraudulent statements is for the protection of the Tv viewer, which in itself is an ironic paradox.

Let the public know that for all the Tv promises that the viewers will see on their sets the electronical and technical achievements belonging to the motion picture, Tv cannot deliver these promises, the limitations being what they are.

This process of hitting back with strong, hard, powerful truth will be like a two-way saw cutting the opposition down to its size. The out-in-the-open movie campaign will reveal Tv as a deceiver in its medium of advertising. It will also show to what limitations the medium is reduced as compared to the greatness, the technical investiture, the many exciting, thrilling and wonderful things that can happen on the big screen in a theatre as compared to the limited results that flicker from the small screen at home. It's like putting on the earphones of the old crystal sets as you listen to what's being projected on the penny-arcade peep shows.

Verily, if we don't organize the full power of the films' forces of communicating with the people, we may well wind up like the man who slipped on a banana peel to find his derriere painfully bitten into. He forgot that when not using them, he'd usually keep his false teeth in his back pocket. Things are tough enough without being bitten by your own teeth.

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## A REVIEWING SERVICE FREE FROM THE INFLUENCE OF FILM ADVERTISING

Vol. XLIV

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1962

No. 23

## "Showcase" Issue: Bidding Summertime Issue: Big B.O.

Within a fortnight (June 27) one of the more daring and challenging attempts to re-skein the motion picture release pattern will go into operation in 13 theatres stretching from upper Broadway all the way up to Peekskill, N.Y. In between will be participating independents in New York's five boroughs, Westchester County and Long Island.

Since the United Artists' distribution forces officially announced their plan, "Premiere Showcase" three weeks ago, exhibition, in New York, began lining up, taking sides. By now, the "for" or "against" is all according from which side of the firing line you happen to be aiming your reactions. Verily, it is still a long way off before "Premiere--" can be judged by what's showing up at the 13 box offices. But, already we have a modern-day "blue-and-the-grey" brother-against-brother situation in exhibition.

If you're one of the theatre operators lined up to try out the "Premiere--" idea, you're all for it. As several told the man from *Harrison's Reports*, "What can I lose! I'll raise the admissions (maybe 30%), get films that are playing Broadway day-and-date, cash in on the big, promised overall publicity, advertising, radio campaign and put a lot of local pep into my theatre!" The so-called neutrals have nothing to gain by taking sides either way. So, for the while, they're standing by waiting to see how "Premiere--" plays itself out.

### RKO Theatres' Continued "No Comment"

One of the chains that is bound to be affected, RKO Theatres, still has "nothing to say" when you try to get a reaction from the upper-echelon decision makers. Loew's revealed, briefly, what it intends to do. We carried the reaction in the June 2 issue (No. 21). But, the experiment is not without its intensely disturbed dissenters. There is even bitter dissension within the ranks of some theatre organizations. Take the case of the Brands.

Harry Brandt is willing to go along with United Artists' drastic change in release pattern via Brandt's Beacon (upper Broadway) and the Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre. The William Brandt end of the massive Brandt operations feels altogether differently about "Preview Showcase." Through its fearlessly outspoken general manager, Martin Levine, came these reactions, opinions and objections.

"What United Artists is got in back of its mind with their idea of 'Preview Showcase' is the prelude to a setup where bidding, once again, will come into strong play with the exhibitor the loser," said Levine. "For years, there's been an automatic setup of playing

(Continued on Back Page)

The good old summertime is here and some theatres are showing how they feel about this gladsome season of the year. Clean, laundered covers drape the seats. The air-cooling system is operating quietly, refreshingly. From doorman, to cashier, to ushers and the rest of the house personnel everybody's dressed spankingly summery. The paint, drapery and the rest of the dressing-up job has been properly attended to. If summer is here, many of the more enterprising theatre operators have met it with that welcoming air of smart showmanship that beckons the movie-goer more and more during the torrid months when, not so long ago, movie-going was about the last thing you'd think of when trying to dodge the heat, the humidity, the discomforting dog-days of the year.

Of late, the neighborhood theatre has become a haven for moviegoers in the summertime. But, they won't come back too often if all you give them are neatness, coolness, freshness. You've also got to have the product up there on the screen. And that has been forthcoming in encouraging number in the past few years. This summer should be a big one release-wise. We've looked over what the majors have ready for the next few months. You've read our opinions of the June-July-August product. It adds up to an

(Continued on Back Page)

### N.J.-N.Y. Allied Hold Convention

The Allied Theatre Owners of New Jersey and their Allied colleagues of New York will team up for a convention that promises to make exhibitor history. . . . To be held on Monday, August 6 thru Thursday, August 9, at the world's foremost country club resort, the Concord at Kiamisha Lake, N.Y., William Infald and Sidney J. Cohen (respective presidents of N.J., and N.Y.) promise a fun-filled, business-jammed four days that will leave the conventioners with happy, wonderful memories for the year to come. . . . There is an economical "package deal" which will appeal to everybody's pocketbook. Before you'll know it, the dates will be upon us. So, don't lose any time in making your reservations for a truly great event--better than any vacation you've ever spent, anywhere. . . . Depending in what territorial waters you sail your exhibitor ship, here is whom to contact and where. . . . Allied Theatre Owners of New Jersey, 234 West 44th Street, New York 36, N.Y. or, Allied Theatres of New York, 310 Crosby Building, Buffalo 2, N.Y.



**"Hatari!" with  
John Wayne, Hardy Kruger, Elsa  
Martinelli, Gerard Blain, Red Buttons**

(Paramount, August; 159 mins.)

VERY GOOD. This is the fourth time in two months that we've had good reason to head a Paramount release with a rating of "very good." There were "My Geisha," "The Counterfeit Traitor," and "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance." Now comes this thundering thriller, daring to extend itself to two hours and 39-minutes of running time and coming out of it with enough exciting entertainment to fill a truckload of Tanganyika (East Africa) monkeys. As a matter of fact, that's where producer-director Howard Hawks took his cameras, production crew, stars for the filming of "Hatari!" meaning danger. This release seems to have almost everything: high adventure, smoothly interwoven comedy, fine acting, hair-raising thrills, plenty of romance (unforced on the scriptwriter) genuine excitement. Add them all together and you have motion picture entertainment of a high order fit for the whole family. The elusive monkeys and the friendly little baby elephants alone will bring endless shrieks of glee from the kids. Add to all this the fact that this was shot in Technicolor with scenic backgrounds seldom caught by cameramen of courage, and you can appreciate the box office values of this one.

But, it's not all animals, lush scenery, dangerous camerawork. It's a splendid job of acting, too! -- and, a smooth job of strong story-telling. It seems that many of us were all wrong in the innocent contention that that ever-dependable box office stalwart (John Wayne) is not much on acting. Of late, he delivers his roles in almost subdued style. At times you think he is underplaying his part (without weakening it, of course) so that a Red Buttons, let's say, can almost walk off with a scene. In fact, Buttons turns in perhaps the best acting job of his career. He came out of this one with a lot of effective footage thrown his way. But, Wayne, the chief protagonist, delivers the goods. The big, likeable guy wins you over to his side, especially when he even allows love to intrude and in the final scenes he too is on his way to the romantic reward of all men who, sooner or later, realize that it's bigger than all their aversions, antipathies, abhorrences put together -- and, that is of course, that little thing that makes this big, bad world go 'round, -- love!! The lady who finally wins him over is Elsa Martinelli. She fails to impress either as a beauty or (at least in this case) as an actress delivering a convincing job of work. She's handicapped by a garbled delivery. At times, she seemed in the way with silly little antics which may have read well in the script, but failed to play itself out with any conviction.

The story deals with a game farm known the world over to the keepers of zoos. Situated near the wild animal-roaming plains and jungles (in Tanganyika) John Wayne heads up this devil-may-care group. With Hardy Kruger, Red Buttons (a former cab driver from New York) and others these game-hunters go about their work supplying zoos with the animals they need. Into this setup comes a photographer, Elsa Martinelli. Wayne doesn't like it at all, but allows her to stay on. She too has a job to do. Soon a baby elephant attaches itself to Signora Martinelli, and that means more trouble. However, there's

a lot of work to be done, many animals to be caught if the group is to stay in business. All the orders seem to be filled with the exception of that murderous rhinoceros. One of the breed had already killed the former owner of the game farm, another almost fatally wounding Bruce Cabot. The men are for letting the order go unfilled until the next season. But not Wayne. The final try is on and the raging mountain of beef with lethal tusks almost makes mince-meat out of the animal hunters. But, the valuable beast is caught as are Wayne and Buttons by the respective man-hunters (Miss Martinelli and Michele Girardon) an alluring young beauty.

Produced and directed by Howard Hawks; screenplay by Leigh Brackett from a story by Harry Kurtz.

General patronage.

**"The Phantom of the Opera" with  
Herbert Lom, Heather Sears, Thorley Walters**  
(Universal-Int'l, September; 84 mins.)

FAIR. The trend continues of keeping the titles of old, proven film classics but making the remake a departure from the original. Here we have one of the great thrillers of years gone by. Its setting to a background of melodic beauty gave the motion picture added excitements and joys that left their imprint on one's memory. The appeal of the music still throbs with the vibrancy of enduring melody. But, the plot-structure surrounding or supporting the music (either way) fails to be in tune with the melodic compositions. It is a pity because the title of the film retains some of its old box office magnetism. The story of creative fakery, revenge and danger is not only loosely woven together, but its believability is weak. Its dénouement is thin and vaporish. When the loosely hanging threads of the story are cut away from and the film picks up its melody strains, then you're in for some of the enjoyment you may have expected from this remake. It's a product of the British studios and the Eastman color (processed by Pathe) into which this is dipped adds its eye-compelling attractiveness. Herbert Lom ("The Phantom") is fairly well known. Heather Sears and the others are not familiar names.

--and so, the first night of a new opera in London, falls flat. An empty (haunted) box is the cause of an argument between the bogus composer of the opera and the manager of the house. In fact, everyone backstage is in a jittery state. It isn't long before a scene-shifter is found hanging from the rafters. The prima donna refuses to continue with the opera. Auditions are held for a new one. A young voice is selected (Heather Sears). Her beauty attracts the pompous Lord D'Arcy (Michael Gough) and he begins making passes at her. She fails to respond, so she is dismissed. So is the young, handsome producer who is on her side. Convinced that Gough never wrote the music, the producer and Miss Sears begin a search. Before long, the real composer is found living in a secret chamber underground. Wearing a hideous mask because of the burns he endured when destroying the printing plant of the man (Gough) who stole his music, "The Phantom" holds Miss Sears prisoner in an elegant layout underground. "The Phantom" wants to make a great singer out of her. Finally, the opera is staged, again. She sings her heart out to the audience. In the midst of an aria the dwarf (who was

the devoted servant of "The Phantom") leaps on to a massive chandelier. Underneath it is Miss Sears. Seeing the danger she's in the real composer rips off his mask, leaps from his box, saves the young prima donna as the chandelier crashes down on him. He dies as the curtain is hurriedly rung down.

Produced by Anthony Hinds; directed by Terence Fisher; screenplay by John Elder based on the composition by Gaston Leroux.

General patronage.

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**"Hemingway's Adventures of a Young Man"**  
with Richard Beymer, Diane Baker, Corinne Calvet, Fred Clark, Dan Dailey, James Dunn,  
Arthur Kennedy, Susan Strasberg, Paul Newman  
(20th-Fox, August; 145 mins.)

FAIR. This is endowed with an impressive roster of names with a box office powerhouse like Paul Newman, for instance, taking last billing. Giving him a punch-drunk role as "the battler" is not Newman histrionic fodder. His semi-demented character is one of those "I-dare-you-take-it-on" roles that, every now and then, finds an actor taking up the challenge and coming out of it all beaten up, professionally. The girls aren't going to go for this one with their romantic favorite portraying a repulsive, completely unsympathetic character. Because it's Newman, an ordinarily meager role was fattened up completely out of proportion, which in itself is a costly mistake if only because it slows up the overlong film.

Jerry Wald didn't get much out of his cinematic tribute to the lusty, rough-and-tumble kind of literature that flowed from the prolific pen of Ernest Hemingway. Where Hemingway stops being himself, in the film, and fiction takes over is hard to say because Wald wanted to make this a pictorial symbol of the manliness with which our young Americans are endowed no matter what the period of time or the age of man. It is regrettable that the production team failed to get more out of this piece of Hemingwayana entertainment-wise. They had a lot going for them if only in cast investiture alone. The action revolves around Nick Adams (Richard Beymer). The actor is not yet heavyweight enough to carry the arduous role, with its many transitions in mood, make-up, movement and motivation. Arthur Kennedy, as his doctor-father gives one of his sincerely-felt performances, showing emotional weakness only down toward the end when he commits suicide. Jessica Tandy as Beymer's mother is strict, stern, strainedly straight-laced. She does well at it. Beymer has gone through a series of strange adventures. He helps his father perform a Caesarean on an Indian; he breaks up with his boyhood sweetheart (Diane Baker); runs away from home; is robbed by a truck-driver; is beaten into a pulp by a freight train brake-man; is finally befriended by Paul Newman (beyond recognition as a punch-drunk, crazed bum, former boxing champion) and Newman's devoted friend, Juano Hernandez (and what a performance Hernandez turns in). There is Beymer's meeting up with a press agent (Dan Dailey) who likes getting pasted personally better than pasting the circus billboards; going off to Europe in World War I and becoming a lieutenant in the Italian army; getting shot; fearing he'll be a cripple forever; falling in love with his nurse (Susan Strasberg) seeing

her die from wounds, but marrying her before life gives out; returning to his home in northern Michigan. He finds life so strange and disillusioning that he leaves home all over again in search of the adventurous kind of living that belongs to a boy when he reaches man's estate via time's swing of her relentless pendulum. Produced in CinemaScope-De Luxe Color. Photography, good.

Produced by Jerry Wald; directed by Martin Ritt; screenplay by A. E. Hotchner based on stories by Ernest Hemingway.

General patronage.

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**"Boys' Night Out" with**  
**Kim Novak, James Garner, Tony Randall,**  
**Howard Duff, Janet Blair, Patti Page**

(M-G-M-Embassy, July; 115 mins.)

FAIR. The M-G-M-Joe Levine forces started early on giving this a real "hard" sell. Now that the final product must be evaluated for what it should do at the box office, the entertainment results hardly measure up to that wonderful prelude with all its showmanship. The fault lies in the weakness of the story, and in the inability of the chief protagonist (Kim Novak) to deliver her part of the acting bargain. Considering the number of big films she's been in, the alluringly lovely Miss Novak should be doing, by this time, a better job of acting in front of those cameras. -- and, what a cast of seasoned talent the Ransohoff-Gordon team has surrounded their vehicle with: James Garner (with his Tv build-up value); Tony Randall as a humble and submissive suburbanite husband; Howard Duff, formerly of Tv; such lovely people as Janet Blair, Patti Page, Anne Jeffreys, even Zsa Zsa Gabor is given a little footage. But, for all this acting talent the story comes out rather wobbly. For all the promise of the names and the catchiness of the title, you fail to come away from the proceedings with that overall feeling that you've had an enjoyable evening's entertainment. Added up it means this to the exhibitor: You shouldn't be taking a licking on this if you too do a strong "sell" on the film. This is a CinemaScope-Metrocolor job with fine photographic results.

We pick the boys (four) up as they're planning to rent themselves an apartment in New York the better to enjoy their one night out each week. All but James Garner are married; -- Tony Randall to Janet Blair, Howard Duff to Anne Jeffreys, Howard Morris to Patti Page. The boys advertise for a housekeeper and up shows Kim Novak, who really wants to rent the same apartment. She finds it matriculatingly expedient to go along with the mixup because she's boning her way through a flat and sluggish college thesis,--the sexual patterns of the suburban male. Since Garner is the bachelor, he was elected to conduct the rental negotiations,--apartment, housekeeper, etc. The boys think they've pulled off a cock-and-bull story on their wives. But, things do get around and soon the married ladies have a flatfoot (Fred Clark) looking into things and over transoms. It isn't long before the tangled-up mess gets itself all straightened out, the married men go back to their embarrassed wives leaving the field for the negotiator, Garner. When the "housekeeper" pursues the fleeing Fred (Garner) and wants to make the whole thing for keeps, it pleases

(Continued on Following Page)



## "Showcase" Issue...

(Continued from Front Page)

off the product. Now along comes this idea. At first it looks innocent and full of the good will of a distributor who may want to stimulate business at a time when we can all use more of it."

### "Let the Exhibitors Beware"

"But, let the participating exhibitors beware," cautioned the young executive. "Some of the theatres will have to raise their weekend admission prices to \$1.75. This isn't going to be all gravy for the 13 theatres. They're going to pay plenty, in different, hidden ways for this UA experiment. -- and, no matter how you look at it, underneath the red carpet, in back of the klieg lights lie the dark, menacing shadows of that she-debbil that can ruin the New York exhibitor, the strengthening and building of the bidding situation," said Levine.

He pointed out that only two months ago, the Independent Theatre Owners Association of New York held a stormy meeting with the results that several hotly-worded resolutions were unanimously carried against the practices of the distributors wherein competitive bidding is encouraged. Also under attack at the ITOA meeting were the special releasing patterns which create extra runs by means of which member theatres are deprived of their normal and regular availabilities. Considering that Harry Brandt has been president of the ITOA for 30-years, the present state of affairs and the probable bidding "trap" into which exhibitors may fall with UA's baiting, stacks itself up as an ironic paradox, Levine mused.

### Levine on Both Ends of Circuit

These past few days found Joseph E. Levine, president of Embassy Pictures, on both ends of the luncheon-testimonial circuit. He welcomed Dr. Lionello Santi, president of Galatea Films of Rome, with a luncheon at which announcement was made of arrangements entered into between Galatea and Embassy for the co-production of three pictures annually for an unspecified number of years. . . . A few days later, the "mighty marvel of the movies" as Levine was referred to by toastmaster Robert Preston Tisch on the occasion of the testimonial luncheon tendered by the Associated Motion Picture Advertisers, he found himself on the receiving end. Levine received the plaudits of AMPA because he will come out of 1962 as "the outstanding showman." He highlighted the fact that as an exhibitor (Tisch is chairman of the executive committee of Loew's Theatres) exhibition was proud to salute the production strides Embassy had made. . . . Tisch relayed Levine's assurances to the circuit heads in attendance the welcome news that Embassy right now has 15 features "--in the can and ready for distribution". . . . Levine paid tribute to AMPA's glorious past. He took issue with his competitors who are conducting "--moth-eaten advertising campaigns." He not only spoke of his successful releases, but didn't forget some of the good sized flops that came out of Embassy.

## Summertime Issue...

(Continued from Front Page)

encouraging summer where the theatre should be a pleasant retreat for both young and old.

### Summer Releases Hold Big Promise

Box officeward the season at hand should not be a bad one for theatres properly equipped and adequately dressed for our own kind of Cinematic Summer Festival. That's because, --to repeat,--the product ready to be released won't wilt at the box office. To be sure, the bigger they are (releases) the more work will they require to put them over so that they can extract the biggest kind of response. The enterprising exhibitor knows this.

Oh, yes! As we drink a toast to the best of all good summers in the theatres of the nation, remember to keep your drink-dispensing machines fully packed. We've found too many of the boxes, on warm nights, sending back the coins instead of the cooling refresher of the customer's choice.

### "Harold Lloyd's World of Comedy"

(Continental, Current; 94 mins.)

FAIR. This will bring back memories of those "good old days" to the senior citizens who may remember the original feature length comedies from which the highlights were clipped to make up this residual. To the younger movie-goer Lloyd's is a new name with little of the badly-needed powerful press agency preceding the release in the hope that some sort of image may be moulded for that audience to respond to. To a goodly percentage of this new interest some of the frenzied, breathless comicalities may play themselves out as just so much old-fashioned corn. The bigger deal here will be to get the older folks into the theatre. Some may still remember the famous clock-dangling scene from "Safety Last," or "The Freshman." In fact, the sequences are taken from eight of Lloyd's self-evaluated "best." In addition to the above two there are "Feet First," "Why Worry," "Professor Beware," "Girl Shy," "Movie Crazy," "Hot Water."

These releases covered the years 1923-39. There is a thin line of so-called story structure with the implement being Lloyd's own voice doing the narration. If it's the older folk who may respond to this offering, then there is the hazard that they may also recall Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton, the late W. C. Fields who, as, comedians also plied their trade in the same Lloyd days. Outside of Keaton, Lloyd will suffer by comparison to the other two greats.

For the family trade.

### "Boys' Night Out"

(Continued from Preceding Page)

his mother (Jessie Royce Landis) who thought that that big, handsome ladies'-proof son of hers would never be lassoed by one of them with only one thing in mind, -- marriage.

Produced by Martin Ransohoff; directed by Michael Gordon; screenplay by Ira Wallach based on a story by Marvin Worth and Arne Sultan.

Adults and young adults.

# HARRISON'S REPORTS

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## "Kings" Reverses Field

By one of those strange quirks of timing, the man from *Harrison's Reports* found himself at the home office of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer digging into the reversal pattern "King of Kings" had been weaving, on the very same day when the distributors were readying the announcement that another of their terribly costly blockbusters was reaching its port of completion, -- "Mutiny on the Bounty."

It's a long way off before the sea saga premieres, -- sometime in November. For three years now the remake has been plowing its way through some pretty rough seas of production. At the wheel of this box office leviathan has been Marlon Brando who is accused of steering the ship into some pretty stormy (delayed) waters. "Mutiny --" will have reached a production cost well beyond \$18,000,000, -- twice the millions they expected to pour into this one, say studio officials. But, we'll let the "-- Bounty" get moored to her pre-release pier as she begins getting washed, scrubbed, scraped and otherwise prepared for her hard-ticket run.

### "King" Given New Release Throne

Which brings us to M-G-M's other reserved seat entry, "King of Kings". That too came in at a staggering production cost. The great Biblical spectacle got lost soon after its get-away in 32 cities during their October-November-December runs. It failed to catch on and the distribution head of the company, Robert Mochrie, didn't mind admitting to us that they were plenty worried at the home office. The strict hard-ticket policy was abandoned after the first of the year and the spiritually inspiring Samuel Bronston production was given a new kind of treatment, -- new for this mammoth spectacle, that is. Special handling! It was so special that it took it out of the category known as "special engagement."

Suddenly, the whole "King of Kings" picture changed. It began taking on powerful stature and the bookings began rolling in in big number. The great story telling of the greatest life ever lived, at this date, has rolled up 1150 engagements. That's many times more than M-G-M's recent blockbuster of them all, "Ben-Hur." That is, explained Mochrie, for the time (eight months) each film was in release. Of course, that high engagement percentage doesn't mean that the same ratio in grosses exist. "Ben-Hur" is well on its way to a \$70,000,000 take. "It is yet too soon to reveal figures on 'King of Kings,'" said Mochrie apologetically. The saving revenue grace of "Kings --" may well turn out to be the smaller towns of the nation, Mochrie explained.

(Continued on Back Page)

## Skouras, the Betroubled

It is no secret that the lay-press, especially the syndicated columnists, has made capital out of the troubles that have befallen some of the segments of the motion picture industry. Maybe, it's because newspaper circulation feeds fat on this tragic-like nature of news in an industry that is so jam-packed with glamour, excitement, emotional impact and powerful drama. Also, newspaper editors know what to feed their readership. -- and, this kind of reporting offsets the coldly frightening nature of news of this world we live in.

The good that is being done in the industry is being relayed daily to the newspapers by the irreplaceable, indispensable gentlemen of the press departments of the majors. Prophetically, very little of it ever sees the light of the printed page. It's the trouble-zones that make fodder for the fonts of the lay-press, especially the columnists. -- and, that, as the almost daily running lineage is measured, totals up to what is considered an "unfavorable press." All of which

(Continued on Back Page)

## COMPO-Marcus Plan Makes Gains

No matter what else may be happening all over the country, theatre-operation-wise, the COMPO-Marcus Plan has gained strength, solidity, faith, confidence since its launching. The doubting Thomases, which every new idea gives birth to, now admit that the Plan is not only here to stay, but it's here to do a lot of good for the exhibitors. Fortunately, the net results show up at the box office. And, in our business what better gauge of the success of a venture than the story it tells at the box office? . . . Here's a quick run-through of some of the results: In five New England states a record 114 theatres got great returns. Everybody knows the astounding Cincinnati story, with Plan operations encompassing southern Ohio. Pittsburgh continues its successful operation. In Wisconsin, (Ben Marcus' territory) his COMPO Plan has become standard operating procedure. Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota (Allied territory) will be the next tri-state point of invasion of the business-getter, goodwill builder and result producer on films like, -- "The Day the Earth Caught Fire," "The Horizontal Lieutenant" "Experiment in Terror," "Lad, A Dog," etc.



**"Lolita" with  
James Mason, Shelley Winters, Peter  
Sellers, Sue Lyon**

(M-G-M-Seven Arts, Current; 152 mins.)

FAIR. With all the endless questions life is asking man in his tremulous pursuit of it, before "Lolita" opened this past week, big newspaper spreads were hammering away at this tantalizing query: "How did they ever make a movie of 'Lolita'?" While the young is ever eager to show their adults that youth too can deal with such biological imponderables, it is told, in the same newspaper spreads, that answers are not expected from persons who are not yet 18. Those below that age line of deep understanding for an aging man's madly strange yearning for the flesh of a child not yet 13, are not even allowed in the theatre. In fact, at the gala, black-tie premiere, 15-year old Sue Lyon who plays "Lolita" was interviewed, photographed, made quite a fuss over, (in the lobby of the theatre) but was not allowed to go inside. Before being forbidden to see herself on the screen she did reveal that she never got through reading the book. "Some of the things I read were ridiculous. Truthfully, I got quite bored with it." This from a Hollywood newcomer who made the flight to stardom over night via this one sensationally exploited film.

At her age, and the alluring maturity of her 15 summers (she looks more like 18 on the screen) she would have thought that a fraud had been practiced on the movie-goer if she ever read the whole book. In five years, a 13 year-old girl can grow plenty of flesh in the right places, her curves can reach dangerous roundings, and a rather "sick" intellectual (he teaches at college) like James Mason can find impassioned reason without censorial trouble to do what he does for nearly two-and-a-half hours to win over (but not for good) this gum-chewing, ill-bred, sex-ridden, ignorant "nymphet." With so many departures from the original there should have been no trouble in making a movie. What they have made out of Vladimir Nabokov's novel is not the kind of a movie that is going to make a big showing in many parts of the country. That strange mass-numbered curiosity that can engulf a madding metropolis may deliver better showings in such territories. You don't have to be an emulating, prissyish uncle from Dubuque to say that the film leaves you with a feeling that it is repulsively disgusting in much of its telling. This youngster, as we see her, is hardly the little lamb who lies down what with was a lion of an intellectual. That same lollypop the ads showed this child of wilful sin sucking smeared itself on the screen with a depravity of lusty lascivious, love lollypopping that strains to suck in the movie-goer with prurient pursuits.

The story is pretty well known by this time: James Mason, a man of learning and culture almost goes (in fact he does) berserk for the possession of this alluringly tantalizing child of full blown physical maturity. He even marries her widowed mother Shelley Winters to be near Sue Lyon ("Lolita"). A kooky kind of Tv writer, Peter Sellers (also an intellect in the eyes of the youngster) has his innings with "Lolita" who came into his weird life with her blatant immoralities dragging behind her like a tin can tied to the tail of an alley cat. To us, and to repeat, the proceedings stacked up as a disgusting exercise in

lollypopping the sensually suggestive thrill chasing prurients. The pitiful Mason didn't come out of this film well at all. Miss Winters gave a good account of her role of Mason-chasing mama. Sellers, who has sold us on his characterizational dexterity in other successes, lost us in this one. To repeat, in some sections of the country (especially in the metropolitan areas) this should bring its measure of response. In many sections, even if the exhibitor makes a dollar on the booking, he may feel a sense of shame as he plods his weary way down to the bank. Photography, good.

Produced by James B. Harris; directed by Stanley Kubrick; screenplay by Vladimir Nabokov based on his novel.

Adults.

**"Bird Man of Alcatraz" with  
Burt Lancaster, Karl Malden, Thelma  
Ritter, Neville Brand, Betty Field**

(United Artists, July; 143 mins.)

VERY GOOD. This finds Burt Lancaster, whom it took a long time to reach the status of recognized "actor," giving not only about the best performance of his career, but one of the outstanding acting jobs of the year. What compounds the irony, is that Lancaster is a madman killer having gunned down two people (one a prison guard) and otherwise fighting against a role that is beyond all semblance of audience sympathy. An impressive, dramatic authenticity of story stood strong in its development of a smooth continuity of action and a powerful development of believability. Before long this ruthless, cold-blooded killer begets your sympathy. From then on the film tale based on the best selling book of the same name, builds with a surface realism that hits your emotions with the inner force of a powerful sledge-hammer. To be sure, there were movie-making liberties taken with some parts of the book. The distributors admit that the whole story is not absolutely factual.

Lancaster makes this offender of the rules by which the society of his early days lived (enjoying a much lower crime rate than ours) a man who never felt a tinge of remorse for the bestial wrongdoing his life was so full of. Nor did he allow a moment of regret to penetrate that hard, brutal make-up of his. Whether it was his keeper, the warden, fellow-prisoners, the kindly chaplain, this prisoner set up an impenetrable wall between himself and his fellow-beings. He even destroyed the portrait of his mother whom he loved so much at one time. He squirted the bitter juice of hatred over everybody. To repeat, here was a character who was a symbol of all the hatred, bitterness, homicide that could ever exist in one man. Yet he wove his way into your feelings and begot your sympathy. Yest, that's quite a performance Lancaster delivers in this one!

But, there are other fine portrayals that help make this an outstanding release: Karl Malden, Lancaster's nemesis, is the warden who meets up with the prisoner in two institutions. Malden is true to warden-type, - cold, calculating, a penal-seasoned Simon Legree. Thelma Ritter, who has had more than her share of Academy Award nominations is the mother of Lancaster. She turns in a superb job. Betty Field, continues to deliver. As the woman who marries Lancaster, knowing that he may never see the outer side

of those prison gates, she is sensitive and appealing in her role. We meet up with a Federal penitentiary guard (in the person of Neville Brand) who seems to have a sense of pity for his prisoners. He is especially fond of Lancaster and helps him to the point of violating some of the hard rules of the institution. In fact, the other brief performances come through in impressive style. Even the little starling which becomes the cause of the tweet-toned, feathery-frolicking aviary within the prison walls made its own kind of history. The photography, realistically grim, -- some of the more important scenes were shot inside Alcatraz, Leavenworth on MacNeill Island, is dramatically powerful.

Robert Stroud (Burt Lancaster) has spent more time behind those grim, grey prison walls than any living person. He went from killer to scholar. Today, he is recognized as a respected expert on bird science. Lancaster is doing time for two killings. He is transferred to that Siberia of all penal institutions, Alcatraz. There is the inevitable prison riot. But, the endless years of isolation has made a bird scientist out of him. "Bird Man of Alcatraz" has reached millions of readers. Every year for several decades his name has come up for parole. He is still incarcerated behind prison walls. He has resigned himself to dying in prison for all the dedicated work being done by friends on the outside to make him a free man.

Produced by Stuart Millar and Guy Trosper; directed by John Frankenheimer; screenplay by Trosper based on the book by Tom Gaddis.

General patronage.

**"It Happened in Athens" with  
Jayne Mansfield, Trax Colton, Nico  
Minardos, Bob Mathias, Maria Xenia**

(20th-Fox, June; 92 mins.)

GOOD. There comes a time when a reviewer stretches a rating just a little to give it a "good" because it's a little better than "fair." What makes this so, surely is not the acting of buxom Jayne Mansfield, or some of the banal dialogue, or the basic plot itself. But, out of some of these weaknesses, somehow, has come an overall entry of relaxing entertainment, and a beautifully inspiring motif clefted together with one of the most tunefully appealing scores ever to ride the sound track of a film. Yes, some of the scenes are almost patriotically corny. Hardly any of the acting merits any serious attention. In its thematic structure, it's of run-of-the-mill genre. But, for some strange reason, you come away from it with a pleasurable feeling that you've had a rather enjoyable time sitting in on this story of the revival of the Olympics; its aims to make it an event that unites the nations of the world, via competitive physical mastery.

Another eye-filling plus for the film is the camera work. When we think of the recent Olympics and the puny, fuzzy Tv pickup of some of the events as they came through on the little idiot box in the home and compare it to the breathtaking pictorial spread of the stadium, the way the people are mirrored on the big screen via CinemaScope and DeLuxe color you appreciate the compelling power and almost indescribable beauty that can be the motion picture's. To make mention of another plus, there is the music Manos Hadjidakis weaves in and out of the thin

plot structure. Seldom have you heard such thrillingly moving interludes as in this one. Composer Hadjidakis will be remembered for his unforgettable work in "Never On Sunday."

It is near the end of the 19th century and the people of Athens decide to revive the old Olympic Games. A Greek shepherd boy (Trax Colton) decides to enter the 26-mile marathon. Of course, he hasn't qualified, so he's ruled out. But, he's persistent and the committee allows him to enter the grueling contest. In the meantime, he has met a beautiful girl from his home town (Maria Xenia) who is the personal maid of Jayne Mansfield. The blonde voluptuary is the rave of all Greece if not the pulchritudinous personification of the glory that was Greece. Miss Mansfield, still pumping the newspapers for lineage, decides to marry the winner of the marathon. The big race is run off with the Grecian runner, Nico Minardos, the favorite. It's a hot broiling day causing the runners to begin dropping out that much sooner. The race is nearing its end and there are only two runners left, Colton and Nico Minardos. The latter lost the marathon the night before when he was carousing around the town. The shepherd boy wins. The mammoth stadium is silent and empty. While all Greece waits to lionize him he waits for the moment when he will embrace his true love, Miss Xenia. She too has been waiting. They embrace.

Produced by James S. Elliott; directed by Andrew Morton; screenplay by Laslo Vadnay.

General patronage.

**"Gigot" with  
Jackie Gleason, Katherine Kath, Gabrielle  
Dorziat, Jean Lefebvre, Jacques Marin**

(20th-Fox, Sept-Oct.; 104 mins.)

FAIR. This is a one man responsibility, -- Jackie Gleason. He's the star, wrote the basic story and composed all the music. The rotund one will have to carry this almost all by himself because of the several major challenging departures attempted in this story of a bedraggled behemoth of a buffoon whose return for the coldly painful fun poked at him, is a mess of sadness, loneliness, trouble and an imprisoned philosophy (all his own) that, somehow, seems to make life worthwhile for him. Gleason is a mute. All the emotional impact the story calls for must be transmitted by pantomime, a less smoothly-paced Chaplinesque walk, strut and hobble and an endless number of facial close-ups and overall screen direct close-ups. Gleason is on for most of the 104 minutes of running time. It's a big undertaking, and it may have proved a little too much for the "great" one. To be sure, he showed an ability of dramatic projection that surprised many in "The Hustler." But, here it's Gleason all the way. Yes, there are times when you are taken in by the plight of this mute "bum" who lives in a sub-cellar of the labyrinthal sewerways of Paris. A frequent visit to the corner bar brings him the miseries that man can bring on his brother. Gleason becomes the butt of cheap tricks, painful jests, treacherous-like ridicule perpetrated on him by the big, strong men in whom Mother Nature made no physical mistakes, -- like being unable to transmit the sound of laughter, words of joy, yes, the expressions

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## "Kings" Reverses Field... Skouras...

(Continued from Front Page)

Now Mochrie is willing to go on record saying that the Bronston production will end up on the profit side of the ledger this first time out. "But, can you imagine what powerful residual value this will have down through the years?" the distribution head asked, supplying his own answer by the way he put the question to us. "When the drive-ins began booking 'King of Kings' in big number, -- and you know most of them don't open for business until late in April, -- then we knew that we're on our way to big returns," he said.

### Bronston Film Overcomes Violent Opposition

When the man from *Harrison's Reports* left Mochrie, there remained the delicate matter that the M-G-M executive cleverly circumvented, -- the strange nature of critical opinion, -- almost violent opposition, -- that met the release of the great film. That some of it may have come from the clergy remains in the realm of conjecture. That M-G-M had a difficult releasing pattern to face, was also a worry that wasn't easy to solve. "But, when we instituted our 'special handling' project, everything took a right-about-turn and we began heading for better revenues, less worried days and more restful (sleeping) nights."

Our interest in "King of Kings" goes all the way back to early October ('61) when the spectacle premiered. *Harrison's Reports* went overboard on its greatness. We rated it "excellent." We thought the production rose to inspiring heights of grandeur seldom achieved in film making. We recommended it to "-- young and old; rich man, poor man, beggar man, and -- yes even thief!" to requote us. We felt that it was a document of entertainment for all creeds, faiths, religions. It didn't matter that the powerfully beautiful story had an M-G-M label on it. "King of Kings" was an achievement in which the whole motion picture industry could take pride and share in its achievement. The Mochrie revelation of facts, figures, box office take and expectancies give new strength to the old feeling of faith that there can be a tide in the release of a great picture which when reversed as the flood ebbs can lead on to better returns and greater success. The picture, of course, must be there!

If M-G-M proved this Caesarean paraphrasing to be true with their "King of Kings" via the route of "special handling" then it also proves that a great achievement in the motion picture field will not go by unnoticed by the movie-going public once the people have been reached properly and those reaching out to them, the distributor, evidences an abiding faith in the box office value of his product.

### "Gigot"

(Continued from Preceding Page)

of man's honest sorrow by voice. His was a silent journey through life, transmitting his language via the speechless route of facial expressions.

It's the kind of a story that won't hold together easily. This tends to unloosen itself every now and then. Gleason is supported, of course, by a cast mostly French. Their acting is adequate, but their box office appeal it almost nil. Still there's a tyke who steals

(Continued from Front Page)

is not good for the motion picture industry as has been attested by some of its experts in public relations.

### "Cleopatra" Sees Troubles' End!

The longest running, recent items have been about the woes, vicissitudes, misfortunes, strange romantic adventures that have taken their toll on perhaps the costliest spectacle ever made, 20th Century-Fox's "Cleopatra." Many papers treated all this with newsstand-compelling headlines dipping the stories into the ink of a sensationalism seldom seen in the public prints. There were even editorials venting a strange journalistic spleen. Away up front, taking the blows aimed at others, but suffered by him, has been standing Spyros Plato Skouras. He's the real overall bossman of "Cleopatra." But, his has been one of the biggest tests of endurance, courage, faith that he has ever faced in his illustrious and long career. He well deserves this piece which is an echo of the "bravo" heard all around.

The storms of "Cleopatra" have about blown themselves over. Whatever the troubles to come, they will never match those that are now behind the beleaguered man. He stood up against all the travail like an Horatius at the bridge; the Dutch boy at the dikes; Casey (not Stengel) at the bat. He will see "Cleopatra" through to one of the biggest successes ever scored in the film industry. It will be a long time before the early totals will be drawn up. But, even at this date it can be said that no matter how the figures read they will be a testament to man's faith that the troubles of yesterday can well be the inspiring harbinger of the joys they will bring on the morrow if you don't give up hope today!

your heart away as she does Gleason's. Her mother is a lady of loose morals whose small earnings come from competing with the younger girls pounding the streets of Paris. In fact, Seven Arts shot the production in Paris. It affords us, via De Luxe color, scenes of the town in its varied moments and moods, at all times of the day and the brooding hours of the night. This is not the Shakespearean kind of story-telling with its beginning, middle and the end. It is more episodic than plot-structural. Director Gene Kelly failed to keep these broken-up and broken-into interludes together. They seemed almost disjointed. But, nearly always there is Jackie Gleason, the sad-faced, frightened, friendly mute. Whether it's giving shelter to this woman of the streets and her little girl; or abandoning everything at the sight of a funeral cortege and following the mourners to the cemetery with the family wondering how close this bulbous one, torn and tattered, was to the deceased. In fact, if "Gigot" loved any one pursuit more than the other few things in an empty life, it was attending these funeral ceremonials. We even find him in attendance at his own innocently erring interment when the tale of this sad-faced mute has finally unspooled itself.

Produced by Kenneth Hyman; directed by Gene Kelly; screenplay by John Patrick, based on an original story by Gleason who also composed the music.

General patronage.

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## State of Trade Press

Last March 24, the man from *Harrison's Reports* made it clear where we stood in regard to the motion picture trade press in general; its editorial operations and policies; its definite services to all phases of the film industry in general. We even spoke of the economic plight of some of the trade sheets and in direct manner transmitted the feeling that that phase of operation (economic) was deserving of stronger support. Some of our friends expressed surprise that we'd run interference for the rest of the trades.

We concluded that the heartbeat of an industry like ours, is its trade press. To subdue it, is to thwart the progress of the whole business, which like all other big ones, thrives on the real, honest-to-goodness, reliable news developments. To support the trade press, is to help sustain our industrial way of life, stabilize progress and strengthen economic happiness. This wasn't a school of journalism graduate delivering excerpts from his thesis on baccalaureate day. We felt that such a stand was long overdue. We of *Harrison's Reports* didn't worry that this may find us away out on a limb.

### Changes Facing Trade Papers

Three months can be a lifetime in this business of ours with its relentless swing of time's pendulum. Today, we find that the discussions and deliberations whether one of the more respected and seasoned weeklies should be published every other week (instead of weekly) have been decided upon. It will go biweekly. That the others (carrying advertising) will sooner or later be published every other week only, there can be no doubt a spokesmen of the policy-changing weekly told us. It is our personal opinion, however, that *Variety* weekly will not be affected by the economic troubles that have beset so much of the trade press. Trade paper's Rock of Gibraltar (*Variety*) will stand up against the transitionals taking place in the trade paper field.

A few days ago Pete Harrison, out in Hollywood, announced that "Harrison's Hollywood Reviews" a mimeographed sheet, he started recently, had ceased publication. Suspending publication of these mimeographed (weekly) reviews was by order of his doctor, the aging Harrison said. What we of *Harrison's Reports* were afraid of, was that innocently some people who are fast readers might get us confused with this other Harrison paper. We asked the trade daily that ran the rather confusing item to run a brief explanation. Apparently the daily didn't see fit to do so, which in itself was ironic considering the work *Harrison's Reports* has put in to cement a more co-

(Continued on Back Page)

## Hartford Launches Toll-Tv

As we go to press, the City of Hartford is getting ready to witness its entry into the toll-Tv business. At 7:30 P.M., Friday, June 29, Channel 18 (WHCT-Tv) will take to the air reaching no more than 300 homes. This will launch a three-year experimental period. While exhibitor organizations failed to block this move, -- using the air for transmission, -- the United States Circuit Court of Appeals gave the operators of the Tv station the right to sell its entertainment over the air as well as use up three years for experimental purposes. But, the exhibitor fighting, via the courts, has only begun in spite of the fact that toll-Tv is a reality in Hartford.

Speaking to the New York bossmen of the Tv channel, -- RKO General, Inc., it was learned that the first 30-minutes of the premiere program will go over the channel to the general viewing public. It will be made up of speeches by Newton N. Minow, chair-

(Continued on Back Page)

## Skouras Status Settled

The board of directors meeting of 20th Century-Fox, which the lay-press tried to blow up into a wild-swinging free-for-all for authority didn't play itself out without some pretty stormy interludes wherein the dissenting parties got their innings in . . . Spyros Plato Skouras, one of the few remaining wise and respected men of the industry's pioneering days made his own decisions, in the main. The more arduous job of presiding over the destinies of the company, cannot continue. That decision was neither the board's nor Skouras'. It was by orders of his doctors. Thus, Skouras will continue to serve as president of the company until September 30, 1962. If a successor, suitable to the factors involved, is selected earlier, so much the better for Skouras who has undergone surgery, recently. It is understood that his \$140,000 a-year salary will continue for another year to come, when his present contract expires . . . Even after his retirement as president, Skouras will continue to serve actively in all aspects of 20th-Fox's business, as requested. He will remain as a director of the 12-member board, a member of the Executive Committee and will otherwise discharge such responsibilities as the board may confer on him in the interest of the company. Skouras in that abiding, characteristic faith of his, has served 20th-Fox as president for twenty years.



**"The Sky Above -- The Mud Below"***(Embassy, Current; 90 mins.)*

FAIR. The travalogue is coming back only it's stretched from the usual two reels to ten. No story is necessary. You pick up the narrative-documentary at whatever point you want and then bring it up to a close when you (as the producer) think you've had enough. This Joseph E. Levine presentation of an Academy Award winning entry was given quite a promotional send-off. Something that must have cost a pretty penny and completely within keeping of the Levine selling concept of big spending and not do, as he accused his competitors of, "using moth-eaten advertising campaigns" when you've got something to sell. Here, the big sell is the complete nudity that drapes itself across the screen. For a change, it's the men who go completely undraped. It's as shameful and utterly disgusting a sight as has disgraced the screen even that of the art theatre. It's not just a fleeting shot or two, but endless thousands of feet of this repelling physical ugliness. Strangely, the women are hidden from view, and their raw-boned bodies (when brought within the focus of the camera) are gauze draped around the mid-section.

We find seven men who are bent on facing all kinds of danger in order to penetrate some of the challenging and unexplored swamplands and jungle areas of Dutch New Guinea where no white man has supposedly ever been before. When the trek was completed only two returned safely. We see all sorts of weird, pagan-dated, nauseating rituals performed. A crude sequence of a woman giving rebirth (as a sort of prisoner-exchange symbol) takes place. To be sure, there are moments of excitement, death defying danger, stretches of the beauty that Mother Nature had wrapped up there out in New Guinea which was never before caught by adventurous white man and his camera. But, they took far too many liberties of making so much of a display of the men, thousands of them, marching rather closely in front of the same cameras nakedly raw. Surely, no man would want to take his wife or girl to this shameful display of a crudity and downright insult that stretches itself far out of proportion to what the producer may have hoped to bring out. The production was given a wide-screen-color treatment. A nicely-styled British voice explained the goings-on via narration.

Produced by Arthur Cohn and René LeFuite; directed by Pierre-Dominique Gaisseau.

Adults, -- males only.

**"Stowaway in the Sky"***(Lopert, Current; 100 mins.)*

FAIR. This can well be called the poor man's "Around the World in 80 Days." It's around France in about 80 minutes. The film has a balloon, the rickety basket, color, airborne adventure. But, it has no stars, no story, almost no real entertainment, -- nothing but the ingredients of a pleasant travelogue which James Fitzpatrick used to compress into two reels and has abandoned a long time ago. Off screen is, -- Jack Lemmon. Of all things, he is the narrator, a chore hardly suitable for his voice which lacks the poetic smoothness or the timberly quality connected with such nature of delivery. At any moment you think Lemmon is going to spoof it all up and give

with the Lemmon-squeeze comicalities. It so happens that Lemmon is the bossman (president) of the company that made the film. Considering that the rather dullish narrative dialogue was written by S. N. Behrman you wonder all the more. When the French dialogue is dubbed into English it's as poor a sync job as you've ever heard.

-- and so, the orange-striped balloon is off on its crossing of France. Through a process called Helivision (one "I" Mr. Compositor) an old man, Andre Gille, maybe a little on the eccentric side, wants to prove that he can ride that big balloon up there in the sky, the so-called aeronautical free way. He has a stowaway in the basket, his grandson, Pascal Lamorisse. They sail over Alsace, the Strasbourg Cathedral, Koenigsberg Castle and other famous French places. There's a beautiful flight of storks (thousands of them); up past the Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame, they follow a pack of hunters and their baying dogs in mad pursuit of a fleet-footed, frightened stag. There are other soothingly beautiful scenes ostensibly caught from the shakey basket, but actually filmed from a spring-stabilized set of cameras in an accompanying helicopter. In any event the scenery is beautiful, the ride is interesting, the Helivision process quite effective.

Written and directed by Albert Lamorisse; produced by Filmsonor and Films Montsouris.

General patronage, -- the kids especially.

**"The Notorious Landlady" with Kim Novak, Jack Lemmon, Fred Astaire***(Columbia, July; 123 mins.)*

FAIR. Columbia had hoped to make a big one of this. Endowed with a trio of name stars and heavy in its supporting (principal) talent; a money-maker of box office standing doing the producing (Fred Kohlmarm); and the directorial chores in the capable hands of Richard Quine, when you add up all these movie entertainment guarantees, you don't find yourself going overboard as the proceedings play themselves out. Some of the weaknesses are to be found in the rather flat performance the alluring Kim Novak turns in. What a grand opportunity for her to shine in a story of this nature. She muffed it. Even as the tale gets under way and we see her masquerading as a London maid, her cockneyed delivery is, way out of pitch. This is not one of Jack Lemmon's better exercises in film-acting. Every now and then, he slips out of character in these mysterioso-comedy shenanigans. Fred Astaire, an American Embassy bossman stationed in London didn't take some of the weak spots in the story lying down. He stood up to some of the banality and gave the film some strength, but not enough to make up for the other deficiencies. Some of the sequences got titers in the wrong places, a sign of audience derision. The title announcing Miss Novak being her own dress designer didn't take too well with many of the ladies some of whom seemed stylishly dressed enough to afford playing critic.

Well, let's get on with the story! Jack Lemmon, an American Embassy official rents an apartment. The landlady, Kim Novak (a transplanted American) warns him that she hasn't the best reputation. But, one look at the blonde voluptuary and Lemmon doesn't give a hoot that, "people will talk." Lemmon's chief

recognizes Miss Novak as the woman involved in a recent sensational newspaper case. Lemmon won't hear of getting another apartment. In fact, he begins setting up proof to Scotland Yard that his landlady is innocent of all those charges against her, -- a little something like having done away with her husband. Of course, by this time Lemmon is madly in love with his blonde landlady. One night he finds her with a revolver in her hand. The allegedly missing husband is at last done in. There's a trial, it looks bad for Miss Novak, but up pops a witness that sets things straight. Miss Novak's errant husband had returned for more money, there's some todo about a pawnticket, it means everything! It is established that the shooting was accidental and the notorious landlady is now the recipient of sympathy even from some of the prying, gossiping neighbors. All this leads to only one unfinished piece of business, Lemmon's announcement that he could get free rent because he's going to marry his landlady. Instead, these two Americans will be going back to the states. Photography, good.

Produced by Fred Kohlmar; directed by Richard Quine, screenplay by Larry Gelbart and Blake Edwards.

General patronage.

#### • "The Valiant" with

**John Mills, Ettore Manni,, Roberto Risso**  
(United Artists, Current; 89 mins.)

GOOD. When the British make a service picture, they do it with a dedication almost beyond the call of cinematic duty. Especially are they extremely proficient when it comes to dealing with what was once the incomparable pride of the Empire, the RN (Royal Navy.) They approach their acting chores with a sober seriousness that from the first fade-in down through the telling, they win you over with their faithfully abiding delineation that, -- after all, -- is entertainment make-believe via the route of the cinema. The man from *Harrison's Reports* tasted of some of this devotional sobriety when assigned (during the war days) to do a series of radio shows. The film was Noel Coward's "In Which We Serve" a story of the RN and one of the stars was John Mills who gives such an inspiringly topflight performance in this one. Through it seems to glisten an historic patina of patriotism and sacrifice that were the supremacy of the great fleet that once encircled the globe.

To be sure, the performances throughout stand strong and stalwart to make this an excitingly well told tale tolling out its tones of authenticity with the clarity of the ship's bells. For, the great portion of the film was based on an incident that played itself out in the latter part of 1941. Laurence Naismith as the Admiral of the Fleet plays his role sternly; the two Italian frogmen (Roberto Risso and Ettore Manni); the medical officer Liam Redmond and the others add strength to the film. They took the big ship "The Valiant" out to the harbor of Taranto, Italy, to film the water scenes. Some of the undersea photography (of the studio trick variety, of course) was of a high order. The interiors were shot at the Shepperton Studios in England. All the way through the men behind the cameras got photographic results that are excellent. Of course, there is no love angle here, except if it's a navy man's undying love for his ship, his love of country, love of her peace-dedicated ideals.

"The Valiant" is the pride of the RN and it is ready to set sail (Dec. 1941) on one of its most important missions. Captain John Mills already knows that his big ship is in for trouble from Italy. Soon, he learns the secret. While laying at anchor in the harbor of Alexandria two Italian frogmen have placed a large torpedo underneath the war horse. They're both captured, one badly wounded. They won't talk. Now, every minute counts. Finally, through a ruse the Italian prisoners are led to believe that the ship has been abandoned and they're the only ones left on it. One opens up. But, he refuses to reveal when the torpedo will go off. By this time the ship has really been abandoned and one of the frogmen tells all. There isn't much time left to jump into the last remaining launch. As they move away from "The Valiant" (the prisoners with them) the mine goes off resulting in severe damage to her bows. She will be seaworthy in four months, however. To fool Italian reconnaissance, all hands report back on the upper deck, bands walk around playing gay music. To the two Italian prisoners it may well be remindful of the Wellington philosophy that nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won.

Produced by Jon Penington; directed by Roy Baker; screenplay by Willis Hall and Keith Waterhouse.

General patronage.

#### • "The Important Man" with Toshiro Mifune

(Lopert, Current; 99 mins.)

POOR. The chief protagonist in this one is as repulsive, mean, contemptible and unsympathetic a man as we've ever met in a film story. He's the Japanese star of "Rashomon" who is in what is claimed to be one of Mexico's proud entries in the American market. In fact, it's supposed to have won a mess of Mexican prizes. Even for the art theatres, this is not the kind of film fare that makes it worth while, for all the free coffee you may consume down in the lounge. Subtitled in English to make some sense of the Spanish dialogue rolling off the sound track endlessly, loudly and hysterically, it lacks any semblance of movie entertainment. By the same token, Toshiro Mifune's wife, who stands for a lot of brutal-like punishment from her bullying husband, Columba Dominguez, is an alluring, capable actress. You feel sorry for her and the film she's in. Like most foreign movies that fail to make an impression here, this crude exercise in repulsiveness at its worst begot itself all kinds of plaques, awards, salutes elsewhere. Here, in America, it even rated such recognition as being nominated for best foreign language film consideration by the Oscar tribunal. Photography, fair.

Briefly, we deal with a no-good, lazy loafer who doesn't want to work, doesn't want to help rear his family properly, doesn't want to be decent to his wife, nor kind to his children. But he does want to be the important man of his province. That's the "Mayordomo," -- the head man. He thinks the whole world is against him. He takes it out on his defenseless family. Finally he does live the short life of the "Mayordomo." That, too, is through the route of chicanery and immorality of the worst order. His daughter is seduced by the son of the rich landowner, for whom the pretty girl worked. An illegitimate son is

(Continued on Following Page)



## Trade Press...

(Continued from Front Page)

operative trade press. Nor did the other daily run an explanatory paragraph about the suspension of the Harrison mimeograph sheet being in no wise connected with *Harrison's Reports* which has never missed an issue since July 1, 1919 just 43 years ago, tomorrow! All the foregoing, because some people did misunderstand and phoned us about it.

### Expression of Gratitude to Subscribers

We're at the mid-year period and perhaps this would be as good a time as any, to say to our subscribers how thankful we are to all of them for their faith in this weekly. About the only way one can show his belief in *Harrison's Reports* and his desire that it continue to serve the industry, is via the route of the subscription itself. Renewing it, year after year, with new subscribers always joining us (unsolicited) is the most heartening thing that can happen to a trade paper. -- and, that's what's been happening to us, thanks to you!

-- so, once again, to all of you who are continuing your subscriptions to this paper, our heartfelt gratitude. In return we promise you a truly dedicated trade weekly committed to only one principle of operation and survival, -- to serve this wonderful industry of ours, and serve it well, especially the woof and fibre of the business, -- the exhibitor!

## Hartford's Toll-Tv...

(Continued from Front Page)

man of the Federal Communications Commission (who looks upon Tv as a "vast wasteland"); Senator Thomas Dodd; Connecticut's governor John Dempsey; the mayor of Hartford, William Glynn and other dignitaries. Ralph Bellamy, president of Actors Equity, and a strong proponent for fee-Tv, will act as master of ceremonies.

Then will come the 8:00 P.M. decoding period in the 300 homes equipped for pay-Tv. Those with the equipment will be able to break away, unscramble the signal and pick up the paid-for entertainment. The premiere presentation will be the film "Sunrise at Campobello" which stars Bellamy as the late, great Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and Greer Garson. For this part of the program the fee for subscribers will be \$1. But, that will not be a standard toll, explained the RKO General spokesmen. Some programs, like major championship prize fights, will cost the viewer \$3.50. There will be some shows that will cost only 25¢. "It will depend on the nature of the show," said an executive.

For the next few months to come, Tv air time on a toll basis over WHCT-Tv, Channel 13, will be nightly from 7:00-11:00 P.M. In addition to the \$10 installation fee for the decoder device, there will be other minor charges like 75¢ rental, a small maintenance cost, etc. "We know we've got to make this as attractive and economical to our prospective subscribers as possible," said a spokesman. He also pointed out that the RKO crowd are surprised that the exhibitors are fighting them so vigorously. The RKO-er thinks that, as the experiment progresses, there will be ways found to make the toll-Tv viewer conscious of movie-going at the local theatre.

## "The Important Man"

(Continued from Preceding Page)

born. Mifune sells the child to its grandfather and becomes a papier-maché head-man squandering the ill-begotten money like a drunken no-goodnick, which he is. He goes down reeling from his own stupidity, realizing, perhaps, for all his dumbness that power, respect and position are not easily begotten and cannot be purchased. The dullness and banality of it all are more than tiring on the American viewer for all the honors heaped upon it (as claimed by the distributors) in other lands.

Produced and directed by Ismael Rodriguez; screenplay by Rodriguez and Vicente Orona, Jr. Adults.

When questioned about the relatively small number of subscribers (300) to get under way with, the RKO General man said that, "It's the equipment. We can't turn it out fast enough. Besides, with all this exhibitor litigation it was hard telling how long we'd have to wait to get the green light." RKO General is using the Phonevision process to transmit its shows. Phonevision is a product of Zenith, which like its partner RKO, has a goodly number of millions riding on this one experiment alone in Hartford.

The choice of Hartford for this multi-million dollar experiment was Tom O'Neil's, overall bossman of RKO General. A man who's been around this country found in Hartford, a city that was neither too big, nor too small for this kind of a trial run in the highly embattled operations of toll-Tv. It's an American city typical of true Americana in size, mores, population and spenders for the proper kind of entertainment, he explained.

## Brando is Blameless: Vogel

Joseph R. Vogel, president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, came to the rescue of Marlon Brando. The bossman of the film company thinks it unjust for the press (and other media of communication) to have heaped so much blame on the actor because of the staggering production cost and long delays "Mutiny on the Bounty" has suffered . . . A combination of many unavoidable circumstances was the result of "Mutiny --" not coming in completed sooner and ready for distribution. As it is, the Brando starring sea saga will not be ready for its hard ticket run (as we predicted) before November. . . The difficulty of delivering an actual replica of the big ship; a series of tropical storms; illness and death among the cast and a host of other troublesome developments (always to be expected on such a mammoth undertaking) were the causes for the "--Bounty" being so long overdue, explained Vogel . . . He gave credit to everybody connected with the production. Of the actor, in particular, he said: "Marlon Brando performed in a professional manner throughout the entire production. He gave to the full limit of his capabilities." Vogel said that this is Brando's finest in his brilliant career.

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No. 26

### Cohen Refutes Mochrie

There can arise some pretty innocent misconceptions when you write a piece about a major distributor and one of his multi-million dollar releases. To some people the article is not quite complete unless you wind up raking the distributor bossman over the coals of bitter criticism. While *Harrison's Reports* is "devoted chiefly to the interests of the exhibitors" (as our masthead has proclaimed for 43 years) we must also consider ourselves as servants of the motion picture industry. And, the distributor is one of the legs of the tripod upon which rests this business of ours. The other two are exhibition and production, of course. Thus, the distributor too makes news. He too should get his hearing.

Two issues ago we dealt with the "King of Kings" and some of the facts and figures given us by the distribution head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Robert Mochrie. The story didn't take well with some of the exhibitors. While not all the dissenters wrote in, or called us, we did hear directly from a few. The outspoken few can represent the silent lot. They took issue with some of the statements made about Samuel Bronston's production being handled by M-G-M. Mildly, the things that were said by the exhibitors were hardly complimentary to the Mochrie statements, the manner in which the film is being sold, etc. There were even outright accusations that the distributor was resorting to practices re the handling of the mammoth story of the greatest life ever lived, that were allegedly sharp, irregular and terribly unfair.

#### Exhibitors Abhor "No Comment" Dodge

One thing anybody covering exhibitors for news finds out easily and at an early stage, is that the theatre operator doesn't go in for that "no comment" persiflage. Nor does he want his opinions to be "off-the-record" or otherwise hide behind the anonymity that becomes confusing because a tough, hard statement without revealing the source only weakens an otherwise strong story. Thus, when the head of an Allied unit sat down with us to discuss the Mochrie-"King of Kings" story he said, "You can mention my name all you want."

We mean, Sidney J. Cohen, president of Allied Theatres of New York. He said, "Bob Mochrie is a nice guy, and all that sort of stuff, but he's giving the exhibitors a mighty hard time of it. He did it, and is continuing to do it with 'Ben-Hur.' -- and, he's using the same tactics, and demanding what can be called 'extortion' terms on 'King of Kings!'" Cohen explained that as of this late date, M-G-M had not yet made any move to pay back the advertising monies on

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### "Premiere --" Premieres

United Artists' so-called "new era" in the simultaneous presentation of first-run motion pictures had its premiere June 27. Ballyhooed as "Premiere Showcase" it didn't make the kind of box office history nor create the nature of community excitement expected by the distributor. However, his untiring efforts to make this one of the biggest steps forward in neighborhood movie going, was applauded by most of the theatre participants.

While it was hoped (and virtually promised) that the trade press would be taken around some of the premiering-participating theatres, the man from *Harrison's Reports*, because of his friendship with the personnel of some of the theatres involved, had to make his own way and get what he could for this "after-the-premiere-is-over" story.

There are some exhibitors who may come out of

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### Zanuck Willing to Head 20th-Fox?

These are fast-moving days with men given to quick-changing minds over at 20th Century-Fox. When Spyros Plato Skouras retired as president of the film company (following 20-years of devoted, dedicated duties in the post) the names of several probable successors were bandied about. Darryl F. Zanuck, former studio head of 20th and close friend of Skouras, topped the list. But, Zanuck cabled that he would have none of it... Now the picture has changed considerably. By the time this is off the press, Zanuck will have arrived from Paris to attend a special meeting he asked the board of directors to hold and resolve, immediately, several extremely pressing matters. Zanuck being one of the biggest, individual stockholders of 20th-Fox (100,000 shares, or more) chairman of the board, Samuel Rosenman moved to convene the tribunal... At this stage Zanuck is good and mad at the board, most of whose members are not capable of making decisions on production, he asserted. He wants to make sure that the right man takes over the presidency of the company he helped to form. That the right man may be none other than Zanuck himself is more apparent right now, than only a few days ago... Zanuck's sudden willingness to throw himself openly into the fight for control may be indicative that he is pleased with his recently completed "The Longest Day" and can go on with a clear mind to the next battle.



**"Boccaccio '70" with****Anita Ekberg, Romy Schneider, Sophia Loren***(Embassy, Current; 165 mins.)*

Few multi-million dollar cyclonic productions (domestic or foreign) were ever brought in on a costlier wave of publicity and advertising than Joseph E. Levine's presentation of "Boccaccio '70" dedicated to love. Jolly Joe made the proud boast that never in the history of the motion picture business has a film been treated to so large a spread in any one issue of a paper as his "Boccaccio-". Three consecutive full pages were taken in the New York Times (Sunday edition) to herald the arrival of the Levine presentation which opened a new theatrical venture for New York, -- twin theatres. Since the film (all in color) is episodic and has three completely different stories to deal with, we'll break up this review into three separate chapters.

GOOD. Titled "The Temptation of Dr. Antonio" it is directed by Federico Fellini (he did "La Dolce Vita") and stars Anita Ekberg the tall, blonde voluptuary. Her alluring and suggestive likeness is sprawled across a big, massive, music-backed billboard. She is used as bait for a milk company. When you get through surveying the reclining form of Miss Ekberg, somewhere hidden away is the plea to "Drink More Milk!" For all this innocence of Madison Avenue transplanted to a vacant lot in Rome, Dr. Antonio (Peppino De Filippo) happens to have his apartment directly opposite the display. He becomes incensed and wants the billboard removed. To him it is obscene, vulgar, immoral. He gets himself so worked up, trying to get the law to take down the sign, that he lapses into hallucinations. As his subconscious takes over he becomes now the victim of biological tantalizations that seem to afford him a certain residue of pleasure. In fact, it can well be called love. The figure to him becomes a sensuous dancer in the streets. She is a massive, flesh-exciting Amazon in these nightmares. By comparison he is a midget crawling over her wriggling, satiny body and nestling in her bosom. He is slowly going quite mad the Decameron way. It's sad! The figure on the billboard had so possessed this reformer that it robbed him of all sane mental return. As the grey, cool dawn drapes itself over the vacant lot and the big billboard reality comes back in all its prophetic destructiveness, -- the police carry off the good doctor to the nearest asylum.

Directed by Federico Fellini; screenplay by Federico Fellini, Ennio Flaiano and Tullio Pinelli.

FAIR. This episode deals with a married woman who was forced to tinge her love making with a cruel possessiveness of money that robbed it of its basic values. Titled "The Job" it stars Romy Schneider, one of Europe's fastest rising stars. Her husband is mixed up in a sex scandal. Besides, when he wants additional love away from home he goes to the better bordellos and pays a pretty penny for it since he is of nobility. This doesn't take well with his wife (Miss Schneider) and she makes a decision. She will go out and make a living, too. She needs money, badly. Yes, her first customer is her husband. You see the lovely actress in some pretty bold (semi-nude) scenes. As she accepts a check from her husband to bed-up for the night, she cries herself to sleep, it seemed as the lights are dimmed. It was about as touching as a scenario kiss on a kleig-lighted movie lot.

Directed by; Luchino Visconti; screenplay by Suso Cecchi D'Amico and Luchino Visconti.

GOOD. Titled "The Raffle" this one stars that outstanding seductress and temptress of today's cinematic love tales, Sophia Loren. She runs a shooting gallery for a living at carnivals. Her customers would shoot away at balloons for prizes. But she was the explosive firecracker up there taunting the men with her revealing body. Every time a man looked at her he lost his aim as his biologies gave off sparks that nearly mowed him down like the deflated balloons up there on her stand. She had a physical "come on" to the drooling men folk that left them helpless. Thus, when it was announced that there would be the usual Saturday night raffle, the tickets went like hot cakes. The prize is an interlude of love with this tantalizing goddess of charm that seem to lie beyond the purchase of the world. A meek sexton has the winning ticket. He's offered all sorts of sums for it by the losers. But, he remembers the advice of his old mother to go out in the world and "have a good time." When the trailer rolls out to the woods and the moment of love (as the raffle pay-off) arrives Miss Loren, fluttering her long dew-dipped eyelashes and playing it like an innocent babe in those woods, convinces the passionless sexton to take all the money collected for this moment of moments in a man's untried sex life. She did make concessions: He was allowed to tell the envious men of the town who were standing watch in the woods that he had possessed her like a waterfront freight-handler a juicy steak. All the time, waiting, not far away was her real love, a handsome youth working at the carnival.

The three episodes (in Italian dialogue and subtitled in English) were produced by Carlo Ponti. This one was directed by Vittorio De Sica; screenplay by Cesare Zavattini.

Adults, -- applies to the overall film.

**"Jack the Giant Killer" with  
Kerwin Mathews, Judi Meredith,  
Torin Thatcher**

*(United Artists, July; 94 mins.)*

POOR. The title of this legendary adventure-saga will always remain of great attractive value to the youngsters who reach into the generation of moviegoers and become the residual value of this many-times told tale in many ways of communication. Having been associated with producer Edward Small, the man from *Harrison's Reports* can't believe that he (Small) kept that careful, box office trained eye on these proceedings all the way through their production paces. This kind of film, primarily, is for the kids. But, the way the new version is told it's going to scare the daylights out of the younger, more sensitive ones. It's a loud, screaming, breathlessly frightening exercise in mayhem, corn and unacceptable legendary credulity. You fail to go along with the manner in which some of the miracles are wrought. Yet, as you sit through this innocent mistake you realize that this cost a pretty penny. What a job this was for the effects department of the production unit; the boys with the double exposure and the other camera trickery pulled off to give this enduring tale of might and valor something strong to stand on. Some of the Technicolor (Fantascope) shots are eye-compelling. But, it's the overabundance of the killing,

the torture, the hokus-pokus that prevails throughout. They're not to the credit of the film. The harsher aspects of the story pushes away into the background the romantic, more soothing make-believe of the tale. The way this one is told may prove itself a bit too much for the youngsters, 'bless 'em.

Well, that evil-looking master of demons, Torin Thatcher, gets things rolling by despatching one of his giants to capture the king's lovely daughter (Judi Meredith). In steps a simple, fine young man (Kerwin Mathews) and with a few blows with his meat ax kills the beast of a man. He becomes known as Jack the Giant Killer and forthwith begins pulling miracles. He takes the princess on a journey to hide her. The ship is intercepted and the beauty is kidnapped. Mathews begins forming all sorts of plans to rescue the lovely maiden, only by this time he is helped by an imp who is imprisoned in a bottle. But, he can do all sorts of things to help the Giant Killer. There is fighting, plenty of annihilation; cold-blooded threats, etc. But, the end belongs to Jack and the girl of nobility. They finally leave the island, the castle of the demon is destroyed, the imp heads home (Ireland) on a rainbow, Jack and the girl are very much in love by this time. Theirs promises to be a happy future especially since the king bestows all sorts of honors and tribute on the farmer's young son who saved his daughter and his kingdom.

Produced by Edward Small; directed by Nathan Joran; screenplay by Orville H. Hampton and Juran. General patronage, -- the kids especially.

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**"Shoot the Piano Player" with  
Charles Aznavour, Marie Du Bois,  
Nicole Mercier**  
(Astor, July; 92 mins.)

FAIR. The title is misleading. It seems to suggest humor more than homicide as Oscar Wilde pointed out in one of his American lectures. It was used with political derision (by the Republicans) when Harry S. Truman ran for presidential election. Truman is somewhat of an ivory-tickler, you may recall. Here we witness a melodrama of low entertainment value. Not to seem facetious or disrespectful of the creative people who tried to make something out of this, we are almost moved to suggest that those responsible for the film's failure to deliver were in danger of being shot at. In any event, once again, we have an import without any names to watch over it at the box office, though it's headed for the art theatres. Like most of these low-budget imports, the photography is fuzzy with the long shots coming out as if the scenery was fogbound. There are a few rather raw passages (as translated into the English titles). Because the director failed to keep a steady hand on the proceedings, the melodrama plays itself out quite amateurishly. Speaking of the titles, you're hardly able to take a look at what's going on up above them. They're of endless length. The dialogue is in French.

Charles Aznavour is a piano player in a sleazy cafe on the murky outskirts of Paris. He's a sad-looking down-and-out and the ladies take to him, one in particular, the hostess Michele Mercier. While he could do better, he's satisfied. One night his complacent routine is shattered. One of his older brothers is in trouble. He comes to Charles for help. He will

give him none of it. But, he's forced to protect his brother. In the meantime, he has fallen in love with Marie Du Bois (the waitress) who in turn is madly loved by the bartender, an ugly brute of a man. She takes Charlie to her apartment where he sees an old concert poster displayed over her dresser. Yes, he was a great musical wonder boy at one time. The melody man got out of harmony with life when his wife played a couple of false tunes on his dream-drenched visions. What she did she did for the advancement of his career. But, he wouldn't listen to it. She hurled herself out of the window of their flat. This caused him to change his name, his way of life, his scorn for a woman's love. His new love spurs him on. He decides to try a comeback, professionally. They come back to the old bar to hand in their notices. Mlle. Du Bois takes a last derisive poke at the bartender, a scuffle follows, Charlie intervenes. Trying to defend his love, he accidentally kills the bartender. A man (Charlie) almost afraid of the harshness of life and its brutal realities, is right now in the middle of real tragedy. The philosophic deduction may well be that all this is the final reckoning of his prophetic past.

Produced by; Pierre Braunberger; directed by Francois Truffaut; screenplay by Truffaut.

Adults.

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**"The Tartars" with  
Orson Welles, Victor Mature**  
(M-G-M, Current; 83 mins.)

FAIR. This brings the embattled Vikings and Tartars back together again. They lived their power-ridden days away back quite some centuries ago. The leaders of the tribes are here portrayed by Orson Welles as the terrible and avenging chief of the Tartars; and that big hunk of man, Victor Mature as peace-loving bossman of the Vikings. If talent will tell, it shows all over the screen when the two are doing scenes together. That big, likeable guy, Mature, is made to look like a correspondence-school actor who flunked all over the place when he stands up against the polished, powerful histrionics of that superb actor, Welles. Usually Welles throws his talents into a film effort many ways, -- a sort-of triple threat man. He writes, directs and stars. Here he allegedly stars leaving the writing and directing in less capable hands the results of which are quite discernable. This is a blood-thirsty gymnastic where the killing, the onslaught of the opposing armies, the scenery-chewing maneuvers are almost laughable. You just can't get yourself to take much of it seriously. It has to be admitted the Lux Film folk spent a plentiful lira on this kind of a story, -- battalions of men, hordes of horses, days upon days of shooting. It's a pity that with so much at stake so little is accomplished via the route of pleasing, exciting screen entertainment. The use of Technicolor adds to the majestic beauty of the film which had to give way to partial dubbing (in English).

The Vikings were a peaceful tribe. Its leader (Victor Mature) enjoyed the hunting, the easy-living, the belief that man should not betray man. But, the Tartar chief (Orson Welles) believes in war, killing, dishonorable acquisition, rape. He's out to do away with Mature because of what Mature did to

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## Cohen Refutes Mochrie UA'S "Premiere--"...

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"Ben-Hur" to some exhibitors. He gave himself as an example.

"I have been after them for the return of this ad money, but for months they've done nothing about it. Many of us have failed to make any money on the picture, mainly because the terms on 'Ben-Hur' were so stiff. And, that's the same approach Mochrie is using on 'King of Kings,'" said the energetic Allied unit head who has assured the man from *Harrison's Reports* that within a short time, it will be one of the most active and biggest (comparative) links in the ever-growing chain of national Allied.

### "Ben-Hur" Terms Asked on "Kings"

Cohen resented that theatres which did no worthwhile business on "Ben-Hur" had no hope for some help from the distributor because the no look (no reduction) terms were forced on the exhibitor. "That Bronston's 'King of Kings' is by far not another 'Ben-Hur' should be pretty well known by this time, nine months after the film has been out in release. Yet, M-G-M is demanding almost the same terms they got on 'Ben-Hur,'" said Cohen. He believed that such film companies that fail to consider the exhibitor in these hard times, should be dealt with harshly, severely, self-protectively by the exhibitor organizations. "Together, working in unison, we can accomplish a lot more than individually. Also, in such kind of exhibitor organization unity there is more strength for progress and greater opportunity for achieving our aims." The New York Allied head is a strong organization man. He thinks the "loner" is lost in the exhibition end of our business.

Cohen was in favor of the brother Allied unit of New Jersey (of which William Infald is its fighting president) taking its cause of action to the Anti-Trust Division of the Department of Justice. -- which brought up the allied convention operation, this year, of the two Allied units. New York and New Jersey, it is to be remembered, will unite for the annual meet of each, this summer. The state organizations (New York-New Jersey) will convene at the famous Concord Hotel, on Kiamesha Lake, N. Y., August 6 thru August 9.

"We'll make this 1962 event one of the biggest not only in the history of Allied unit conventions, but of any other national exhibitor organization. We expect a large turn-out both from New Jersey and New York," assured the energetic Cohen as he got ready to board the bus for the annual pilgrimage to the Will Rogers Memorial Hospital up at Saranac Lake. As has been the costly custom for many years, the over-all committees, officers, trade and lay press and distinguished visitors are the guests of the Robbins family (National Screen Service) at their sumptuous Edgewater Motel, Schroon Lake, N. Y., for the two-day session.

The summer session of the board of directors of the Allied States Association of Motion Picture Exhibitors, will be held on Monday and Tuesday (August 6-7) at the Concord Hotel, Kiamesha, N. Y. This meeting will be held concurrently with the combined conventions of the Allied Theatre Owners of New Jersey and Allied Theatres of New York State.

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this almost on the losing end. In several instances "The Road to Hong Kong" is not strong enough to stand up for the three allegedly guaranteed weeks. We rated the film as a "good" one but far from a great release. Some theatres may be forced to pull the Bob Hope-Bing Crosby comedy after two weeks. In a way, the timing of the presentation is not to the advantage of the exhibitor, a few said. "A month or so earlier, or two months later would have produced better results neighborhood-wise," said some others.

The chief complaint is one relayed from the ticket-buyers. They were not happy going from the usual 85c weekdays admission to \$1.25. Or, from 99c on weekends to \$1.35. In general the 25% increase prevailed over the 13-theatre "Premiere" circuit. Another exhibitor complaint was that the neighborhood tieup would have been given stature if "The Road--" would have been playing simultaneously one of the recognized first run Broadway houses. This was almost another off-Broadway neighborhood saturation campaign, only United Artists gave their "new era" launching publicity building power which won the praise of the exhibitors.

If a summary of the entry of "Premiere Showcase" in the realm of power exploitation neighborhood exhibition were to be drawn, -- and it is yet too soon, though more than a week has gone by, -- those who were slightly disappointed outweighed the others who were very happy with the results. Spokesmen for Century Theatres sang the praises of "Premiere--." They said that three of their theatres did some of the biggest business in a long time. Several exhibitors didn't think that in choosing the Beacon Theatre as the so-called Broadway showcase added any real Times Square Broadway prestige to the campaign. Some Beacon customers weren't overly happy to find the admissions jumped from \$1.25 to \$1.75.

In some of the theatres there were no direct New York radio station coverage. Also, in a few theatres the only celebrities that walked the red carpet, were lovely girls dressed in Chinese costume. Some exhibitors summed it up this way: "If we only could have got some of those people gathered on the sidewalk to come in and buy tickets to see the film inside, we may have made out a lot better."

### "The Tartars"

(Continued from Preceding Page)

his (Welles') brother. Mature's wife is captured by Welles and he inflicts all sorts of torture on her. As the embattled tribesmen arrange for an exchange of hostages, Mature's lovely wife falls from the castle steps and dies, a victim of Welles' brutality. Mature takes the shattered remains back to his place. Now, there is but one recourse left, -- an all out war to the death with the tortuous Tartar forces. The battle is on and the heads of the two tribes (Welles and Mature) cross swords. The big, beefy, slowly-moving Welles is killed by the fleet-footed Mature. The fighting continues. Finally, an arrow claims the life of Mature.

Produced by Lux Film; directed by Richard Thorpe; screenplay by a quintette of writers and rewriters.

General patronage.

# HARRISON'S REPORTS

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SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1962

No. 27

## Movie Biz As a Career

In an ever-changing industry like ours, -- in this ever-changing world -- the sense of job security grows weaker with each passing year. Few businesses in the multi-billion dollar class, see such an appalling shifting, changing and complete obliteration of jobs, big and small, as ours. Forced economic moves, a temporary run of poor product, political maneuverings and just plain restlessness see numberless men (and women) on the move going into new jobs, leaving old ones, giving up hope of ever getting anywhere in our business.

Producers in Hollywood, with each casting of a new picture, shriek out to the heavens, "Where, oh! where are the stars of tomorrow coming from?" Having reduced this breast-beating to the usual mimeographed release to the trade papers, they send word to the director, talent agent, et al, that only established names are wanted. Not only for the all-important leads, but for even the lesser principal roles.

In New York at the home offices, there isn't too much worry about where, oh! where, will the executives of tomorrow come from? There is no great desire to groom some of the promising young men in their midst. Nor does there seem to be very much of a determination of these promising young men to sweat and slave for a career in the films or for a permanent place with any one company. There seems to be no such thing these days, as the unborn tomorrow with its promise of a career. Most of the personnel are happy that they can hold down their present job.

### No Sense of Security

Just who is to blame for such an ironic and frustrating state of affairs is hard to say. Getting around the home offices, as we must do in this nature of assignment, we don't see those self-sacrificial struggles playing themselves out when young men are building toward a career. Nor do we see any of the bossmen too concerned about the lack of explosive fire within the confines of their operating headquarters. It's a pity! -- and, the losers will wind up to be the young men on some of whose shoulders will have to rest the leadership of the industry some day, if they find reason to stick it out. The numberless others don't care if they fall by the career-side.

-- and yet, what greater business to be in than that of the movies. What better way to make a living than in this industry of ours. The man from *Harrison's Reports* has been in, and near, no other business in all his working life. We never wanted it any other way.

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## Our Films Do Well Abroad

Motion picture earnings in the far-flung markets abroad continue at a high level, the U. S. Department of Commerce announced, the other day. In the year gone by (1961) \$220,000,000 became eligible for remittance to this country. What was expected to be a bad year, proved to be a good one because '61 did not fall below 1960. The foreign market is now accountable for 54% of the industry's gross receipts, a percentage which continues to climb yearly.

What made the outlook for the year gone by loom as a disappointing one at year's ('60) end, was that in '61 television, -- like the few years of havoc it wrought in this country when it was first introduced, -- made its entry in many foreign countries for the first time. While sets didn't sell as rapidly (pro rata) as it did in this, more affluent, country the people did stay away from the movies.

What helped '61 to hold the remittance line, were the American-made blockbusters. They got the people out in big number and held to their first run stands for weeks upon end. The Department of Commerce pointed out that the movie-goer in foreign lands knows product values, star appeal and story content. The super qualities with which the multi-million dol-

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## Semi-Annual Index, Next Week

This is the time of the mid-year when the product "round-up" -- releases to come -- goes into work. Called the semi-annual index, it will come along with next week's issue of *Harrison's Reports* . . . What the majors and the independents will be releasing from now until the end of the current year; the titles of the films; stars, dates will all be included. So will the schedules of short subjects. What's slated for definite release and production for the 1963 will be also dealt with in this extra edition . . . Not alone what's on the majors' agenda, but what the independents will have in release and in production will be listed for the guidance of the exhibitor. It will be a pink-sheet blueprint of things to come the theatre operator's way that holds encouraging promise that 1962-63 may well be a good year in the movie business . . . In any event, there isn't a major nor an independent who doesn't look ever more encouragingly to the season ahead and isn't ready to make every sacrifice possible to make it a big one from his end of the overall operation.



**"The Three Stooges in Orbit" with  
Moe, Larry, Curley-Joe**

(Columbia, July; 87 mins.)

POOR. Whatever the critical reactions to these obnoxious films in what seems like an endless series, somewhere, somehow they must be making money for somebody. Else, we can't conceive Columbia sending all this good money after bad box office returns. For a long time the forgotten slapstick, pie-in-the-face, pratfall exponents were allowed to take their fadeout from the films with the resignation that their work before the cameras has been done and they too have become "has-beens." But, The Three Stooges began sneaking into the homes via the little idiot boxes (Tv) and a new life opened up for them. Better still, a new (if young) audience was developed overnight. It was done with their old, old films. Like prickly thorns, they began sprouting with strange strength on the "vast wasteland" of Newton Minow's, -- meaning Tv, of course. -- and so, Columbia put them in competition with themselves on free Tv by making a series for the big screen. But, let's face it, this is fit for neither grown-up, ardent movie-goer nor intelligent child. Instead of improving as they go along, they insist on getting worse. They go through the same antics of pie-throwing (face white-washing) belting each other on the noggins, overindulging in inane absurdities, hollering, screaming and otherwise living up to their strange reputation of being about the most boringly balmy so-called comics facing the cameras today. All of which adds up to about as much fun as a dead mackerel during the mating season.

Well, briefly, here it is. The Three Stooges meet up with an eccentric scientist-inventor who has made a combination submarine-helicopter-tank. They give the Air Force a demonstration of this piece of wizardry and everything goes wrong. After a wild orbit or two, the boys get the machine down to earth. In between, some Martians get into the act with some strange double-talk (translated into English subtitles). They have a death-dealing ray gun. There's another test of this crazy three-way machine. This time Ogg and Zogg (get these names) the Martians are inside. The flight is on over land and water, but The Three Stooges are due at the studio (Tv of course) to do their show. Don't you think, when the lights blink "On the Air" the trio is in front of the mikes and cameras on time? They give out with more sappy inanities than a sugar maple, suddenly turned sour? Even the photography played stooge to the script.

Produced by Norman Maurer; directed by Edward Bernds; screenplay by Elwood Ullman.

-- for the unsuspecting kids.

**"The Wild Westerners" with  
James Philbrook, Nancy Kovack,  
Guy Mitchell**

(Columbia, Current; 70 mins.)

FAIR. This is another run-of-the-mill horse opera. Neither much imagination nor outstanding acting help a feeble fable of a west that was in the process of being tamed. That the western has long ago established itself as a staple article for many a box office, is not to be argued. This one, though weak in most of its departments, lacks any important names, which is bound to handicap it. Of course, few westerns are

without their breathtaking panoramas of beauty. They leave the city yokel with that wanderlust look in his eyes clouded with granite images of another kind, the ugly, straight-up-and-down symbol of the mammoth megalopolis, the skyscraper, that doesn't leave much room for man to breathe. This, to be sure, is done in color giving Mother Nature a better chance to show off her wonderful endowments and scenic investiture. But, you need more than the lovely grandeur of all that outdoors to make it worthwhile to sit indoors, (in some theatre) and get a fairly reasonable measure of entertainment out of the offering. You don't, unfortunately, get much out of this one. The kids of course, will go for it. But, that element of response is also beginning to be choosy, especially if the marquee names don't ring a bell with them.

-- and so, there are several killings as a stage coach is held up. The U.S. Marshalls ride into town. They're on their way to solve a series of gold robberies. The head marshall (James Philbrook) has another piece of business to attend to, -- get married. Disappointment awaits him via a letter from his girl. She refuses to come west. In the meantime, he has struck up an acquaintanceship with Nancy Kovack through the route of a woman's understanding sympathy. To make things look good for Philbrook, Miss Kovack marries him. This doesn't make him overly happy. The killings, the plundering and the stage hold-ups continue. So does the coldness between the married couple. Miss Kovack's beauty, however attracts the attention of the other men. Though her legally married husband has shown no love for her, she repels all of them. Finally, she leaves and rides away from it all in the company of a friendly squaw. One of the bad men kills the Indian girl and takes Miss Kovack prisoner. She is made the pawn in the next big shipment of gold. If Marshall Philbrook allows the gold to be moved without escort, his wife will come out of it alive. The marshall agrees to this arrangement. In the meantime, he is hatching a plan to outwit the bad men, -- fill the coach with explosives instead of the gold. This may mean Philbrook's life. But, all comes out well. The western hoodlums are outwitted and out-shot. Philbrook rescues Miss Kovack, the friendly Indians kill off the enemies of the people, as the apologetic marshall realizes he's very much in love with this former dance hall girl (Miss Kovack). He wants to show it to everybody in Virginia City where they head for as the golden ball of fire slips broodingly out beyond the rolling hills.

Produced by Sam Katzman; directed by Oscar Rudolph; written by Gerald Drayson Adams.

General patronage.

**"Tales of Terror" with  
Vincent Price, Peter Lorre, Basil Rathbone,  
Debra Paget, Joyce Jameson**

(American-Int'l, Current; 90 mins.)

POOR. Edgar Allan Poe has left quite a heritage of horror behind. The macabre story mill seems to be inexhaustible. -- and, from American-International, the enterprising, growing indie (if only because it continues to keep its studios grinding away so that the exhibitor can have ever more releases, even if most may have to take their lower position on the program) has taken to the horror type tale in goodly number. In this one you have a trio of evilish "masters of the macabre" in a Poe-etic trilogy that is conceived

to give off shafts of shock, heavy-handed horror and otherwise frighten the bejabbers out of you if that kind of stuff is your dish of cinematic hash. But this fails to deliver its promise of spine-tingling entertainment. In fact, it's on the dullish side of movie-making. Oh yes, that trio of bogey-men! Vincent Price, Peter Lorre, Basil Rathbone. They all do the best they can with a badly conceived story structure which encompasses the Poe trilogy, "The Case of M. Valdemar," "Morella," and "The Black Cat."

To be sure, the producers tried to give this the smooth polish of the eerie, weirdy tale that has its audience. Panavision and color were used. But, Poe, prolific as he was at turning out his tales of horror, as if he were a one-man sausage (literary) factory, is not easy to deal with when taking his stuff and trying to transmit it to the screen. It can come out on the corny side of absurdity. That's what happens here. You just can't take any of the offering seriously. Our lunch with Vincent Price was a little prophetic in its timing. It was on the day before his film premiered. This kind of review is hardly the way to say "thank you," for few actors are so sincerely gracious. The same actor-rating go to Peter Lorre, Basil Rathbone and lovely Debra Paget. They tried hard, but the material was quite feeble.

Produced and directed by Roger Corman; screenplay by Richard Matheson.

Adults.

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**"The Pigeon That Took Rome" with  
Charlton Heston, Elsa Martinelli, Harry  
Guardino, Brian Donlevy, Arthur Shields**  
(Paramount, October; 101 mins.)

VERY GOOD. Paramount has done it again! This time, it came through with what is called a comedy-romance set to the stark background of war wherein a pigeon becomes the chief protagonist and all the stars allow it to steal the picture. But, it's not a war picture as we know such stories. It's the kind of clean, warming, humorous story that makes for movie going of the whole family. By the time Paramount is ready to send this out to the theatres, the distributor should beat the drums loudly and proudly telling the exhibitors what's coming their way so that the theatre operator can also pick up the contagion of enthusiasm. The results will show up at the box office. But, Par too should do its share in helping this one beget itself the big grosses that are its due. Going from the multi-million dollar Bible-steeped blockbusters to this simply told romance-comedy was quite a change of pace for Charlton Heston. But, he has the talents that help turn in a most pleasurable performance.

Producer-director Melville Shavelson started out with what must have been a fool-proof script. As a double-threat hand (producing, directing) he saw to it that the original setup didn't get out of control. To compound the guarantee that the source of all this kind of light-hearted treatment of costly, bloody battles for the possession of Rome can reach out to the ghost of General Sherman and make it cook up an "easter dinner" out of his famous, derisive words, the screenplay was taken from the successful novel "The Easter Dinner." Yes, you may have guessed it. It was written by Shavelson making him a triple-threat man. But in addition to all this one-man

business of doing almost everything yourself, Shavelson had some fine, seasoned talent to work with. He had all of Rome for a studio. He had the cleverly deceiving impression of depth via the Panavision process to give the eye its moments of beauty. The interiors were shot at Paramount's Hollywood studio. There were superb performances turned in by Elsa Martinelli, Harry Guardino, Baccaloni, Arthur Shields (who's getting to look more and more like his late brother Barry Fitzgerald). Even a short bit from the long-absent Brian Donlevy stands out brilliantly. Shavelson got a big one out of all this. To repeat, it should beget itself big returns at the box office.

As for the story, -- Mussolini has fallen. Italy is occupied by the butchery Nazis. The people have been driven underground while the pigeons have taken their leave of Rome. Charlton Heston comes in to do some spying for the American forces. Heston is given shelter in Baccaloni's home. His older daughter is Elsa Martinelli. The home is a sort of regional headquarters of the Italian resistance organization. In the midst of all this spying an Easter dinner is planned for all the relatives. There is a shortage of food, but not pigeons used in the Heston operation. Twenty-two of the 24 are innocently appropriated for the feast. Now Heston is in real trouble. Baccaloni steals a score of German carrier pigeons and puts them in with the one surviving American pigeon. More trouble for Heston as the German pigeons, with messages for the American forces, fly back to their German aviaries bearing the wrong espionage. With the help of Monsignor O'Toole (Arthur Shields) the mistake is discovered. The tables are turned. The lone U.S. bird arrives at Anzio with a wrong communique, but it's to the advantage of the U.S. forces. The Allied armies liberate Rome. Heston and Signora Martinelli unite forces in marriage. Yes, the pigeons have returned to Rome.

Produced, directed, written by Melville Shavelson.  
General patronage.

---

**"Panic in Year Zero" with  
Ray Milland, Jean Hagen, Frankie Avalon**  
(American-Int'l, July; 95 mins.)

GOOD. Intended to go out under the title of "Survival," this determined group (American-Int'l) continues to get on with its commitment of turning out ever-more product. While this is not an outstanding success of dealing with a world which could panic at a moment's notice, because it is living in a time of probable sudden nuclear attack, it does acquit itself rather admirably. The net results is an interesting item of entertainment made possible by the smooth manner of direction which became the responsibility of Ray Milland. He also stars. One of the redeeming features of one of these low-budget films is that you can never tell when it will fashion itself into a vehicle of stand-up entertainment. What makes this come out on the probably profitable side of the ledger, is that it doesn't intend to reach out to pretentious boundaries. Its plot-structure is simple, believable, forthrightly honest. The people go through their paces with the same characteristics that make up the story they are playing out. They are everyday types to be found anywhere. A compelling simplicity dom-

(Continued on Following Page)



## Movie Business . . .

(Continued from Front Page)

But, our industry has fallen upon bad times morale-wise. Because he's young, the junior executive may not be able to fathom it all out. The job-changing continues, the economics take their toll on the personnel. There is little concern about tomorrow's executive leadership!

At a recent testimonial luncheon tendered to Joseph E. Levine by the Associated Motion Picture Advertisers, the great showman said in part: "When business is bad, the first one to get fired is the publicity man. When it's good, he's the last one to get a raise." This frank, matter-of-fact, prophetic indictment was greeted by a pall of silence by the assemblage, most of whom were publicity men. Some of them were seasoned ones and unemployed. The Levine statement was too sad for this reporter to let it go by. The man from *Harrison's Reports* was the only one who applauded loudly Jolly Joe's prophetic deduction.

Maybe this painful truth, and its implications is one of the causes why, at least one phase of the film's operations is rather weak. There is no sense of job security, -- and you can't build a career when you know that any week may be your last one in the job you're holding. This is not the kind of morale that makes strong mortar for career-future building, -- especially in the motion picture industry.

### "Panic in the Year Zero"

(Continued from Preceding Page)

inates the 95 minutes. The photography is in keeping with the overall smoothly woven pattern of the tale.

Ray Milland, his wife (Jean Hagen) their son (Frankie Avalon) and their daughter are off on a fishing trip. As they reach the outskirts of Los Angeles there are a series of tremendous explosions. They rip the sky apart. They learn that L.A. has been reduced to ruins by a nuclear attack. This creates a situation deathly frightening to the Millands. The people are the menace. They loot, rob, raise their prices to prohibitive reach and otherwise lose all sense of emotional balance. The Millands continue on to their fishing spot. But things are far from calm in the quiet of the woods. An animal-like mania has seized these other people too. But, Milland and his family adjust soon to a somewhat primitive form of life that has to be lived under these conditions. The daughter (Mary Mitchel) is raped. Milland seeks out the culprits and kills them. For now on, you live, eat, sleep with your gun by your side. Frankie Avalon is seriously injured in this "kill or be killed" mode of life. He is rushed to a relocation center where he gets the proper treatment. The whole surrounding land knows now that it is in the grip of nuclear warfare. It is a harrowing experience living every minute in the fear that more destruction is on its way. But, the skies soon clear. Quiet returns to the area. Milland and his family get ready to roll back home. As he tools his way on the highways crowded with other frightened people now peacefully on their way home, there seems to be the general, philosophical feeling that this is not the end of the world. Whatever harm civilization suffered for a short spell, life will go on again. Maybe, because of this short-lived catastrophe it may turn out to be

## Our Films Do Well . . .

(Continued from Front Page)

lar blockbusters were endowed, helped rack up the big grosses which accounted for the \$220,000,000.

Hollywood producers, aware of this big foreign market, will take even greater advantage of the situation this year, by casting in their films more foreign names. While rather unknown in these United States, many of these overseas stars are big favorites in their respective countries. The superfluity of sex stories which flow from the foreign studios more than make up for the unwillingness of the Hollywood producer to play along ( -- and not forgetting the Eric Johnston Office) with the sex-suggestive, obscenity-ridden vehicles which almost dominate the foreign output.

### Foreign Film Business Yields 54%

Also of help to build the foreign take to a high of 54% is the fact that Hollywood's cameras are roaming the four corners of the globe for their locales. The scenery is familiar to the movie-goers in their respective countries, the national pride is higher and the good will toward American-made film product spells itself out at the box office.

That there is growth of the American film in foreign markets and ever more people abroad want to see our product, there can be no doubt. The percentage is now strongly established. American producers will take every conceivable advantage of the situation. If we, of *Harrison's Reports*, may add our own nature of findings, it would be this: In the past year, especially, our foreign subscription list has been growing steadily. Without benefit of promotion, subscription drives or any other means of getting our message across to the non-subscribers, new ones keep on sending in their \$19.50 to join us. Their letters of why they are subscribing to this trade paper are not only encouraging, trade wise, but make us feel that we too, in our own way, are helping to build an ever stronger good will abroad. In our case it's via the theatre operator, film booker and other sources which have an interest in the American-made motion picture.

### Salute to Motion Picture Herald

The first number of the Motion Picture Herald in its new "double issue" make-up has reached us. Henceforth, it will be published every other week. From the standpoint of authoritative film business coverage, in-depth reporting, layout, editorial content, it is a most commendable job of trade paper journalism and a credit to the motion picture industry which is its beat.

Even though the trades are considered to be in bitter competition with each other, we of *Harrison's Reports* still find good reason to say, -- hearty congratulations to the Motion Picture Herald for the professionally smooth manner in which it negotiated its transition to the "double issue" policy of publication every other week.

a better world in which to live.

Produced by Lou Rusoff and Arnold Houghland; directed by Ray Milland; screenplay by Jay Simms and John Morton.

General patronage.

# In Two Sections ... Section One

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A REVIEWING SERVICE FREE FROM THE INFLUENCE OF FILM ADVERTISING

Vol. XLIV

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1962

No. 28

## "Brothers Grimm" Junket Release Issue Summary

Call them movie junkets, invitational press premieres or as this latest one was referred to, the world premiere in whose sponsorship, the Governor of Colorado (the Hon. Steve McNichols) participated, these film launchings are as much a part of the motion picture setup as are the cameras and the film. In the case of certain multi-million dollar releases which involve drastic departures in either presentation, production, the final selling, a junket, invitational press preview, etc., becomes an economic necessity and operational "must." It's got to burst forth like a huge, exciting firecracker on the public and transform the stay-awayer into a movie-goer.

The latest in the series was the world premiere of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer-Cinerama presentation of the George Pal production of "The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm." Last week, when it took place in Denver, it spread itself out to be the talk of the whole film industry. M-G-M, through its president Joseph R. Vogel, and Cinerama through its bossman Nicholas Reisini, told their respective boys to do the best kind of a job possible. The M-G-M personnel, of course, had to carry the ball all the way down the line! Such a task falls on the distributor.

M-G-M and Cinerama brought in those irreplaceable, indispensable gentlemen of the press from foreign lands, in addition, of course, to our own reporters of these United States. Give a few thousand dollars, take as many, when we sat down with some of the experts of this kind of expense account, we couldn't see how the package (of nearly 400 guests) could have been wrapped up for less than \$150,000. Some, who haven't got it to spend, may say that's quite a heap o' wampum. Those who believe in this kind of operation know that it can be like a bag of peanuts when the lineage, and air time (see special piece, elsewhere in this issue, in which the man from *Harrison's Reports* participated) is totaled up.

### Tight Agenda, Rapid Pace, Happy Hours

In not much more than a day, a whale of an agenda of events engulfed the guests. While there wasn't a moment open that you weren't on the "go, go!" you didn't have to hot-foot it around at the kind of break-neck speed that doesn't give you much of a chance to catch your second breath. Exhibitors outnumbered the lay and trade press. They were invited, in big number, from far and near, and they came! To many, this wasn't only a major event in the operation of their theatre, it was a deciding moment. Many we talked to, were already in the process of reconvertng their theatres into Cinerama operation.

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This is the interlude, mid-year, when it is our custom to take time out and try to look ahead for the next six months to come. This is not a catch-as-catch-can game of playing Nostradamus. With the help of the executives of the home offices of the majors, and the independents, we tried to reduce to printed facts of what's ahead for that other part of the year at hand, the second half. We dealt strongly with the element of reality. We depended on our informants to do likewise.

Take away the summer sluggishness and you haven't more than three full months in which to do enough business to help balance the first half which, in many quarters, wasn't too bad. In any event, our surveys have been made, our probings completed and accompanying this issue is the release summary of the remaining half of this year. The lessening number of domestic releases continues in ratio, while the imports continue to show increase.

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## Weak Majors Get Strong \$ Support

There is an indestructible financial strength to the motion picture industry that is the envy of every other business in America. The majors are almost bankrupt-proof. Let a Curtis Publishing Company, which it can be said is in the entertainment business because of the slant its magazines take, suffer a yearly loss of four million dollars and explosions rock the organization to its very foundation. Quick changes are made of the upper echelon. The financial structure weakens considerably from the blow . . . Yet, it's quite different in the film business. Take 20th Century-Fox, for instance. Right now the great major is taking its financial beating. The losses for the year gone by ('61) is five times as great as that of the Philadelphia publishers (\$20,000,000). Yet, business goes on as usual. Yes, there'll be a new president and a few other changes will be made at the film company. But, you don't hear of the earth-shaking goings-on that take over when other industrial giants lose a few paltry millions. The film industry still stands solid on a foundation the financial strength of which doesn't crumble easily . . . As for the presidency of 20th-Fox, Darryl F. Zanuck is now a changed man. What he didn't want only a few short weeks ago, he desires very much right now. Enough to entail a costly proxy fight.



## "Brothers Grimm" Junket ... Release Issue...

(Continued from Front Page)

"I'm pouring more than \$200,000 into the change-over," one Ohio theatre operator told us. "From now on I either sink or swim with Cinerama," he said in tones that sounded more of a man full of assurance rather than in doubt. For, that is the usual theatre investment of the exhibitor, somewhere around \$200,000. The projection equipment, of course, is not paid for by the exhibitor. That belongs to the Cinerama corporation. The protracted hard-ticket runs in some towns will be a little difficult to install, several theatre owners told us. But, they'll be running on a Cinerama policy soon, and they'll take their chances on not only the change-over to Cinerama exclusively, but to the people getting accustomed to seeing their movies via the reserved seat idea. Several theatre owners said it wasn't easy with some of the hard-ticket films they played before.

The Cooper Theatre (Denver) scene of the world premiere of Cinerama's "The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm" is considered as the first theatre built, from the ground up, expressively for the presentation of Cinerama product. It's like a big, round colorful oil tank sitting on top of a low, flat box. It has a seating capacity of 870, the first four rows of which may have to be sacrificed, or the last ones sold if the others have gone. The immensity of the screen and its wide swing from wall to wall will kill off the best kind of view from those front seats. But, the further back you go, the greater the grandeur and the more thrilling the view.

### Bankers Have Confidence in Cinerama

We had occasion to talk with one of the upper echelon executives of the Prudential Insurance Co. He told us he sat up toward the last few rows of the theatre and he felt that he was part of the proceedings up there on the huge circular screen. "I found myself drawn into the story," he said. "The Cinerama process, for all its hugeness, creates an intimate kind of entertainment." And then, rather wistfully, he said, "I sure hope this venture goes over. We of Prudential have fourteen million (in loans) going on this." He expressed great admiration for Reisini and his organizational brilliance. The Prudential money man felt that Cinerama may well revolutionize an industry that has been falling on declining days.

As to the film, how it projects itself, the improvements of the process and the entertainment qualities of George Pal's "The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," publication of all this will be held up a week or two because of the wishes of M-G-M. They wanted the trade press to wait until the 14 simultaneous premieres of the fairy tale is staged on August 8. After that we can deal with the review itself. Usually, with a mammoth blockbuster like this, some of our colleagues jump the official review date.

The Denver newspapers gave themselves over (front page and all) to the event. The crowds, and they were everywhere, were impressed. Although this had the M-G-M-Cinerama label stamped on the multitudinous events, this was a good will plus of excitement and drama (felt by the people) that is to the credit of the entire motion picture industry. -- and, it couldn't use all this at a better time than this. Nor could the film business make better use of this nature of movie-going good will than right now.

(Continued from Front Page)

With this regular weekly issue of *Harrison's Reports* goes the semi-annual "pink" supplement, as we call this production number. It carries an index of what's been released since the first of the year; the blueprint of things to come, release-wise, for the next few months; and an idea of the short subjects that are still an important part of theatre operation.

### Things to Come, Look Good

When we began compiling the material for this additional issue dealing with the features (and a few specials) to come, the productional setup looked "good" on paper. Which can be a prophetic reminder of how some of the films that failed to click at the box office in the six months gone by, also looked good on paper.

Success in production today, is the guarantee that on the morrow, you'll be riding again the merry-go-round of fate, and getting another chance at the brass ring. Every time a new picture gets under way, everybody connected with it is in high hopes that it will be a bellringer at the box office.

We caught 104 releases since the first of the year (January-June). We passed up a few that didn't merit space. While the first page of the index speaks for itself, a breakdown of how the product rated with us, may be in order if only because of our severe critical approach to a film. Not carrying any advertising, *Harrison's Reports* doesn't find itself beholden, one whit, to any of the distributors. Being in the service of the exhibitor-subscriber, it is for his guidance, consideration and box office study that we pursue our carefully critical manner of reviewing the product. The reviews speak for themselves.

In the six months gone by, we found no full reason to rate any film as EXCELLENT. But, 14 releases proved to be VERY GOOD, and so were their rating. To be sure, many of these VG's were not far away from the entertainment zenith of excellence. Thirty-four releases were rated GOOD. That should be considered quite an achievement, since a rating of good in a paper like this means that the profits for most theatres playing such films will be there, if the films were properly dealt with exploitation, publicity, advertising-wise. The releases lost ground somewhat in the FAIR category, -- 44 being thusly rated. The POOR pictures didn't reach beyond a dozen. It shows the product improvement progress that is being made, not only by our own producers but from the foreign releases, especially.

Less than 25% of the films dealt with, in the accompanying semi-annual index were imports, -- 23 to be exact. The remainder, 81, were of American make. Several, on each side of the distribution fence, were hidden away until release day to find out that they came through as "sleepers," surprising even their distributors. As the past half year is now a matter of record, the remaining six months loom full of promise. There should be a good, steady flow of profitable product. Hollywood's production forces, as they spoke of things to come, told us in tones of profound sincerity that their supreme commitment is to make pictures that will make money at the box office. The number may not be increased, but the quality will find improvement all along the line. We have faith in the blueprint of promise.

## HARRISON'S REPORTS

Vol. XLIV

NEW YORK, N. Y., SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1962

No. 28

(Semi-Annual Index—First Half of 1962)

(Editor's Note: The semi-annual index, with the features put into release since the first of the year, and listed below, takes in films reviewed by us from January '62 (Issue No. 17 on), till the last week in June '62. The reviews carry the rating letter; ~ E, EXCELLENT; VG, VERY GOOD; G, GOOD; F, FAIR; P, POOR.)

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Hatari, Paramount (159 mins.) . . . . .	VG 90	The Interns, Columbia (120 mins.) . . . . .	VG 86
Hell is for Heroes, Paramount (90 mins.) . . . . .	F 78	The Intruder, Pathe-America (80 mins.) . . . . .	F 75
Hemingway's Adventures of a Young Man, 20th-Fox (145 mins.) . . . . .	F 91	The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance Par. (122 mins.) . . . . .	VG 58
Hitler, Allied Artists (106 mins.) . . . . .	F 42	The Miracle Worker, United Artists (107 mins.) . . . . .	G 82
House of Women, Warner Bros. (85 mins.) . . . . .	F 58	The Music Man, Warner Bros. (151 mins.) . . . . .	VG 66
I Like Money, 20th-Fox, (97 mins.) . . . . .	F 78	The Night, Lopert (120 mins.) . . . . .	F 34
It Happened in Athens, 20th-Fox (92 mins.) . . . . .	G 95	The Notorious Landlady, Columbia (123 mins.) . . . . .	F 98
Jessica, United Artists (112 mins.) . . . . .	F 42	The Phantom of the Opera, Universal (84 mins.) . . . . .	F 90
Ladd: A Dog, Warner Bros. (98 mins.) . . . . .	F 71	The Prisoner of the Iron Mask, Amer.-Int'l (80 mins.) . . . . .	F 22
Last Year at Marienbad, Astor (93 mins.) . . . . .	F 38	The Road to Hong Kong, Paramount (91 mins.) . . . . .	G 79
Light in the Piazza, M-G-M (105 mins.) . . . . .	G 14	The Sky Above—The Mud Below, Embassy (90 mins.) . . . . .	F 98
Lisa, 20th-Fox (112 mins.) . . . . .	VG 70	The Spiral Road, Universal (145 mins.) . . . . .	G 83
Lolita, M-G-M-Seven Arts (152 mins.) . . . . .	F 94	The Story of the Count of Monte Cristo, Warner (132 mins.) . . . . .	F 87
Lonely Are the Brave, Universal (107 mins.) . . . . .	G 66	The Three Stooges Meet Hercules, Columbia (89 mins.) . . . . .	P 15
Madison Avenue, 20th-Fox (94 mins.) . . . . .	G 18	The Underwater City, Columbia (78 mins.) . . . . .	F 18
Malaga, Warner Bros. (97 mins.) . . . . .	G 26	The Valiant, United Artists (89 mins.) . . . . .	G 99
Moon Pilot, Buena Vista (98 mins.) . . . . .	F 7	Through a Glass Darkly, Janus Films (91 mins.) . . . . .	F 43
Mr. Hobbs Takes a Vacation, 20th-Fox (116 mins.) . . . . .	VG 74	Tomorrow Is My Turn, Showcorp. (117 mins.) . . . . .	G 14
Murder, She Said, M-G-M (87 mins.) . . . . .	G 3	Too Late Blues, Paramount (100 mins.) . . . . .	F 3
		13 West Street, Columbia (80 mins.) . . . . .	F 75
		Veridiana, Kingsley-Int'l, (90 mins.) . . . . .	F 15
		Victim, Pathe-America (100 mins.) . . . . .	G 19
		Walk on the Wild Side, Columbia (114 mins.) . . . . .	VG 7
		Wild for Kicks, Victoria Films (92 mins.) . . . . .	P 26
		War Hunt, United Artists (81 mins.) . . . . .	F 47
		What a Carve Up, Embassy (87 mins.) . . . . .	P 87
		Whistle Down the Wind, Pathe-America (98 mins.) . . . . .	G 30
		World In My Pocket, M-G-M (93 mins.) . . . . .	G 31
		Zotz, Columbia (87 mins.) . . . . .	P 82



# Release Schedule for Features

## Allied Artists Features

(1560 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.)

The Day of the Triffids—Howard Keel,  
Nicole Maurey .....Aug.  
Billy Budd—Ryan, Ustinov, M. Douglas,  
T. Stemp .....Nov.

## For Release in '63

Sam Bronston's "55 Days to Peking"; "Un-  
armed in Paradise"; "Streets of Monmartre."

## American International Features

(8255 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, Calif.)

708 Panic in Year Zero—Milland, Hagen, Avalon ... July  
710 Tales of Terror—Price, Rathbone, Lorre, Paget . July  
709 Marco Polo—Calhoun, Yoko Tani .....Aug.  
707 Warriors 5—Palance, A. Ralli .....Sept.  
701 Prisoner of the Iron Mask—M. Lemoine,  
Guida (Special Release)  
713 White Slave Ship—Angeli, Purdom .....Oct.  
715 Reptilicus—Miller, Ottosen .....Nov.  
714 Goliath and the Warriors of Genghis Khan—  
Scott, Tani .....Dec.  
716 The Young Racers—Damon, Campbell .....Jan '63

## More Coming in 1962

"The Haunted Palace"; "When the Sleeper  
Awakes"; "X"—The Man with the X-Ray Eyes;  
"The Seafighters"; "Anzio"; "End of the World";  
"The Great Deluge."

## Buena Vista Features

(477 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.)

Bon Voyage!—MacMurray, Wyman, Callan .....July  
In Search of the Castaways—Mills, Chevalier,  
Sanders .....Christmas

## Releases for 1963

"Son of Flubber"; "Miracle of the White Stallions";  
"Summer Magic"; "Savage Sam"; "The Horse With-  
out a Head"; "The Sword in the Stone"; "Incredible  
Journey."

## Columbia Features

(711 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.)

The Notorious Landlady—Novak, Lemmon, Astaire .. July  
Zotz—Poston, Meade, Backus .....July  
The Interns—Callan, Robertson, MacArthur, Parker Aug.  
The Three Stooges in Orbit—The Three Stooges .....Aug.  
Damn the Defiant—Guinness, Bogarde .....Sept.  
The Best of Enemies—Niven, Sordi, Wilding .....Sept.  
Two Tickets to Paris—Joey Dee, G. Crosby, Medford Sept.  
Harris .....Oct.  
Ring-A-Ding-Rhythm—C. Checker, Barber .....Oct.  
Requiem for a Heavyweight—Quinn, Gleason, Rooney,  
The War Lover—McQueen, R. Wagner, Field .....Nov.  
Pirates of Blood River—Mathews, Corbett .....Nov.  
Barabbas—Quinn, Mangano, Palance, Borgnine,  
Ferrer .....Dec.

Lawrence of Arabia—Guinness, Quinn, Hawkins,  
Kennedy .....Dec.

## Releases for '63

The Old Dark Horse . . . Jason and the Golden  
Fleece . . . Diamond Head . . . The Victors . . . Bye  
Bye Birdie . . . Ship of Fools . . . The Man from the  
Diners' Club . . . The L-Shaped Room . . . The Re-  
luctant Saint . . . The Ballad of the Running Man  
. . . Cocoa Beach . . . Playboy.

## Embassy Pictures Releases

(Time and Life Bldg., New York 20, N. Y.)

What a Carve Up! .. The Devil's Wanton .. The Sky  
Above .. The Mud Below .. Boys' Night Out, with Novak,  
Garner, Randall—Boccaccio '70 with Loren, Ekberg, R.  
Schneider are listed as July releases . . . Strangers in the  
City .. Constantine and the Cross .. Divorce, Italian Style  
.. Le Crime Ne Paie Pas, .. August release . . . Seven Capital  
Sins, with Aumont, D. Saval .. Madame Sans Gene, with  
Loren .. Sept. .. La Viaccia, later this year.

## Coming in '63

"The Carpetbaggers" . . . "Imperial Woman" . . .  
"Jeunes Filles de Bonne Famille" . . . "March or  
Die" . . . "Captive City" . . . and others.

## Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Features

(1540 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.)

Boys' Night Out—Novak, Garner, Randall, Duff ....July  
Damon and Pythias—Williams, Burnett .....July  
Tarzan Goes to India—Mahoney, Dana, Simi .....July  
The Savage Guns—Basehart, Taylor, Nicol .....Aug.  
I Thank a Fool—Hayward, Finch, Cusak .....Aug.  
Two Weeks in Another Town—Douglas, E. G. Robin-  
son, Charisse .....Aug.  
Swordsmen of Siena—Granger, Koscina .....Sept.  
The Password is Courage—Bogarde, Perschy .....Sept.  
A Very Private Affair—B. Bardot, Mastroianni,  
Simon .....Oct.  
Period of Adjustment—Franciosa, J. Fonda, Hutton ..Nov.  
The Main Attraction—Boone, Kwan, Zetterling .....Nov.  
Seven Seas to Calais—Taylor, Michell, Worth .....Dec.  
Billy Rose's Jumbo—D. Day, Boyd, Durante, Raye ...Dec.

## Specials, Hard Tickets, Etc.

"The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm" ..  
goes into hard-ticket run August 8, '62. The  
M-G-M-Cinerama fairy story stars Laurence Harvey  
Karl Boehm, Claire Bloom, Walter Slezak and others.  
"How the West Was Won" is another M-G-M-  
Cinerama hard ticket entry that will require special  
handling . . . "Mutiny on the Bounty" will be a re-  
served seat release getting under way in November.

## Coming in the Early Part of '63

The Golden Arrows—T. Hunter, R. Podesta ... Jan.  
The Hook—K. Douglas, N. Adams, R. Walker Jan.  
In the Cool of the Day—J. Fonda, Finch ....Feb.  
Champagne Flight—D. Hart, H. O'Brien,  
Boehm, Malden .....March

### Paramount Features

(1501 Broadway, New York 36, N. Y.)

My Geisha—MacLaine, Montand, E. G. Robinson ..... July  
The Counterfeit Traitor—Holden, L. Palmer, Griffith ..... July  
Hatari—Wayne, Buttons, Martinelli ..... Aug.  
The Pigeon That Took Rome—Heston, Martinelli, Guardino ..... Sept.-Oct.  
Girls! Girls! Girls!—Presley, S. Stevens ..... Nov.

### Coming in '63

"Who's Got the Action?"—Martin, Turner, Albert.  
"A Girl Named Tamiko"—Harvey, Nuyen, Hyer, Wilding .....  
"It's Only Money"—J. Lewis, Scott, Joan O'Brien  
"My Six Loves"—Reynolds, C. Robertson, D. Janssen .....  
"Paris When It Sizzles"—Holden, Hepburn .....  
"Papa's Delicate Condition"—Gleason, G. Johns ..  
"Donovan's Reef"—Wayne, C. Romero .....  
"Come Blow Your Horn"—Sinatra .....  
"Hud Bannon"—P. Newman, M. Douglas, P. Neal

### Twentieth Century-Fox Features

(444 W. 56th St., New York 19, N. Y.)

Mr. Hobbs Takes a Vacation—Stewart, O'Hara, Fabian ..... July  
Air Patrol—W. Parker, M. Andrews, Dix ..... July  
Five Weeks in a Balloon—Fabian, Buttons, Lorre ..... Aug.  
Firebrand—All Star Cast ..... Aug.  
Hemingway's Adventures of a Young Man—Beymer, Newman, D. Baker, S. Strasberg ... Aug.  
The 300 Spartans—Egan, Richardson, Baker .. Sept.  
I Like Money—Sellers, N. Gray, Lom, Hunt .. Sept.  
Gigot—Gleason, Kath, Dorziat ..... Oct.  
Loves of Salambo—J. Valarie, Purdom ..... Nov.  
The Lion—Holden, Copucine, Howard ..... Nov.

### Special Handling Release

"The Longest Day"—All star cast, hard ticket Oct.

### Coming in '63

"Cleopatra" ... "A Woman in July" ... "The Condemned Altona" ... "The Leopard" ... "Nine Hours to Rama."

### United Artists Features

(729 Seventh Ave., New York 19, N. Y.)

The Miracle Worker—Bancroft, P. Duke, Jory . Aug.  
Jack the Giant Killer—Mathews, Meredith,

Thatcher ..... Aug.  
Bird Man of Alcatraz—Lancaster, Malden, Ritter (spec. engagements) ..... Aug.  
The Valiant—Mills, Manni ..... Aug.  
Kid Galahad—Presley, Young, Albright ..... Aug.  
Sword of the Conqueror ..... Sept.  
Pressure Point—Ritter, Darin ..... Sept.  
Hero's Island ..... Oct.  
The Manchurian Candidate—Sinatra, Harvey Leigh ..... Nov.  
Two for the Seesaw—Mitchum, MacLaine .... Dec.  
Taras Bulba—Curtis, Brynner ..... Dec.

### Universal-International Features

(445 Park Ave., New York 22, N. Y.)

6216 That Touch of Mink—Grant, Day, Young .... July  
6217 Information Received—all star cast ..... July  
6218 The Spiral Road—Hudson, Ives, Rowlands ... Aug.  
The Phantom of the Opera—Lom, Sears ..... Sept.  
No Man is an Island—Hunter, Thompson .... Oct.  
To Kill a Mockingbird — Possibly this year  
If a Man Answers — Also "maybe" for '62  
Freud — Possibly this year

### Coming in '63

"Tammy and the Doctor" ... More to come, but definite release titles not yet ready to be announced.

### Warner Bros. Features

(666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.)

The Music Man—Preston, Jones ..... July  
Guns of Darkness—Caron, Niven ..... Aug.  
(The following are tentatively scheduled for the rest of 1962. The listing herewith is not in order of the release.)  
The Chapman Report—Zimbalist, Jr., Winters, Bloom, J. Fonda .....  
Days of Wine and Roses—Lemmon, Remick  
Black Gold—P. Carey, Diane McBain .....  
Gay Purr-ee—Voices of Judy Garland, Goulet, Buttons .....  
Critics Choice—Hope, Ball .....  
Gypsy—R. Russell, Wood, Malden .....

### Listed as '63 Possibilities

"Term of Trial"; "PT 109"; "Not on Your Life"; "Panic Button"; "Mr. Lempit"; "Spencer's Mountain."

## Release Schedule for Short Subjects

### Columbia—One Reel

5615 Puncy de Leon—Cartoon (Reprinted)  
5614 Topsey Turkey—Gobbler cartoon (Reprinted)  
5613 The Jaywalker—Witty capers (Reprinted)  
5611 Coo-Coo Bird Dog—Dog story (Reprinted)  
5611 The Rise of Duton Lang—Scientist Cartoon (Reprinted)

### World of Sports

5804 Dogs Afield  
5803 Water Sports Champs  
5802 Hip Shooters  
5801 Rasslin' Champs

### Candid Microphone

6556 Candid Microphone No. 6, Series 3  
5556 Candid Microphone No. 4, Series 2



## Columbia — (Continued)

### *Thrills of Music*

- 5954 Boyd Raeburn Orchestra (Reprinted)  
5953 Skitch Henderson and Orch. (Reprinted)  
5952 Shorty Sherlock and Orch. (Reprinted)  
5951 Ray Anthony and Orch. (Reprinted)

### *Film Novelties*

- 5854 Yukon Canada—Canadian Yukon (Reprinted)  
5853 Community Sings No. 1, Series 13 (Reprinted)  
5852 Push Back the Edge—Canadian Wilderness (Reprinted)  
5851 Canine Crime Busters, R.C. Mounties (Reprinted)

### *Two Reel Subjects*

- 6445 Wonders of Dallas with Greer Garson, Musical  
3441 Wonders of Puerto Rico, Journey Musical  
6441 Images of Luangua, Color Featurette  
5443 Wonderful Greece, Valley of Luangua  
5442 Splendors of Paris, Magic Paris  
5441 Wonderful Hong-Kong, East Meets West  
4441 Wonderful Gibraltar, The Renowned Rock

### *One-Reelers*

#### *Loopy de Loop — Color Cartoons*

- 5709 Child Sockology  
5708 Zoo is Company  
5707 Fee, Fie, Foes  
5706 This is my Ducky Day  
5705 Two Faced Wolf  
5703 Count Down Clown  
5702 Here, Kiddie, Kiddie  
5701 No Biz, Like Shoe Biz

### *Color Specials*

- 6450 Ball Play  
5502 Rooftops of New York  
4450 The Golden Fish  
5501 Polygamus Polonius (Special)  
6615 Georgie and the Dragon  
6758 Trail-Blazer Magoo (Mr. Magoo)  
"Captain Courageous" . . . "Magoo's Canine-Mutiny" . . . "Hotsy-Fotsey" . . . "Magoo Makes News" . . . "Pink and Blue Blues" . . . "When Magoo Flew" . . . "The Dog Snatcher" . . . All in MR. MAGOO SERIES.

### *Two-Reelers*

- 6408 Sappy Bull Fighter—The Three Stooges  
5404 Fling in the Ring—The Three Stooges  
5407 Scotched in Scotland—The Three Stooges  
5406 Shot in the Frontier—The Three Stooges  
5405 Knutsy Knights—The Three Stooges

### *Columbia Serials*

The Monster and the Ape . . . The Sea Hound . . . Cody . . .  
The Great Adventures of Captain Kidd . . . Son of Geronimo.

(Remainder of Short Subject Schedule not ready for release)

## Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—One Reel

### *Tom and Jerry Cartoons*

The regular release of this popular series will continue for the remainder of the year.

*News of the Day, Two a Week*

## Paramount

Popeye Champion series . . . Noveltoon series . . . A series of special shorts . . . 2 Reels Modern Madcap series . . . Sports in Action . . . Comic King.

## Twentieth Century-Fox—One Reel

- 7207-4 City of the World (Movietone) . . . . . July  
5227-4 Taming the Cat (Terrytoon) . . . . . July  
5205-0 Send Your Elephant to Camp . . . . . July  
7208-2 Dance Magic (Movietone) . . . . . Aug.  
5228-2 Runaway Mouse (Terrytoon) . . . . . Aug.  
7209-0 Story Book Wedding (Movietone) . . . . . Sept.  
5229-0 Big Chief, No Treaty (Terrytoon) . . . . . Sept.  
5206-8 Honorable Paint in Neck (Terrytoon) . . . . . Sept.  
7210- To be Announced (Movietone) . . . . . Oct.  
5230-8 First Flight Up (Terrytoon) . . . . . Oct.  
5207-6 Fleet's Out (Terrytoon) . . . . . Oct.  
7211-6 To be Announced (Movietone) . . . . . Nov.  
5231-6 Dead End Cats (Terrytoon) . . . . . Nov.  
5208-4 Home Life (Terrytoon) . . . . . Nov.  
7212-4 To be Announced (Movietone) . . . . . Dec.  
5232-4 Sink or Swim (Movietone) . . . . . Dec.

### *Movietone News, Twice Weekly*

## Universal—One Reel

### *Walter Lantz Color Cartunes*

- 4222 Mother's Little Helper . . . . . July  
4223 Tragic Magic (Woody Woodpecker) . . . . . July  
4224 Hyde and Sneak . . . . . July  
4225 Voo-Doo-Boo-Boo (Woodpecker) . . . . . Aug.  
4226 Crowin' Pains (Woodpecker) . . . . . Sept.  
4227 Punchy Pooch . . . . . Sept.  
4228 Little Woody Riding Hood (Woodpecker) . . . . . Oct.  
4229 Corny Concerto . . . . . Oct.

### *In Release*

Two 2-Reel Specials . . . Football Highlights . . . 10 Walter Lantz Color Cartunes in early '62  
(Other special shorts to be announced)

### *Universal Newsreel, Twice Weekly*

## Warner Bros.

### *Technicolor Cartoons Merrie Melodies — Looney Tunes*

- 9711 Zoom at the Top . . . . . July  
9712 Slick Chick . . . . . Aug.  
9713 Louvre Come Back to Me . . . . . Sept.  
(More to come)

### *Blue Ribbon Hit Parade (Technicolor)*

- 9311 Homeless Hare . . . . . July  
9312 Bird in a Guilty Cage . . . . . Aug.  
9313 Fool Coverage . . . . . Sept.  
(More to come)

### *One-Reelers*

- 9505 Kings of the Outdoors . . . . . July  
9506 Water Wizards . . . . . Aug.

### *Two-Reelers*

Several to be Announced

# HARRISON'S REPORTS

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Martin Starr, Editor

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No. 29

## Theatre Closings

Through an editor's desk, passes the day-to-day history of the motion picture industry in which we ply our trade as a weekly. The material comes in many ways and is written in different style and tone. But, of all the items of expression that bring their greater depression, are those which lead off with: "We find it necessary to close our theatre."

There isn't a week that goes by that one or two of these prophetic notes from a subscriber of many years doesn't reach us. Of course, with each of these closings *Harrison's Reports* loses a subscription. But, that is not our only concern as we are told by the exhibitors themselves that they've got to "throw in the towel." It is a pathetic situation, as you read the openly frank letters of these theatre operators.

Ironically enough, most of these closings are in small towns. Some of the exhibitors have been running their little theatres for several decades. A few have been in no other business than the theatre. All their life they've been at it, never wanting more out of the movie business than a living. They didn't look for riches. They didn't expect any knowing the limitations of their kind of operation.

One of the economic tragedies of any industry, is an ever lessening number of outlets for its product. In the motion picture business this can be more disastrous than in most other industries. With each passing year the film business has been feeling this state of weakness more and more. It began setting in, of course, from the moment television made itself felt as a powerful competitor.

### Theatres Rally from Tv Blow

That so many theatres were able to rally so soon from the overall blow of Tv was almost a miracle. Sleeves-rolled-up showmanship, better product and a strong co-operative pull helped the resurgence to better box office return take place that much sooner. But, some theatres, the smaller ones, never really got over the blow. They kept on staggering from the Tv impact until they had to "call it quits" as the exhibitors have been writing us.

With week-end nights gobbled up by the National Broadcasting Company (on Saturday) and the American Broadcasting Company (on Sunday) with post '48 product, the lot hasn't been made any easier for the tottering little neighborhood theatre, or the houses in small towns. When a network brings in one of these not-too-old films it invades the entertainment pages of the local newspapers with big, costly spreads using the kind of deceptive copy that gives the reader the impression that the film never really

(Continued on Back Page)

## UA Defends "--Showcase"

United Artists didn't think it got the best of it in our "Premiere Showcase" story (issue No. 26). One of its upper-echelon good will spreaders and public opinion moulders called us to tell us so. We explained that the story wasn't ours. It came from the participating exhibitors. It came from the theatre operators nearly two weeks after the "--Showcase" premiered. We waited long enough for the exhibitors to be able to speak with a sufficient amount of authority based on box office results and general reaction.

Another fortnight has gone by and "Premiere Showcase" continues to be important news trade-wise. Now comes the United Artists side of the story.

(Continued on Back Page)

## Zanuck President of 20th-Fox

Few press conferences of promised news importance ever see-sawed up and down so much as the one in which Darryl F. Zanuck was supposed to answer reporters' queries that covered decisively inflammatory controversial matters regarding the overall question, "Whither is 20th Century-Fox going? Who will do the leading?" ... Woven into the press conference were Zanuck's plans of launching his latest film "The Longest Day." With Gen. Omar Bradley, chairman of the benefit for the Rescue Committee to which will go the proceeds of the premiere present, that end of the business was dealt with. But, the big story was Zanuck. Does he intend to replace Spyros Plato Skouras as president of 20th-Fox? Would he like to see some of the Wall Streeters replaced by men with movie background? Put all these pressingly important questions together and here's what the press got from Mr. Zanuck: "No comment!" ... But a few days later, at a turbulent session of the board of directors, the big question was settled. Darryl F. Zanuck was elected president of 20th-Fox, thus succeeding Skouras who becomes chairman of the board replacing Samuel I. Rosenman ... Highlighting the Zanuck acceptance of the bossman post was his feeling that "-- the president of a motion picture company today should be its production head as well as its administrative head."



**"The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm"** with Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom, Karl Boehm, Barbara Eden, Walter Slezak, Oscar Homolka, Yvette Mimieux, Russ Tamblyn, Jim Backus, Buddy Hackett (M-G-M-Cinerama, August; 129 mins.)

EXCELLENT. "Once upon a time," there were two brothers who believed that children's laughter was the sweet, soft, soothing obligato to the grown-up's orchestration of days he shall never forget. They were Wilhelm and Jacob Grimm who were supposed to be writers of the serious history of a kingdom. The life they lived, and the wonders they performed were made into a book by Dr. Herman Gerstner titled "Die Bruder Grimm." Many years later, a man still drenched in the dreams that a school-boy's tale can be the wonder of the hour on a movie screen (Joseph R. Vogel, president of M-G-M) and another enterprising man of dream-drenched reality, (Nicholas Reisini, bossman of Cinerama) decided to make a motion picture of the tale. They called it "The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm." They called in one of the more brilliant producer-directors of the world's magic city of make-believe (Hollywood) George Pal, and told him to make a movie of these brothers Grimm. "Make it in Cinerama," said Mr. Reisini, "and don't spare the horses (millions). This will be the first full-length story ever done in Cinerama in the ten years of its existence," said the present caretaker of the wonder-process.

-- and so, many months later, more than 400 people from all corners of the earth (newspapermen, theatre operators, opinion makers) gathered in Denver, Colo., to see for the very first time the finished product. And, for all their professionally hardened approach to the never-ceasing wonders that are developed in this great motion picture industry every so often, they will be talking about "The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," as produced in Cinerama, for a long time to come. The story spread itself across the circular screen stretching from wall to wall with a grandeur and beauty that gave new meaning to movie-going. If to the film industry has fallen an almost sacred heritage of creating an ever greater nature of motion picture entertainment, this multi-million dollar venture has not only met the challenge and kept its obligation, but has set a pace that will keep it in the forefront for many an innovation to come.

-- and so, we find ourselves in the year 1812 in a small Bavarian village. Wilhelm (Laurence Harvey) and his brother Jacob (Karl Boehm) are at work. It is the history of the local Duke's (Oscar Homolka) family. Jacob is serious, but Wilhelm is not for this kind of dull stuff. His pen is for fairy tales. His creative mind is in a different world altogether. From flower-women, old ladies with stories for the young he gets his kind of make-believe. The serious Jacob loses patience with his brother. In fact, they find themselves in trouble with the Duke when they come back without an additional manuscript about a forgotten member of the Duke's family. In the meantime, Wilhelm (Harvey) takes sick. His doctor says it's serious. One night he lapses into unconsciousness. Strange dreams possess him. All those fairy tale people he met through the stories of the old ladies come to life as they enter his room through an open

window. There is tender poignancy in their plea that he live, for if he dies they will never be born. He gives them names, -- Snow White and her Seven Dwarfs, Little Red Riding Hood, Cinderella, Hansel and Gretel, et al. Wilhelm lives, recovering slowly from his illness. Great joy descends upon the village and its young people.

-- and so, there is work to be done. The brothers plunge into their unfinished task. Their books are accepted by schools, colleges, families everywhere. They are appointed to the Berlin Academy. Their worries are over. Their hard days are beyond them. Jacob (Boehm) will marry lovely Barbara Eden. Wilhelm is already happily married to Claire Bloom and the father of two children. The film is made up of four segments: "The Dream Sequence of the Book," "The Dancing Princess," "The Cobbler and the Elves," and "The Singing Bone." The sequences are welded together smoothly enough not to make the episodic approach to the complete story too obvious.

-- and now, for well deserved credits, salutes and accolades to the men and women before and behind the cameras. Outstanding for a superior production job is George Pal. In addition to producing this mammoth vehicle of enthralling entertainment, he also worked with Henry Levin on direction. Of all the performances that endear themselves to this viewer, it seems that the first salute must go to Laurence Harvey. For all the number of co-stars, principals and support, there isn't a link of weakness in the strong chain that binds the talent to the tale. Claire Bloom is lovely and sympathetically understanding. Karl Boehm's seriousness is taken seriously and his approach to the role is in proper, sharp contrast to that of Harvey's. Miss Eden, Walter Slezak, Homolka, Miss Martita Hunt, Arnold Stang, Yvette Mimieux (as the ethereal princess) Russ Tamblyn, Jim Backus, Beulah Bondi, Buddy Hackett, all turn in satin-smooth jobs of professional perfection.

-- and so, you see for all the severity of our reviews of new product finds us cheering lustily for this entry. In the ten years since Cinerama, in episodic travelogue form, burst forth upon us, you were given to wonder, sometimes whither was it going. Now, you appreciate that it has arrived as a strong medium of complete story telling. It has grown up and reached a maturity in the realm of motion picture entertainment that will give the whole film industry a lift beyond imagination. To be sure, there are a few minor faults that are hardly worth mentioning. As the vast story space (the screen) stretches itself from wall to wall and picks up the transmission from the projectors, with the aid of a softer Technicolor, it emerges like a huge canvass upon which the paintings of make-believe come to life. It is a truly great achievement and a sheer joy for all (both young and old) to behold. -- and, that is why all those connected with it will have reason to go along with the Brothers Grimm when their story was told, and also say, now that the M-G-M-Cinerama undertaking is an accomplished fact, "-- and they lived happily ever after."

Produced by George Pal; directed by Henry Levin and Pal; screenplay by David P. Harmon, Charles Beaumont, William Roberts from screen story by Harmon based on "Die Bruder Grimm" by Dr. Herman Gerstner.

General patronage.

**"The Pirates of Blood River" with  
Kerwin Mathews, Glenn Corbett,  
Christopher Lee**  
(Columbia, August; 87 mins.)

FAIR. This has all the stuffings of a turkey on both land and the high seas which needs a transfusion badly or else it will expire from its own story anemia. It was made in England and is peopled with nice acting folk who, other than Mathews, are not too well known here. They're engulfed in a tediously drawn-out saga of men in self-imposed exile, religious observances that make them refugees from their native England and blood-curdling battles with a band of pirates led by the inevitable one-eyed villain. The story-tellers tried to cram too much into this tale of pride and suffering, suicide and guilt, piracy and death. -- and yet, though 87 minutes for a film's telling cannot be considered overlong, if not well stitched together it finds itself going apart at the seams and the final fade out seems hours away. That's the way we felt about this adventure drama. Still, the tale was told with a minimum of dialogue. A story of this nature calls for a lot of outdoor shooting. That end of the presentation, nearly always -- even in badly told tales -- seems to stand up. Technicolor gave the cameramen, in this one, grand opportunities to capture the scenic beauty of the exteriors. They didn't fail the makers of the film.

It is the early 18th century and a bold, brave band of Huguenots want to live life in their own way. So they abandon England and settle off the coast of South America. Two generations later the offspring are the protagonists. We deal with them. Kerwin Mathews is accused of misconduct with the wife of an Elder. She commits suicide. Mathews is tried by the religiously fanatical gentry, and is banished to a penal colony. He escapes and staggers into a camp of pirates. They're looking for gold. After much suffering inflicted on him he finally leads them to the settlement. The pirate leader takes over as the sex-hungry brigands take to the women. There is rape and killings. The pirate band leader (Christopher Lee) is convinced that the large statue, in the public square, of the founder of the colony, is made of gold. It is! The problem is to get the huge piece of costly metal down to the river and on the pirate ship. On their way through the woods the pirates are harassed, booby-trapped and otherwise molested and retarded. After many killings on both sides, the robbers arrive at the water's edge. They build a raft to float the statue out to the huge ship. More battling with the settlers until even the leader of the band is killed in a duel. The Chief Elder, crazed in his attempt to save the statue of his father-founder falls into the water and he is soon destroyed by the death-dealing piranha fish. His son, and the others, stand by helplessly on the shore.

Produced by Anthony Nelson Keys; directed by John Gilling; screenplay by John Hunter and Gilling from a story by Jimmy Sangster. General patronage.

**"Kid Galahad" with  
Elvis Presley, Gig Young, Lola Albright,  
Joan Blackman, Charles Bronson**  
(United Artists; September; 95 mins.)

GOOD. Every time you're called in to review another Elvis Presley starrer you wonder if the gyrating

crooner will show any advances along the acting lines that carried other melody-men beyond the precincts of crooning a tune. But, for all of Presley's easy-going and rather charming manner of disporting himself before the cameras, we're afraid that if he hasn't shown much promise of becoming an actor by now, he just hasn't got it in him. He's made to order for the country-hick kind of bumpkin character. To be sure, Presley has his following. It's a big one, with the teenagers predominating, especially the girls. He is given seven tunes to deliver -- and, that he does. Deliver! Also, the tunes are not there just for songs' sake. They're intermeshed in the tale in smooth style and plausible plot-structural pattern.

Presley is surrounded by some very nice people. In lending him support, they give strength to a run-of-the-mill story that plays itself out with a simplicity of appeal and bountiful residue of entertainment. The film manages to give a pleasing account of itself. Lola Albright does her usually appealing job with a wistfulness that has class stamped all over it. Joan Blackman is a wind-swept stunner doing romantic justice to her assignment. Charles Bronson, as the understanding trainer of the bruisers, lends a sympathetic authority to the role. A false note of the support was the way Gig Young, as the owner of the training camp, kept on punching away at his lines as if they were humpty-dumpty opponents of his trainees who just won't "faw" down. He overplayed his role hammily. The De Luxe color lends a nostalgic kind of hinterlandish beauty to the goings-on.

Ex-G. I. Elvis Presley lands in a small Catskill Mountain community. He needs work badly. The fiancée (Lola Albright) of the rough-tough owner of a training camp (Gig Young) befriends him. Presley takes on the prize pug of the camp when he needs a sparring partner. He knocks the champ cold, and Young gets ideas. He begins developing Presley into a big time ring fighter. It's knockout after knockout. Young sees to it that Presley winds up with a bag of peanuts for his share of the purses. In the meantime, Young's younger sister (Joan Blackman) arrives at the camp, unexpectedly, and takes over its financial operation. A romance develops between the lovely brunette and the handsome Galahad (Presley). At first Young objects to it because, after all Presley is a lowly prize fighter. They decide to get married, nevertheless. There's one more, -- the last -- big fight Presley will take on. It's for the Chamber of Commerce of Catskill Mountain's Cream Valley. It's a big fight with Presley the winner. With his share of the proceeds of the other fights he buys in on an auto repair shop and settles down in the slowly moving, brooding community of Cream Valley.

Produced by David Weisbart; directed by Phil Karlson; screenplay by William Fay.

General patronage.

**Big Exhibitor Meet to Remember**

An event of great value to every exhibitor in New Jersey, New York and surrounding areas will be the combined convention of the Allied Theatre Owner of New Jersey and Allied Theatre Owners of New York State. The dates are August 6-9; Concord Hotel, Kiamesha Lake, N. Y. Contact either the Allied of New Jersey offices, 234 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y., or Allied of New York Headquarters, 310 Crosby Building, Buffalo 2, N. Y.



## Theatre Closings . . .

(Continued from Front Page)

played the local movie theatre. But, that's part of the game, and deceptivity, no matter how practiced, is considered good business especially in a field so competitive as ours.

### Where is the Solution to Closings?

Just where the solution is to halt the steady closing of theatres would take a modern Solomon to answer. Even sages are not economic wizards. If business is bad and bills can't be met, the end cannot be too far away. But, somewhere this tragic problem may find its solution. Somewhere some method of re-financing may be devised whereby borderline cases can be kept going, instead of resorting to the present way out, -- closing.

As we face the new season that's upon us, (the closing theatre tragedy, -- beyond the control of the unfortunate exhibitor himself --) the hope of solution may become the responsibility of both the distributor and the exhibitor associations working together. Not that the exhibitor body, in many sections of the country, isn't trying to do everything possible to stave off the moment when a theatre operator must put up the "Out of business" sign.

### Problem Requires Sympathetic Thought

But, more sympathetic and deeply concentrated thought must be given this problem by all of us. If we can help one theatre out of ten from actually calling it "quits" by giving it a shot-in-the-arm and otherwise help get it on its feet again and continue going, we will have served the film industry well, indeed. Importantly, we will have rendered the exhibitor not only a life-saving service, but we will have prevented the foundation of our business (exhibition) from losing some of its ever-lessening strength. These days we need every ounce of muscle available. A surviving theatre is added sinew to this business of ours no matter in which end of it we may be earning our living.

## Allied-COMPO Does Big in Pitts

The COMPO Merchandising Plan continues with its impact at the box office wherever the areas are properly exploited. The latest territory to come through with "excellent box office grosses" is Pittsburgh according to a tally by Harry Hendel, Allied-COMPO Coordinator for the area . . . Said Hendel: "Sixty theatres participated. They all enjoyed excellent box office grosses." He explained that it was a real, all-out hard-hitting showmanship campaign. "It included highly exploitable ticket-selling accessories, radio, newspapers, etc." . . . The pictures responsible for the grosses in the Pittsburgh Exchange area are, "Lad: A Dog," and "Adventures of the Road Runner." Of the various contests launched to "bring 'em in" was the offer of three pedigreed collie pups. Television helped out on this. "More than 4,000 entries responded," said Hendel. "It was the highlight of our overall promotion."

## UA's "--Showcase" . . .

(Continued from Front Page)

It comes at a time when its second attraction "Bird Man of Alcatraz" has ensconced itself in 11 of the 13 theatres. "We almost doubled the first day's box office receipts of 'The Road to Hong Kong' with the second feature's ("Bird Man --") opening day returns," said Arnold M. Picker, UA executive vice president.

That "Premiere Showcase" is a success there can be no doubt as results tally up now. That the follow-up film "Bird Man--" has its box office wallop there can also be no doubt. We rated the Burt Lancaster starrer as very high in entertainment qualities. There were some exhibitors in the "Premiere--" setup who would have liked to see the idea launched with "Bird Man--."

### "Premiere--" Gets Broadway First Run

This time the "--Showcase" film begot itself a recognized Broadway first run, the Astor Theatre. There were some theatre operators who didn't look favorably on the designation of the Beacon Theatre as the Broadway first run when "The Road to Hong Kong" got going. The Astor, UA reported, scored a near-record gross with its opening day of "Bird Man--."

In the meantime, the industry, -- especially the exhibition end of it, -- is wondering where UA will move next with its "Premiere Showcase" and its simultaneous first runs in various localities of a greater metropolitan area. The rumor persists, that Chicago is the next objective. But our official UA informant denied that. When we asked him whether his company is going to be content with letting what they termed "a huge success" limit itself to only one territory, -- greater New York, -- he said that for the time being, that's the way it's going to be.

### Circuits Disclaim Damage by 'Premiere --'

In the meantime, none of the other chains found reason to complain about the invasion of "Premiere--" on the neighborhood theatre-going pattern. "We haven't noticed any great change at our box offices," said Harry Mandel, president of RKO Theatres, Inc. "We're pushing a little harder, and if there's any business to be got, we'll surely get our share of it." Ernest Emerling, vice president and in charge of advertising and publicity for Loew's Theatres, said that the UA idea hasn't shown up yet adversely in any of their theatres where there's a neighborhood "--Showcase" participant. "We're getting the pictures and we're doing the business," he said. The "Premiere--" simultaneous first-runners are now getting the product in some neighborhoods, that would have ordinarily gone to Loew's. It is expected that when "Judgment at Nuremberg" goes into neighborhood release, the huge circuit may have a change of heart if the "Premiere--" pattern would allow for such an about-turn.

The Luxor (Bronx, N. Y.) Theatre went overboard in its praise of the big returns it's getting on "Bird Man of Alcatraz." "We could go 'way beyond our guaranteed three weeks on this one if UA would allow," said the theatre spokesman. "In one Saturday, we did as much as any five week days totaled together," he said.

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### N.J.-N.Y. Allied Convene

The annual convention of a state unit of a national exhibitor organization, is usually taken for granted. But, we think the combined meeting of the Allied Theatre Owners of New Jersey and the Allied Theatre Owners of New York State will be a lot different. In achievement, progress and sheer personal excitement the convention holds promise of establishing new values for such events.

The four-day agenda (August 6-9) is a full one in spite of the fact that the Concord Hotel, Kiamesha Lake, N. Y., has been selected as the site for the meeting. The golf will be played, the swimming will be done and the fun will be had. But, there will also be a lot of work accomplished. While the day-time merry-making and the nightly hours of joyous relaxation will leave their memories, it is of consequence that a lot of substantial order of important business be dealt with and entered upon the books. As the industry is going these days it is imperative that the two Allied units write into the record the pressing issues resolved; the resolutions to be followed through; the agreement that the road ahead is a hard, uphill one and something for the good of exhibition's overall progress be dealt with though the greens, the water, the sun beckon.

#### Serious Questions Must Be Resolved

Facing the New Jersey-New York exhibitors will be the question of the slowly progressing toll-Tv situation. The threat to the box office should this monster ever get on his feet. A slight smidgen of it is already being felt in such areas where the fee-Tv experiments are playing themselves out. The matter of unfair 16mm competition is on the agenda for discussion and resolution. Then there's the beating the exhibitors have been taking via the route of the "disorderly" release pattern. Shortage of prints, special handling of blockbuster releases and other issues injurious to the exhibitor and diminishing his returns will be dealt with seriously, coolly and intelligently.

The foregoing matters will be presided over by William Infald, president of the New Jersey unit. The next day (August 8) Sidney J. Cohen of the New York State Allied link will chair the proceedings. It is to be remembered that New York is a new unit. From what it has accomplished, in a short time, you'd think it's one of the veteran state organizations of the Allied States Association of Motion Picture Exhibitors. The Cohen drive and dedication is something to admire.

The New York president will seek opinions,

(Continued on Back Page)

### Zanuck Faces Fox Future

Darryl F. Zanuck is about the most prolific picture maker in Hollywood. As the newly elected president of 20th Century-Fox contemplates the future, he's not without knowledge that the past will stand him in good stead. He knows, that like a modern Graculus, a Cromwell, or a Danton he has taken over a shattered financial empire that has lost twenty-million dollars in the year gone by and thirteen the one before that. But, like these three historic figures, Zanuck is looked upon to make a success out of the film company.

While he has red figures confronting him at the present, he will have many good things going for him almost at the same time. An advantage this new president of a mammoth film company will have is in the nature of the chairman of the board. That has fallen to the beloved Spyros Plato Skouras. While most other former presidents of movie companies were sort-of sent out to pasture when they gave up (or were asked to give up) the post, Skouras has no intention of doing anything of the sort. As a board bossman he intends to be the hardest working chairman a tribunal of directors ever saw. This will be

(Continued on Back Page)

### Allied States Board's Big Agenda

The 1962 summer meeting of the board of directors of the Allied States Association of Motion Picture Exhibitors, which will be held at the Concord Hotel, Kiamesha Lake, N. Y., August 6-7, finds itself with an agenda that is crammed with all kinds of pressing matters . . . Association business, industry troubles, trade practices, film rentals and theatre operation head the sectional order of business. Pay Tv in Hartford, the problem of unfair 16mm competition, local censorship pressures, State Minimum Wage laws and proposals are some of the issues that will be dealt with . . . Heading the "trade practices" division is United Artists' "Premiere Showcase" and its implications. The proposal to encourage orderly releasing patterns, road show and hard ticket policies, conditions of prints will come up for discussion. A serious problem that will be dealt with by the board is the coping with distribution methods. What is the exhibitor to do as he continues to find that these distribution methods result in loss of run, destruction of normal availability and forced bidding between non-competitive theatres?



**"The Best of Enemies" with  
David Niven, Alberto Sordi, Michael Wilding**  
(Columbia, September; 104 mins.)

GOOD. The wars with some of their ruthless killings and unnecessary destruction, may be over (for the while) but the memory of some of the human comedies and dramas that played themselves out linger in the minds of our story-tellers. This tale could well have been caught in the vise of run-of-the-mill yarn-spinning were it not for the fact that David Niven, Alberto Sordi, Michael Wilding and the principals character-weave their respective skeins of the story-pattern so smoothly and suavely that you get out of it a pleasant residue of movie entertainment. What helped hold the tale together, was the productional-directional investiture with which the release is endowed.

Nearly always, casting a Niven in a starring role is assurance that if all else fails the Niven dexterity of talent will prevent the vehicle from slipping too close to the boundary of mediocrity. Sordi, the complete temperamental opposite, is well cast. The fact that this is laid in sand-duned Abyssinia calling for Middle East location shooting, didn't do the film any harm in setting the story to this colorful background which looms with compelling beauty before your eyes. Technirama and Technicolor were employed with telling effects.

The second World War is in its third year and a British reconnaissance plane lands, in a semi-crash, in Italian-held territory (Abyssinia). David Niven (a captain) and pilot Michael Wilding become prisoners of the Italians. Alberto Sordi is the captain. The dislike of each for the other evidences itself right from the start. Niven makes several discoveries that disturb him. However, for all of the bitterness between Sordi and Niven, the prisoners are treated to the full extent of the Geneva requirements. As the Italians stagger along tired, hungry, dirty toward their next objective, Sordi lets Niven know that if he and Wilding took a long walk (escaped) Sordi wouldn't mind it. Niven thinks it's some kind of trap. Back at headquarters, Niven is given an assignment to capture all patrols. This includes the one lead by Sordi. The British run into trouble, even getting lost. They're harassed by native tribesmen. Yet, the Italians are rounded up. The long march for the nearest British stronghold continues. But, they soon find out that they're not far from Addis Ababa. This is supposed to be held by the Italians. They learn otherwise. The British have taken it. In Addis the parting of Niven and Sordi finally takes place. The Italians are now prisoners of war. They're loaded on railroad cars. Niven pays a final tribute to the beaten Italians. "Company attention!" "Present arms!" These orders are the testament of Niven's respect for the fighting spirit of the enemy. As the leader of the beaten patrol (Sordi) walks into the POW train he looks back at Niven and returns a friendly salute. Thus, two men on opposite sides, in the midst of a godawful war, have managed to overcome national prejudice and become friends.

Produced by Dino De Laurentiis; directed by Guy Hamilton; screenplay by Jack Pulman based on a story by Luciano Vincenzoni.

General patronage.

**"Strangers in the City" with  
Kenny Delmar, Robert Gentile**  
(Embassy, Current; 83 mins.)

POOR. No city has formed the basis of so many plot-structures, as New York. Ever in the moil of action, she's never at rest. The mad cacophony of her discordant overture crashes to the very heavens themselves. For some, life is gay in its raucous-like freedom. For most it is a sad, solemn monster who has trapped them. It stands to reason that such a mammoth megalopolis cannot be a melting pot of only a few creeds. It is a city of many, for nowhere on earth with its complexity of the human pattern representing many peoples will you find such a vast variety as in New York. The peoples of some fifty nations are represented in this mad phantasmagoria. Out of all this Rick Carrier, on a small budget, tried to make a movie. He used the Puerto Ricans as his protagonists, and the setting is "El Barrio" the Spanish Harlem section which lies gripped in the stench, the crudities, the crowdedness, the rape, the killings, of the ghetto.

At best, the results are melodramatic and of very low calibre. It is not easy to transmit to the screen the emotions, passions, mores, make-up of the people. It needs powerful story structure, superb direction and topflight acting talent. It needs fine, sensitive direction. It needs, in short, a productional setup that is well grounded in the experiences such a challenging assignment calls for. The piece is found missing in most of these departments especially in direction, production, story investiture. The fault, of course, lies in the fact that Carrier tried to play triple-threat man (taking on all these individually arduous and challenging chores) and failed in each one of them. This is his first attempt at movie making. It will take a long time to learn the fundamentals of entertaining film production. To attempt all three assignments, on his first time out, is proof however, that here's a newcomer that isn't going to be easily discouraged. Photography, fair.

Produced, directed, screenplay by Rick Carrier. He also photographed the ill-fated vehicle. Adults.

**"A Coming-Out Party" with  
James Robertson Justice, Leslie Phillips,  
Stanley Baxter, Eric Sykes**  
(Union Film, August; 98 mins.)

GOOD. The very title is tongue-in-the-cheekish as the British import spoofs, semi-satirizes, twits and then goes serious in a light sort-of way in its approach to the subject of war. In its final analysis, it is offered as a suspense comedy which is held together by the sheer acting brilliance of James Robertson Justice (yes, that man is with us again, this week). Whatever entertainment qualities the piece achieves, after a slow and tedious start, is to the credit of Justice who, despite his humorless, snappily curt and downright cold rudeness makes him a likeable character full of the warmth brilliant men who won't let you forget their intellectual-organizational ability for one fleeting moment have a habit of doing, if they know how! The film is endowed with the type of flat-tea humor (though the subject be war) and make the whole offering come out like a tasty

crumpet. There is also a certain unimpeachable authenticity to the settings, the locales, the Stalag Luft, the compound structures, etc. It was a daring plot-structure to grapple with. But, neither the acting talent nor the producer-director allowed the spoofed-up suspense comedy to get out of hand. To be sure, it isn't until nearly half of the tale has unspooled itself that the offering begins to make sense and its believability begins to make its impact. Since this is art house fodder, some of the names (in addition to those heading the review) may be known to the devotees of the British imports. The photography, coldly realistic and impressive.

It is late 1942 and James Robertson Justice boards an RAF bomber to make special observations over enemy territory. Justice holds a high rank in Radar Research. The plane is damaged leaving a gaping hole on one side. Though warned by the crew, he is sucked out of the aircraft. Justice lands in the German countryside and is captured. The Luftwaffe interrogates him but all they get is his name, rank and serial number. Even to his RAF hut companions he is a mystery. Justice strikes back at a German officer. His contempt for his fellow (British) prisoners grows more intense with each passing day and cooked-up scheme for his escape. Finally, of all the plans, the one he will go through with is impersonating the Swiss representatives who make regular visits to the camp. Naturally, it's his own. Leslie Phillips and another (with Justice) make up the trio. Stanley Baxter plays the German commandant. The way this piece of skullduggery plays itself out is a gem of clever direction and superb acting. After several more strokes of sheer brilliance Justice is back in England at the research station. He goes in for a few more high-jinked shenanigans, but by this time no matter what he does is no surprise to anyone.

Produced by Julian Wintle and Leslie Parkyn; directed by Ken Annakin; screenplay by Jack Davies and Henry Blyth. General patronage.

•

**"Guns of Darkness" with  
Leslie Caron, David Niven, David  
Opatoshu, James Robertson Justice**  
(Warner Bros., August; 95 mins.)

FAIR. Elsewhere, in this review section, we spoke of David Niven as a sort-of guarantee that his kind of acting helps a release make the grade, though a weak story may try to anchor his histrionic efforts. He's with us again in this one, where once more we meet up with internal war, bloody revolution, changing regimes via the route of clever political coups. But, we're afraid that Niven, the stalwart, has been done wrong by with the nature of screen adaptation of the novel, "Act of Mercy." Even he couldn't save it. The movie vehicle tends to go off on too many tangents unraveling the texture of the story-pattern enough to leave it without any dramatic tightness. When tottering republics fall, -- especially those mythical little ones tucked away in South America's remoteness -- their former rulers begin spouting the strange philosophies that sound foreign to the David Nivens. They hate violence even though he (Niven) too must adapt himself quickly to the "kill or be killed" ideology of life when turbulence and violence break out in a revolution-ridden land. Leslie Caron,

who plays Niven's long-suffering wife, never appeared more alluring than in this one. She's lost that scrawny look. Or maybe it's because the pixie-eyed star of "Lili," "Gigi," and "Fanny" went dramatic in this. That may have done it. Britisher James Robertson Justice and David Opatoshu do well with their faulty material. The British-made film used the lush scenery of Malaga, Spain, for the outdoor sequences. Photography, good.

It is New Year's eve and an appropriate celebration is going on. But, near the house of the president of a small republic of a South American state are the trucks. Filled with soldiers, they're waiting for the moment to take over. It is at the stroke of midnight. The new president steps in and the deposed ruler (David Opatoshu) is on the run. He takes refuge in David Niven's car. He is Niven's responsibility much to the dreadful annoyance of Niven's wife (Leslie Caron) who is pregnant. Niven wants to help the former president by taking him to a rest home near the border. Revolutionaries make it hard for Niven. He is stopped several times. It is 80 miles to their objective. They must make it by foot against interminable odds. Eventually, they reach the border, only to be captured within sight of it. They succeed in getting away. By this time the wounded Opatoshu has been placed in a hospital. They visit the ailing former ruler. He makes Niven reveal why he helped him escape when he lost his rule. Niven explains his hatred for violence, admitting that he too found it necessary to kill. The deposed president breathes his last as Niven and Miss Caron start out to make a new life for themselves.

Produced by Thomas Clyde; directed by Anthony Asquith; screenplay by John Mortimer based on the Francis Clifford novel, "Act of Mercy."

General patronage.

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**"Opinion Makers" Spoil Previews**

To subscribers of "Harrison's Reports" this won't be the first time they've read about the matter, -- the great number of "opinion makers," professional crashers and other noisy, restless folk who give the trade press reviewers quite a time of it when catching a new release. . . . Not all majors are guilty of crowding their projection rooms with so-called important people, most of whom can bring no added value to a film when it goes into release. Woe be to the distributor who makes the innocent mistake of inviting these alleged "opinion makers" to a film that doesn't play itself out to their satisfaction. You can hear their wise-cracking criticism all the way through the running of the movie. Their derisive remarks are loud enough to interfere with the trade critic's attempt to concentrate on the presentation. . . . As we are upon a new season in the film business, it would do several majors well, indeed, if they sat down and fine-combed their preview invitational list. Prune it down to the bare necessity of rating an invitation to the presentation of a new release. There can't possibly be that many alleged "opinion makers" as turn out to some of these previews in which the trade press sits in.



## **N.J.-N.Y. Convention... Zanuck Future...**

(Continued from Front Page)

guidance and rulings on the following: The stimulation of movie attendance in theatres. This will include not only the conventional neighborhood house but the drive-ins as well. There will be a huge display of newly developed theatre equipment that will reduce the operating costs of a house. All of these innovations will be presented, to the exhibitors, for the first time. It was stated by both Infald and Cohen that the agendas will be full ones. But, they were not yet ready for release when we were going to press.

### **National Allied Holds Board Meeting**

It is to be remembered that, like a lot of added moral support, nearly all the officers, members of the board and committee heads of National Allied will be in attendance August 6-9. Chairman of the board of Allied States Association, Ben Marcus, and president Marshall H. Fine have called the quarterly (summer) session of the board to be held at the Concord. There will be due reason for great expectations of important accomplishments of the Allied exhibitors when the coming session of the two state units will have been over.

At the hub of motion picture operations towers the place of the exhibitor. He is a symbol of strength and a guarantee of the stability of character that has helped make the industry what it is, -- the greatest mass-appealing form of entertainment that mankind has ever known. As the theatre men of New Jersey and New York sit in solemn convention, they will realize the valuable role they play in their respective communities. The exhibitors will seek light and guidance the better to serve their patrons. They will also seek fairer equities and more reasonable dealings from the men (distributors) who supply them with the product that keeps the theatres going.

### **Each Must Do His Share**

But, there can be no equity, nor fairness when there is the kind of imbalance that assertedly finds the exhibitor on the losing end of operations. Each must do his share (distributor-exhibitor) to balance the scales of proper business conduct. Which is remindful of one of the first conventions this reporter ever covered. He heard a man, whom the whole industry trusted, tell the assemblage: "When one aims to do his share and do it properly, he is merely following in the steps of all those great men who in serving have found that service is the supreme commitment of life." It came from Will H. Hays. For a while it was the credo of our whole business.

While a goodly number of releases have flowed across the screens of the nation's theatres since the film generalissimo (Hays, a Presbyterian Elder from Indiana) expounded his ideological philosophy, it is not much different today. The economic burden in the motion picture business continues heavy. Grave responsibilities rest on the shoulders of all factors in the films. "Each must aim to do his share!" At no time, was the exhibitor found wanting in meeting his obligations.

Good luck to you Allied showmen of New Jersey, New York and surrounding areas! The very best of all good wishes!

(Continued from Front Page)

one of the big things going for Zanuck, -- the friendship, the efforts, the guidance, the super-salesmanship and the overall help that a man like Skouras is so qualified to give.

### **Big Changes in Production Setup**

It stands to reason, that there will be a big change in the production setup over at 20th-Fox. The studio is Zanuck's bailiwick. Here is where he shines best. And, here is where he scored his greatest triumphs. That he intends devoting a great deal of his time to the operation of the vast lot, there can be no doubt. He himself almost said as much when he took over: "The president of a motion picture company today should be its production head as well as its administrative head."

To be sure, Zanuck doesn't intend to be everything to everybody all the time. He will surround himself with a powerful production roster and experienced aides. That brilliant picture producer, known for his money-making releases, William Wyler is already on Zanuck's side, almost both ways. Wyler will not only be turning out films, but he'll be sitting in as a member of the board. Zanuck will aim at bringing the old status of the majors into operation again. Meaning, the studio will employ (on contract) stars, writers, directors, producers. It won't be a hand-to-mouth existence. Zanuck has always held that he who owns the talent controls the release. Knowing what he's got (talent-wise) and what he could do with it, he can plan far ahead and be reasonably sure that he will come up with a goodly number of releases. This should be good news for the exhibitor, for it augurs well that there will be an increase in film output.

Zanuck is not a procrastinator. His production schedules were not cleaved out of the costly delays of long, endless conferences; mind-changing schedule upsets; never ending revampings with their residue of confusion. Zanuck is respected by Hollywood's topflight talent in all the branches of picture making. Many of the big money-making stars will be anxious to work for him. Being one of the richest men in Hollywood finds him a more dedicated man to the inspiring cause that is good picture producing for the sole sake of good picture entertainment. He seems to be in search for that golden fleece that should be every creative man's individual integrity with every picture he starts.

But, all that is production, -- prologue. What comes now is executive know-how in heading up a gigantic Goliath like 20th-Fox. What will need precise squaring will be the multitudinous administrative matters. These operations will have to fit with their decisions, deductions, determinations like a square peg in a square hole. It is to be expected that Zanuck will falter here and there. Such occasions will not be many. For, the venerable chairman of the board will always be there, -- if necessary to lean on. Yes, Skouras will be waiting to be of every help possible to his presidential successor.

What a relief that will be to the man trying his hand at something so new, so big, and challenging and demanding as the presidency of one of the truly great majors of the motion picture industry.

The very best to you, Darryl F. Zanuck!

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Martin Starr, Editor

A REVIEWING SERVICE FREE FROM THE INFLUENCE OF FILM ADVERTISING

Vol. XLIV

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1962

No. 31

## N.J.-N.Y. Allied Meet Big

KIAMESHA LAKE, N. Y.—The combined annual convention of the Allied Theatre Owners of New Jersey and the Allied Theatre Owners of New York State proved to be a bigger success than either William Infald or Sidney J. Cohen, respective state presidents expected. New York especially, found the exhibitor members coming from the northernmost reaches of the state. It is estimated that more than 400 conventioners turned out for the joint meeting.

The first business session was held on Tuesday, August 7. Though Infald presided, exhibitor-members of both units attended. It proved a heated session with the first statement of Infald to the assemblage: "We of Allied are going to take off the gloves and do some very tough fighting to get not only what we want, but more importantly what we are entitled to." He was referring to the kind of treatment the exhibitors were getting from the distributors.

Standing almost alone in this battle that will be waged against the distributors is Universal-International Pictures. Infald said: "Universal was there with the prime product this year. Not only was it about the best of them all, Universal gave the exhibitor a chance to make a dollar." Not faring as well in the discussions were most of the other majors and the independents. Following the opening salvo of grievances against the other film companies, the trade press reporters were asked to leave the meeting since the delicate matter of percentages and what to do about them, were up for discussion.

### U.A., 20th-Fox, Universal Saluted

Twentieth-Century Fox Film Corp., came in for a salute from the exhibitors. It was moved that a resolution be drawn up and sent to the new president, Darryl F. Zanuck, to the effect that both the Allied exhibitors of New Jersey and New York express their confidence in the new president (Zanuck). That they know he will use his vast experience and knowledge to get the company back on the road, with the result that more product will be forthcoming from the 20th-Fox studios. "We of Allied are in back of 20th-Fox," was the unanimous openly expressed vote.

Irving Dollinger, chairman of the New Jersey board of directors, praised United Artists for its experiment with "Premiere Showcase." Dollinger pointed out that U.A. recognized that the city folk were moving out to the suburbs and the first runs should be moving with them because people like to see first run films. "U.A. in recognizing this move is going to make it possible for the whole industry to benefit by it." He

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## Exhibits to Fight Tv Threat

This is the time of pre-new season when the television interests take a page out of the primer of the motion picture industry and make their announcements of things to come. The films have been doing it, with elaborate, costly flourish for years. All that glitters on the coated stock of the agency-conceived campaign brochures don't turn out to be the gold that the inexperienced counted on.

But, with each passing year the Tv dispensers get a little more brazen in their approach and bolder in their promises. This season the megacycle merchants are trying to outdo themselves. But, this year it's a little easier for them. They're getting the motion picture trade press to carry the "sell" ball for them, at the same time frightening, just a little, the easily intimidated exhibitor. But, the old hand knows it's the same old eye-wash.

Gentlemen, this isn't going to be Tv's biggest programming year yet. Revenue-wise, it isn't for us to

(Continued on Back Page)

## Majors Battle Importers for Pix

It's when we were readying our semi-annual "pink" edition three weeks ago, that the prophetic truth of the ever diminishing number of releases loomed worryingly. We dealt in that issue (No. 28) with the increasingly lessening number of films turned out. We are not alone in our deep concern over the future of the industry if the downward trend continues much longer . . . To be sure, the majors are grappling with this costly condition. They'd like to send out more films into the market. It is a well-known fact that the foreign representatives of the distributors are on the prowl in foreign countries ready to pick up suitable (and completed) films. The big companies are ready to give the independents and importers the battle of their business life for some of the more promising foreign-made product . . . For instance, one of the promised Titanus-made plums "The Last Days of Sodom and Gomorrah" has been acquired by 20th-Fox after some high bidding, guaranteeing the Italian producers more than \$1,000,000 for the United States and Canadian distribution rights. 20th-Fox, like the other majors, is dickering with other foreign producers for enough films to fill in for the releases that didn't materialize for the 1962-63 releasing year. Some of this foreign product will thus be swung away from the art houses.



**"Two Weeks in Another Town" with  
Kirk Douglas, Edward G. Robinson, Cyd  
Charisse, George Hamilton, Claire Trevor**  
(M-G-M, August; 107 mins.)

FAIR. This script must have read well. Almost as if Oscar himself were delivering the re-assuring lines of promised greatness. As a matter of fact, the Academy Award symbol of motion picture achievement is all over the film, with proper credit on screen, press material, etc., to the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. Yes, this is a story of Hollywood. Its movie making beyond the slopes of the Pacific (Rome, Italy). It is the story of a business to which many are attracted, but very few are chosen; where the promises loom big, but the residue of fulfillment small; where everybody is supposed to be successful and so very happy. Yet, the specter of disillusionment, disappointment and suicidal insecurity hang over most of its workers, especially those in the upper-brackets. Two of our chief protagonists fall in the latter category. They're big marquee names, -- Kirk Douglas and Edward G. Robinson. Each in his own right is a seasoned, polished performer. But, the original story (from a man who knows how to rub the patina of drama into his writings, Irwin Shaw) failed in its fashioning into a powerful film yarn with all its emotional impact, plot-structural smoothness and dramatic tightness. It does not come through as a highly entertaining release.

This had too much going for it not to have emerged as a more enjoyable entry upon the famished summer screens. Which reminds us, this M-G-M release is the first one to play the Paramount (New York) Theatre in eight years. Properly exploited, however, this may do business. It is still heavy with "want-to-see" names. But, it is light in its treatment of a powerful theme, -- Hollywood and what goes on behind the picture-making scenes. The Douglas character fails to come through with its clear-cut understandability. Somehow, he fails to beget your sympathy. The few scenes of his former wife (Cyd Charisse) are too frivolously fluffy like the negligees she wears with the imperial bravura of a bordello queen. Edward G. Robinson's performance runs the gamut from the unrelenting slave-driver to the henpecked husband, but he wavers between powerful characterization to downright scenery-chewing. George Hamilton, a mixed-up leading man fails, by getting the on-looker more than a little mixed up. A beauty of breathless appeal, Dahlia Lavi, comes out of it nicely. Done in CinemaScope and Metrocolor, the photography is a job of beauty.

Kirk Douglas is finally released from a three-year stretch in a sanitarium. He yields to the pleading of film director Edward G. Robinson, flies to Rome to take a small part in Robinson's film. But, there is no part for Douglas. Instead, with clever Robinsonian coaxing, Douglas takes on the tangled-up job of supervising the dubbing. He meets up with his ex-wife (Cyd Charisse) who messed up his life. Douglas also meets up and falls in love with a beautiful young Italian actress, Dahlia Levi. He even wants to marry her. In the meantime, Robinson is stricken with an attack, Douglas finishes the film, successfully. Having plunged himself into this work he suddenly finds himself free of Simon Legree Robinson, his old love, his

new love, his weaknesses. He departs alone by plane for Hollywood and a new start.

Produced by John Houseman; directed by Vicente Minnelli, screenplay by Charles Schnee, based on the novel by Irwin Shaw.

General patronage.

**"Damn the Defiant!" with  
Alec Guinness, Dirk Bogarde,  
Anthony Quayle**

(Columbia, September; 101 mins.)

FAIR. For a while, the ever-reliable westerns have been foresaken a little and the war plots have been trotted out. This one takes us back to the Napoleonic era. Our chief protagonists are those ever-precisely obedient men of the British Navy. This again, falls in the line of service pictures and no matter with what confused complexity things may work themselves out (story-wise) you have to admire with what compelling sincerity a Britisher attacks his role when in uniform. It is said that Alec Guinness can't possibly give a bad performance. While he holds to his high ranks of histrionic achievement in this one, he is held back from delivering the nature of a job of work that makes for the kind of a cinema worthy of high recommendation. Dirk Bogarde is wily and hostile, while Anthony Quayle is an under-standing mutineer.

The skeins of the plot-pattern stretch themselves rather thin, giving the tale an element of confusion, especially down towards its final chapters when the fighting takes place among the ships of the various enemy nations. While the interiors were made in London, the marine scenes drape themselves across the screen with the majestic beauty of seascapes done by the masters. A dimensional CinemaScope and mural-like Eastman Color were used for the eye-compelling effects. It is too bad that the story of England's mastery of the sea and her brave men who go down to the sea in ships, didn't play itself out with more telling effects and deliver a clearer-cut vehicle of entertainment.

Alec Guinness is the commander of the H.M.S. Defiant. For all his toughly experienced background, he remains a rather sympathetic man. Yet, as the Defiant gets ready to set sail on a hazardous mission, and his only son goes along as a junior midshipman, Guinness informs everybody that the boy (David Robinson) "is to be treated like any other junior midshipman." Guinness and his first lieutenant, Dirk Bogarde, don't see eye-to-eye. Once the ship is under way the relationship between the two grows worse. Bogarde treats the crew with bestial contempt. Guinness' little boy comes under the whiplash of Bogarde's rule. By the time the Defiant is ready to reach the Mediterranean, the entire ship's company is ready for open rebellion. The French have gained a victory and the British fleet has withdrawn in order not to be cut off. The Defiant encounters enemy ships and bombards them to the bottom of the sea. There are more sea battles. In the meantime, Guinness has had an arm shattered and it must be amputated giving the command to Bogarde. He rides herd unmercifully on the men. Outright mutiny is at hand. Guinness asks to see Anthony Quayle, leader of the mutineers. He

gets Quayle's promise to remain loyal to England on condition that Guinness will plead the crew's cause to the Royal Navy's brass. Guinness is on his feet again. The Defiant meets up with part of the French fleet which reverses its course and in panicky flight gives the British a big victory.

Produced, directed by John Brabourne; screenplay by Nigel Kneale and Edmund N. North based on the novel "Mutiny" by Frank Tilsley.

General patronage.

•

**"No Man is an Island" with  
Jeffrey Hunter, Marshall Thompson,  
Barbara Perez**

(Universal-Int'l., October; 114 mins.)

FAIR. Jeffrey Hunter's sensitive portrayal of The Christ in "King of Kings" left its lingering imprint on one's memory. Such impressively important roles, with the spiritual aura they leave behind, have a habit of doing strange things to a man's career. In this one he's caught in the moils of a brutal war. With him, as with the enemy, it's "kill or be killed." Even at this late date, you wonder how this transition will affect the average movie-goer. But, the Savior's cinematic vision remains. Nor is this one of the better roles Hunter has found himself in. He gives a fair performance in a tale that has its weaknesses. There are no outstanding names in the cast, thus making it more imperative that Hunter carry the marquee load. A newcomer, Barbara Perez, is introduced. Lovely, lithe, lean hers is a darkly penetrating kind of beauty. But, as a romantic foil for the handsome Navy radioman (Hunter) she is much too young. As a matter of fact, when the final fade-out leaves them high on a hill, you're not quite sure whether his reunion with the girl is the beginning of a long life together. The tale is taken from the real life experiences of George R. Tweed, USN, during World War II. The exteriors were shot in the Philippines producing scenic effects (via Eastman Color) that give a lot of eye-appeal to the film. It's unbelievable what cameramen can do with color when given to shoot a film with. But, the story fails to hold together tightly and strongly enough to give it enough powerful stature as a vehicle of more than passable entertainment. It just doesn't quite come through as something you'd like to shout about.

We're on the island of Guam and Navy radioman Tweed (Jeffrey Hunter) can't wait until he is discharged from service. As he's ready to leave, Japanese bombers rain their destruction on the island. Hunter and five others escape to the interior. Before long the five others are killed off. Hunter, now alone, finds refuge in a leper hospital. The Japs' terrible torture of the people is too much for Hunter. He wants to surrender. Encouraging bulletins are relayed via the priest's radio. The people take courage. But, the Jap commander traces the source of information and orders the leper colony burned down. Hunter continues to hide wherever he can. Friendly people help give him refuge. Especially helpful is a farmer's daughter, Barbara Perez. She gives him food, supplies and is ready to give him her love. Hunter is informed, by the people, where the Jap gun installations are lo-

cated. Hunter uses crudely made devices to flash warnings to a U.S. warship. He is picked up by the U.S. forces. His information is of great help to the Navy. The big guns completely destroy the Japanese defenses. The war is over. Hunter climbs the craggy hill. Miss Perez is there waiting for him.

Written, produced and directed by John Monks, Jr., and Richard Goldstone.

General patronage.

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**N.J.-N.Y. Allied...**

(Continued from Front Page)

said that more people, in the newly built-up suburbs will find themselves going to the movies. Dollinger expressed assurance that U.A.'s "Showcase" will be a success.

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**Paramount, Warners Criticized Severely**

Paramount Pictures and Warner Bros. Pictures were bitterly criticized for committing themselves to a policy of going along with pay-TV by supplying the stations with product. It is feared, that this policy will spread nationally and prove costly to the exhibitors. If Paramount and Warner will continue to supply first run product to the pay-TV channels, then, it was decided at the session, that Allied of New Jersey may be forced to consider the matter of retaliatory boycott. As to the Hartford experiment, the exhibitors agreed that it was too soon to judge. Some showmen, expressing their opinions on what they saw in Hartford, considered it "a complete flop."

It was Dollinger's opinion, in his report on the pay-TV situation, that the operators of the experiments may force all the film companies to supply them with product. In the meantime, through the national organization, Allied States Association of Motion Picture Exhibitors, Attorney General Robert Kennedy will be communicated with on the proposition that as the 3-year Hartford experiment plays itself out, losing theatres, cut off from revenue, may be forced to go out of business entirely.

Re-elected for another term to serve in their present capacities were: William Infald, president of Allied Theatre Owners of New Jersey; Sam Engleman, vice president; Howard Herman, treasurer; Louis Solkoff, secretary; J. Harwan, vice president of South Jersey and Irving Dollinger, chairman of the board.

•

**Cohen of New York, Presides**

The second day of the business end of the combined convention, (Wed., August 8) was presided over by Sidney J. Cohen, president of Allied Theatre Owners of New York State. With most of the issues having been dealt with by the members of both the New Jersey and New York units, on Tues., (August 7) the session covered a series of reports the most serious of which seemed to be the threat of censorship.

Charles E. McCarthy, executive vice president of the Council of Motion Picture Organizations delivered a report on the all-out fight that becomes every exhibitor's business if this threat, is to be prevented from becoming a menacing fact. McCarthy said that while many states are readying legislation that will interfere with the freedom of motion picture expression, and while New York law-makers have not yet quite succeeded in bringing it about, he is sure that it will come up again in the legislative halls

(Continued on Following Page)



## N.J.-N.Y. Allied . . .

(Continued from Preceding Page)

of New York. McCarthy felt that the industry should not find itself too much on the defensive side of an issue. That to take a strong offensive is important.

Jerome Pickman, former vice president of Paramount Pictures in charge of domestic and Canadian distribution, dealt with the importance of keeping the Will Rogers Memorial Hospital as one of the foremost in the country. He appealed to the assembled exhibitors to do their share and make an all-out effort to help support this great institution. Pickman digressed from the charity pitch and dealt briefly with the state of the industry itself. "Our business is facing parlous times," he said. He was sure, that no matter what the challenge, the exhibitors will meet it. Pickman will continue to head up the distribution division end of the drive for funds for the Will Rogers Memorial Hospital.

### Marcus-COMPO Plan Makes Big Gains

The Marcus (Ben)-COMPO Plan, it was admitted at the meeting, didn't quite succeed everywhere. But, the blame was put on the choice of release which was wrong for the Plan. Most areas did very well, however, because the product was right. But, it was agreed that the Marcus-COMPO Plan is one of the business building ideas that will continue to gather strength as it goes along. "It's here to stay" said some of the exhibitors.

A survey of theatre advertising conducted among the showmen brought out these results: Hardly any of them use television. "Too expensive," was the general reason. Radio proved a favorite, but some exhibitors told the man from *Harrison's Reports* that the disk jockeys don't give some releases the dignity of handling the films need. "The disk jockey takes everything lightly. And that's not the best approach to some dramatic subjects," we were told. Newspapers still rate first when setting up an advertising campaign, it was agreed.

### Combined Convention All Business

While conventions (state or national) are expected to be productive of explosive fireworks, this one was devoid of any unnecessary pyrotechnics. There were no heated outbursts. It was strictly business, which pleased the conventioners. If there was any anger it was aimed at the distributors and their alleged extortionate percentages. But, from that part of the meeting the trade press was excused. To probe on our own for some of the things said behind the closed doors would have been a breach of professional etiquette in spite of the fact that there is always a friend or

### National Allied Coverage, Next Week

The board of directors of the Allied States Association of Motion Picture Exhibitors convened for its quarterly (summer) session at the Concord Hotel, Kiamesha Lake, N. Y., a day before the New Jersey and New York units went into their annual (combined) meeting.

Presided over by Marshall H. Fine, president of National Allied, it was an action-packed, resolution-crammed session. The highlights of this meeting will be covered in next week's issue of *Harrison's Reports*. It promises to be an exciting story for exhibitors everywhere, no matter what their association affiliation.

## Exhibs' Tv Threat...

(Continued from Front Page)

argue. But, in its delivery of better entertainment, finer quality shows the "vast wasteland" will still remain guilty as indicted by Newton N. Minow, chairman of the Federal Communications Commission. There will still be a superfluity of westerns; a deluge of shows where violence and mayhem dominate the story; an increase in quiz shows and the other trivia that have supported the medium.

### Tv Increases Movie Hours

To be sure, there will be more movies, the better broadcasting hours being set aside for them now. Negotiations with some of the film companies continue for post '48 product that may bring the releases very nearly up to date with the pictures of some Tv-money hungry motion picture companies. That will be the exhibitors greatest menace, the films his own suppliers (distributors) will be selling to the opposition, "Tv."

But, when television boasts of new talents that will be trotted before the cameras, it's a joke what is written off for talent in Tv. The year ahead will not differ much from the recent ones gone by. There will be new names, new faces, maybe new program formats, but that won't necessarily mean that it will all add up to new talent. Whatever outstanding new talent that will be seen in forthcoming television shows will be the old talent that isn't being used much in pictures. The big film names continue to be Tv holdouts. They refuse to go for Tv for all the money at Fort Knox.

So, there is no great cause for exhibitor worry. The costlier harm has already been done to him. The enterprising theatre operator has withstood the early onslaughts on his box office. He has rallied from the opposition. He'll never find too much to complain about, for all of Tv's threats that this is their big year. If the exhibitor gets a run of good pictures, early availabilities of the big blockbusters and gives his theatre operation a sleeves-rolled-up go-to-it-ness in letting his people know what he's got in his comfortable, inviting theatre, they'll respond.

For, the little idiot box in the living room still has to take a back seat when comparing its entertainment impact to the wondrous, exciting, thrilling things a picture does to the emotionalities of people of all ages when within the portals of their neighborhood theatre. To be sure, this isn't going to be an easy year for the theatre operator. It will be one of challenge, a period of decision, one of redeeming results only because the exhibitor knows how to meet competition. It's the story of his whole business existence, competition from a thousand assorted sources, Tv notwithstanding!

two who is willing to help out an inquisitive reporter and spill the confidential stuff.

All in all, it was a fruitful annual state convention combining the membership forces of Allied Theatre Owners of New Jersey and Allied Theatre Owners of New York State. Votes of thanks were tendered William Infald, president of the former and Sidney J. Cohen, who presides over the latter. A special salute was given the convention chairman, Howard Herman.

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## A REVIEWING SERVICE FREE FROM THE INFLUENCE OF FILM ADVERTISING

Vol. XLIV

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1962

No. 32

### National Allied's Plans

When the gavel of adjournment is sounded at an exhibitor convention, it is not the signal that the meeting is over. It is the sound of endless things yet to be done of great importance, in the months that lie ahead. While in the preceding issue we dealt with the business accomplished by the combined conventioners representing the Allied Theatre Owners of New Jersey and the Allied Theatre Owners of New York State, there is the jam-packed agenda of pressing matters covered by the board of directors of the Allied States Association of Motion Picture Exhibitors in its one-day summer session also held at the Concord Hotel, Kiamesha Lake, N. Y.

Presided over by National Allied's young president, Marshall H. Fine, the board covered dangerously challenging issues that took it from the "feast-and-famine" releasing setup the exhibitors face; to dealing with the theatre-going habit of the people; to the drop in attendance throughout the land; to clearances; to protecting the ever-failing small theatres; to the matter of prints; to surveying the continued ills of the industry and other matters that can mean life or death to the existence of many a helpless exhibitor. Added up, the board of National Allied has an uphill, work-horse job cut out for itself until it convenes again at its next semester, December 1-2, in Cleveland.

#### "Feast-and-Famine" Release Situation

The "feast-and-famine" situation, it was revealed, found theatres virtually without product this past May and June. July and August saw more releases than an exhibitor could use in orderly playing time, while September and October hold no promise that there will be any big, money-making releases. This nature of irregularity of product arriving on the screens of the nation's theatres is not conducive to the theatre-going habit of the movie-fans, it was revealed at the board meeting. "You must sustain the theatre-going habit," it was agreed. If the dearth of films from the American producers continues, it may become necessary to make deals with the importers and play the foreign films on co-operative advertising bases. The fact that some of these imports may prove rather objectional (because of sensational sex theme) for the conventional family-trade theatre may not be as bad as having no product at all, was the forced opinion of many members of the board.

One of the chilling affects on the board members was the revelation that in many territories, throughout the land, theatre attendance dropped 25% to 30% from last year. If this continues, it can mean

(Continued on Back Page)

### Star Dust in the Mud

Even her detractors, -- and she had a goodly number of them, -- will have to admit that Marilyn Monroe was one of the truly big names at the box offices of the nation's theatres. If her terribly untimely passing was a big blow to 20th-Century Fox, it will prove of much greater harm to the box office that stands famished because there are mighty, mighty few Marilyn Monroes in this star-starved business of ours.

Whatever her conduct, tardiness, so-called ill-temper while making a picture she remained a lonely, pathetic, pitiable figure ironically unprotected and perhaps scorned by some who worked close to or with her. By far, this is no indictment against her employers (20th-Fox) who gave her every conceivable consideration up till almost the bitter tragedy when the studio was forced to suspend her for good. Realizing that this time her employers were forced into this economically necessary move, she almost pleaded to be taken back and continue on with the picture, "Something's Got to Give." But, the regrettable decision was made, the dye was cast and the severance had to stand. For all the friendships and

(Continued on Page 127)

#### Exhibs Back New "Movie Guide"

For the first time, it can be said, the exhibitors will have a movie magazine of their own. To be known as "Movie Guide" and to be published monthly, the digest size magazine will be distributed in motion picture theatres only. In all likelihood, most exhibitors will give away "Movie Guide" free to their patrons. It will not be sold nor will it be available at news-stands, said Nathan Jacobs, addressing the exhibitors of New Jersey Allied and New York State Allied at their recent combined convention . . . Jacobs is the publisher of the new fan monthly which will feature many innovations in movie magazine reading. In addition to the exciting contents of the book, one of its great attractions will be the \$250,000 in prizes to be awarded to the readers, Jacobs announced . . . He came to the convention at the invitation of New Jersey's president William Infald and Sidney J. Cohen who heads up the New York Allied organization. Spokesmen for "Movie Guide" said that the first issue will reach the theatres in November. A distribution count of 1,000,000 is expected with the initial give-away of the new movie magazine, -- promised to be the exhibitors' own.



**"Five Weeks in a Balloon" with  
Red Buttons, Fabian, Barbara Eden, Cedric  
Hardwicke, Peter Lorre, Barbara Luna**  
(20th-Fox, August; 103 mins.)

GOOD. Timing is a little against 20th's release of this one. Two months ago, "Stowaway in the Sky" took to the screens. As you view this one, many phases of it remind you of the earlier film. To be sure, this one has superior entertainment qualities as compared to the "Stowaway --" semi-travelogue. While "Five Weeks --" is hardly the overpowering blockbuster it should have been, it has the advantage of being backed by an advertising-exploitation pre-release campaign that won't make it an unknown quantity in the minds of movie-goers. Once again, this is primarily a "must see" for the youngsters. That doesn't eliminate the older folk with whom travel and adventure are still dreams they won't let go of. -- and, the grown-ups will be shaken out of their stay-at-home lethargic reality by the campaign the distributor will wage across the land. Much of it is already playing itself out. A lot more is to come because Spyros Plato Skouras himself promised the exhibitors at a morning seminar that, "We'll spend a million dollars to bring this into your box office." -- and, a Skouras promise is like money in the bank. You can count on it.

This was taken from a Jules Verne novel, -- his first, as a matter of fact. Meaning, it has high adventure written all over its footage. Even Verne's astronomical day-dreaming would pale into small-time picture making in these days of the John Glenns, you'd think. But the adventure story holds up, though his strange balloon does come down several times. This nature of story provides a field day for the cameramen especially when you give them the CinemaScope process to work with and DeLuxe Color to dip their prints in. The magnificence of many of the shots is breathtaking. Many of the scenes are radiantly resplendent in their sheer eye-appeal. The vast scope of the Verne story submerges, somewhat, the playacting. Thus the blustery style of Cedric Hardwicke; the mis-fired comedy of Red Buttons and the ineffectiveness of the other stars don't mar the entertainment residue of the story too much. Oddly enough, Fabian gives a good account of himself.

-- and so, we find Cedric Hardwicke and Fabian riding the clouds in their new invention, over Scotland. It's a massive balloon. A publisher of a chain of American newspapers sponsors the flight over East Africa. Going along to do the story is Red Buttons, one of those indispensable, irrepressible gentlemen of the American press. He's also a nephew of the publisher. Hardwicke must try to prevent the tribal traders from spreading their slavery operations. Storms force the balloon down several times. Barbara Luna, a slave girl, thinking that Buttons owns her, stows away in the gondola. While forced to the ground, a tribe captures the balloonists. Miss Luna is put on the slave block, once again. The others are meted out a severe sentence by the bossman of the tribesmen. They all get away in the balloon, just in time. But, a tribesman hurls a scimitar and punctures the big ball of gas. They're forced to dump everything overboard, including the gondola. The balloon falls into the raging torrents below. Buttons does the heroics by planting the British flag in this new territory. This almost gets Buttons killed. Peter Lorre saves him. For the young

it is love, Buttons and Barbara Eden, Fabian and the Luna lulu. Hardwicke and Richard Haydn shake on a job well done for the Empire.

Produced and directed by Irwin Allen; screenplay by Allen, Charles Bennett, Albert Gail based on the novel by Jules Verne. General patronage.

**"Waltz of the Toreadors" with  
Peter Sellers, Dany Robin, Margaret  
Leighton, John Fraser, Cyril Cusack**  
(Continental, Current; 105 mins.)

FAIR. That feller Sellers (Peter, that is) is with us, once again. If there can be too much of a good thing, -- and Sellers can give an enjoyable performance once given the proper material, -- then there has been a lot of the fellow around of late. Not that this finds him in a role that shows him off to his best histrionic advantage. In fact, the transitions and the changes which the original French play went through before it emerged in its present British-made cinematic dress, proves that in trying to give a new twist or two to something that has proven successful, in other media, may wrench it quite out of shape. Sellers has become such a movie idol to his English followers (and many here, for that matter) that he has been likened to Chaplin. We're afraid we can't go along on that comparison, though the greatness of the little tramp comedian (Chaplin) was handicapped by a political philosophy which we couldn't go along with, either.

Back to Sellers in his latest, strictly for the art houses, this does not add too much to his stature. It's a little rough in innuendo, action, taste and downright crudity, at times. While he craves the touch of young (female) flesh, about the most impassioned thrill he can get out of the "try" is derriere-pinching which he practices on the housemaids. They're in a trapped situation. What could the poor, embarrassing drudges do? That the screenplay should suffer the shortcomings it does is odd, considering that one of the experts of them all, Wolf Mankowitz cooked up this cinematic potpourri out of the left-overs of the original French play from the pen of a master at saucy, French farce, (Jean Anouilh) its British presentation and then its successful version on the Broadway stage. Dany Robin is a seductive French beauty, Margaret Leighton does fairly well although by virtue of her role, she hardly begets your sympathy. The others turn in adequate performances. Technicolor photography, good.

Peter Sellers is a retired British general. However advanced in age he may be, he refuses to believe it. A French mistress of 17 years ago is back in his love-life, but there is little life left in his love-making. The will continues strong, but the flesh shows its weakness. In the meantime, he has a wife (Margaret Leighton) to contend with. She feigns sickness and takes to her bed. This, she feels, will act like a chain and keep him near her. But, not the old general. Whatever the means, Sellers will get as much fun out of it as he can. Some of his antics hardly make for a likeable character. The beribboned rake isn't getting away with it, completely. Miss Leighton knows most of the foul-playing score. So she plays out as crazy an interlude as you could imagine. Dressed in a nightgown she mounts a bicycle and races through the countryside heading for the railroad tracks, obviously bent on suicide without the aid of a timetable. Following her is Sellers on horseback showing how fast you



can propel a bicycle. It's stuff like that that reduces the values of the farce. We have the hatreds between husband and wife; the inability to fuse the sex desires of each to the other; philosophic meanderings and other complexities and confusions that fail to give this the imprint of pleasing entertainment.

Produced by Peter De Sarigny; directed by John Guillermin; screenplay by Wolf Mankowitz from the play by Jean Anouilh. Adults.

**"Der Rosenkavalier" with  
Elizabeth Schwarzkopf, Sena Jurinac**

(Rank Org., Oct., 210 ins.)

FAIR. The poets refer to the better music as "the speech of angels." The Rank Organization refers to "Der Rosenkavalier" as the prize of the performances at the Salzburg Festival. That's why they went along with producer-director Paul Czinner in filming this opera, in German, by Richard Strauss. For several months the cinematic opera will play music halls like Carnegie Hall, New York. It will be on a hard-ticket basis with admission to match. The opera devotee will most likely respond to the offering. No matter how much one may like the Strauss longhair melodies, you must know German to know what it's all about. At that, the synchronization wasn't a good job. The operatic stars, evidently, supplied their own voices in the dubbing. Also, this wasn't filmed in the presence of an audience or else Czinner would have given us a flash or two of it. Instead, for endless thousands of feet you're brought close up to the operatic protagonists and it gets more than a little tedious before the final curtain is wrung down. Not to seem facetious, opera stars are not the prettiest faces to gaze upon almost endlessly. There are two intermissions.

Pictorially, it is a beautiful thing to behold, except that you can take just so much of the endless scenes in the princess' bedroom, the main halls and the other few, limited sets. The costumes are a-glitter with spangles, braid, silken sheen and candy-box color. The voices of the stars come through with the full, voluptuous swell of breakers from an angry ocean. But, there are moments when you are treated to the melodious, throbbing sweep of the Strauss craftsmanship. To repeat, this is for music lovers. On them, music makes its impact like some disease, -- say, the measles. -- and, like the contagion, you've got to be exposed to it for a long time to get the feel of it, -- the music, especially the long hair kind. Thus, to the Strauss devotees, the ardent followers of the opera, this may make its appeal and bring them to the music halls where it will play before the distributors know exactly what to do next. From the prologue (in English) it seemed as if Czinner has prepared this for many reasons other than the movie house. If you want to make it sound so, he'd be ready to give it to television, -- perhaps pay-TV because of its limited audience.

We can't deal too much with the libretto because we're not too adept at German. Besides, we thought the story-line was rather lost in its delivery. The music was too overpowering. Otherwise, it's the story of a princess who is no longer young. She's afraid that her young lover will desert her for a youthful mistress. There are certain customs that must be followed. Trickery enters here. A baron is given a rough time of it. He's an oaf, so there's no sympathy lost there. He fades out of the picture after being exposed as a lecher-

ous old fool. The princess renounces her claim on the young lover so that he can find happiness with his real love. All this sounds trivial when you consider it was tied together with the music growing crescendo for the so-called dramatic scenes and diminishing into the diminuendo of the soft, tender interludes. Credit for the instrumental interpretation goes to The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Produced and directed by Paul Czinner. General patronage.

**Star Dust . . .**

(Continued from Front Page)

guidance offered her, she had none to lean on in her desperate moment of need.

It is prophetic that in death man begins to excuse away a person's shortcomings. In our industry a goodly percentage of men are best at the terrible business of duplicity. To her detractors, to her venomous critics, to her crude fault-finders Marilyn Monroe now looms as a symbol of greatness, loneliness, achievements beyond the reach of many touted, so-called stars who were always in desperate search for the supremacy that came to the Monroe merely because she happened to be a favorite child of the fates.

As you see the other so-called sex-kittens scrambling for newspaper lineage and gossip column mention, as they grovel for attention in the public places you think of the several times you met her, interviewed her, did radio shows with her. No matter what the occasion, or who else may have been present, she stood out like some exquisite vision.

It all added up to a multi-million dollar property that stood as unprotected as a child without its mother. She was ever the target of malicious gossipers,

(Continued on Following Page)

**Levine: "Big Parties Help B.O. Take"**

What with the economic distressed industry being what it is, it doesn't take much to become known as a big party giver, these days. Right now, that distinction goes to Joseph E. Levine, Embassy Pictures president. His latest was a 74 hour jamboree that found sultry Sophia Loren being hosted in New York, Los Angeles and San Francisco . . . It was a two-pronged social spree; -- a delayed celebration for winning the Oscar for her performance in "Two Women," and the success she scored in her contribution to the trilogy of love, "Boccaccio '70." At a total cost of \$50,000 there were newspaper lineage, magazine space, air time and Tv coverage of the parties, Levine reports . . . What matters more to him, said Jolly Joe is this: "In spending this kind of money, I did it in a manner calculated to do the most good, -- bringing money into the box offices." The free-spending showman feels that the mentions and the publicity resulting from the social galas are bound to result in added revenue for his two films starring the alluring, sloe-eyed Loren, as well as in other films in which she may be appearing . . . Once again, it's not only in the spending, but in the manner in which the Embassy drum-beaters blueprinted, engineered and handled the events.



## National Allied . . .

(Continued from Front Page)

only one thing, more and more theatres will be forced to close their doors. The troublesome matter of percentages, brought forth from board members, must be dealt with drastically or else that too will find theatres unable to continue in business. There are endless theatres unable to meet the percentage requirements of the distributors. When it was brought out to the majors how desperate is the plight of these exhibitors and that they may be forced to "call it quits," it is alleged that two of the major companies had this answer to the problem: "If the exhibitor can't meet our percentage requirements and is thus unable to continue in the theatre business, -- it's just too bad!"

### Bad Prints Hamper Viewer's Enjoyment

Never in the history of the business, the board agreed, were the prints in such deplorable condition. The result is poor projection, distorted images on the screen and incomplete enjoyment of what goes on up there, by the movie-goer. Letters to the company presidents re this situation will be going forth from the hand of president Fine. As each trouble-zone was reached, discussed and settled it would be tied up into a resolution giving the various officers of National Allied the necessary powers to proceed. The drafting of the resolutions will be done by the Resolutions Committee. Irving Dollinger will head it up. Much of the follow-up and carry-through will fall on the shoulders of Fine; Milton London, executive director and the chairmen of the various committees.

Pay-TV got its big inning at the board session. Fine was given the authority to communicate with the Department of Justice on the matter of day-and-dating films to fee-TV. It is being done in the Hartford area, it was reported from board members watching the development of the 3-year experiment being sponsored by Zenith-RKO General Phonevision. The letter of complaint to the Department of Justice will stress the fact that the exhibitor has the right (lawful?) to bring the necessary organizational pressure on the distributors on the day-and-dating situation, which, if it develops will prove costly to the first runs. "In a short time, it may find them relegated to playing second run" said a member of the board.

### Allied's Patron Motivation Program

London regarded the research program, soon to get under way, as one of the prime achievements of the summer meeting. He told the man from *Harrison's Reports* that this avenue of knowledge should have been reached a long time ago. Briefly, it will entail the cooperation (paid) of consultants, experts, university professors to make exhaustive surveys and determine the status of the public regarding the following: Why do they go to the movies? If so, what is the motivation? What causes people to give up other pursuits for that of taking in a movie? What can be done to induce ever-more people to come to the movies? These and other unknown answers have always been the algebraical quantity marked X, -- the unknown equation to the exhibitors. The costs of this market survey will be borne by National Allied. London will draft the program and follow it through its many phases of operation. When the results are in, London said, it will benefit the entire motion picture

## Star Dust . . .

(Continued from Preceding Page)

most of them based in Hollywood hammering away at her unmercifully. Not that the syndicated columnists must be deprived of their freedom of expression, but the circulation-building name of a Monroe gave them something to shoot at. Verily, they aimed their poisonous darts so accurately, that many an item in cold print were like hot daggers piercing her heart. For all of her "I-don't careness" she took criticism most seriously. She wanted everybody to love her.

### Monroe Got Bad Columnistic Press

If Marilyn Monroe got a bad press, it's because you don't build circulation on patty-caking the big figures of Hollywood. -- and, the lady was the biggest of them all in the magic city of make-believe. There is something radically wrong with a multi-billion dollar industry that has not yet solved the slowly destructive problem of the malicious, shocking, odious (and seemingly slanderous) personal journalism destroying big properties and helping to ruin promising careers. Some gossipers went out of their way to hand the lovely lady a bitter dose of their typewriter smear. It was hoped, she didn't mind it. But, for all the columns in the Acropolis, and unlike the other item-seekers, she didn't pander to any of the syndicators especially the prima donnas who live by the empty flattery of the lineage pumpers.

To repeat, if 20th-Fox has lost a multi-million dollar property (whom it babied tenderly, catered to endlessly) the motion picture industry has suffered a far greater loss, -- a symbol of outstanding magnetism that is beyond the purchase of this troubled little world of ours. Reduced to the common denominator of this materially-conscious business, the tragedy may well add up to endless millions at the box offices of the nation's theatres. Maybe, there is a lesson in all this. If so, perhaps there's a way of learning it and avoiding another such heart-wrenching disaster.

industry. It is not intended only for the guidance of exhibitor-members of Allied. "It is a service to our business, we of Allied, want to render. There is no assurance that this in-depth survey will solve all our ills," said London.

National Allied's membership strength, right now, stands at 5,000 theatres and comprises 15 state units. There are several new state organizations in the process of formation. But, it is yet too soon to say who they are, or where they're located. Most of the present units, it was reported, continue to grow in membership strength. At this summer session of the board, members from all parts of the country were represented. Some came only for the one-day board session and flew right back to their home bases because of pressing business. Once again, the session was devoid of those uneasy moments when the recalcitrants and mavericks take to the floor and spew their personal derision or political fault-finding. It was a session dedicated to strictly serious business, the urgency of tackling some of the existing troubles that beset the exhibitor, the necessity of making the distributor realize the plight of many of their floundering customers (exhibitors) and otherwise undertake costly challenges and try to clear difficult hurdles that will lead to a better tomorrow in the movie business for everybody.

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## MAYBE, IT'S NOT YET "30"

It wasn't so long ago, in American journalism, when a reporter in reaching the end of his story would write "30." On many newspapers, it is still common practice. As the oldest trade paper in the motion picture industry, we find ourselves upholding some of the old, standard practices as we embrace the new ones for their values to our format of operation.

The caption of this editorial is indicative of what may lay ahead of us, -- "30" -- the end of the road. Verily, this may be the last edition of Harrison's Reports. In fact, in this one-page issue, and its significance to our subscribers, we find ourselves dealing with nothing else other than our present economic condition, the fate of the weekly and what its future prospects are of continuing publication. For this once, we're by-passing the news, reviews and other inter-trade material we'd usually carry in an issue.

To be frank about it, for quite some time we too have become victim of the economic anemia that has infected the bloodstream of the biggest portion of the trade paper body of the motion picture industry. We can list the reasons, but the major ones are too obvious. With subscriptions the only source of our revenue and subsistence, that had to remain staple or else we'd lose ground. Instead, we lost many a subscriber in the past few years. He (the exhibitor) either lost his theatre, had to sell out, close it up entirely, or go into some other nature of business.

### Closing of Theatres Costly to All

If we're to deal in figures (checked and authenticated) 6,000 theatres have been forced to go out of business in a little more than a decade. But, it's been the past few years when the closings of the smaller theatres, -- the mainstay of our circulation, -- reached staggering and costly proportions. Most exhibitors (even the small ones) today have joined some kind of booking combine. One such set-up can embrace several hundred theatres. All it finds need for is one subscription to Harrison's Reports. Our own production costs have gone up considerably. To meet these rising costs we dared raise our subscription fee a year ago, (\$2, the first such increase in more than 25 years) and that was met with protest on the part of some subscribers. In fact, we suffered quite a few outright cancellations.

(over)



The financial going has been downgrade these very recent few years. Others would have called it quite a long time ago. But, we kept holding on, trying to get out the best kind of a trade-review paper in the business, hoping that we'd be able to keep publishing. Not that this may be the very end. But, from the way income squares with costs and upkeep, the outlook is not too encouraging. We may have reached the end of the road. Whatever faint hope there may be left, we will probe. Perhaps we can come up with a solution that won't yet call for writing "30" to this inspiring effort of getting out Harrison's Reports.

The next week or two will tell. There will be no issues during this period of financial readjustment and economic reappraisal. If we fail in our efforts, then this will be the last issue of the trusted paper. If we succeed, you will hear from us via the issues themselves going forward to you again. In the meantime, if this should be the last time we go to press, then endless expressions of gratitude are in order.

### **Expressions of Profound Gratitude**

Away up on top of the list are the enduring stalwarts, these exhibitor-subscribers who have stood by us down through the years. To the newer subscribers, our deep gratitude. Nor are we forgetting the so-called arch-enemy of the exhibitor, the distributor. With the exception of two companies all the other majors were strong (in number) subscribers of this weekly. Frankly, they were a big percentage of our subscriber-strength. To them go our profound thanks and sincere appreciation. They continued to renew their subscriptions, year in, year out, no matter what our editorial attacks on some of their practices because they (the practices) may not have been for the best interests of the exhibitor who has been our only interest. Also, our thanks to several of the independent distributors for the circulation strength they added via their subscriptions.

-- and now, for a passage or two flavored with the sentimentalities that wedge their way, timidly, into this special kind of thinking, that prophetic interlude when a 43-year old effort in the realm of trade paper publishing, may have reached the end of the long, hard, unrelenting road. We can review the endless wars we fought to preserve the rights, and build the strength of the exhibitor. But, the back issues themselves have said it better than we can here in a few limited lines.

### **Man Must Be Ready to Give An Accounting**

There was a time, not so long ago, when people gave more attention to that "now-I-lay-me-down-to-sleep" phase of day's end; when we gave a daily accounting to our god before we retired. We would mention such deeds that may have helped further the destiny of mankind. There is a parallel in the way we feel as we put to bed what may be the last issue of this trade weekly: We never went to press without giving an accounting to our conscience that each and every issue (down through the years) was helping in some way further the destiny of that portion of mankind that reposed their trust in our guidance, -- the exhibitor. In our conscience there shall always remain the spiritual-like residue of having served well those who looked to us as a source of guidance, advice, help, trust!

For all the sadness at a moment like this, that shall sustain us as we get ready to go elsewhere (within the boundaries of this industry) and find someone who will think us worthy of our hire.

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